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WIZARD

JUNE 1921

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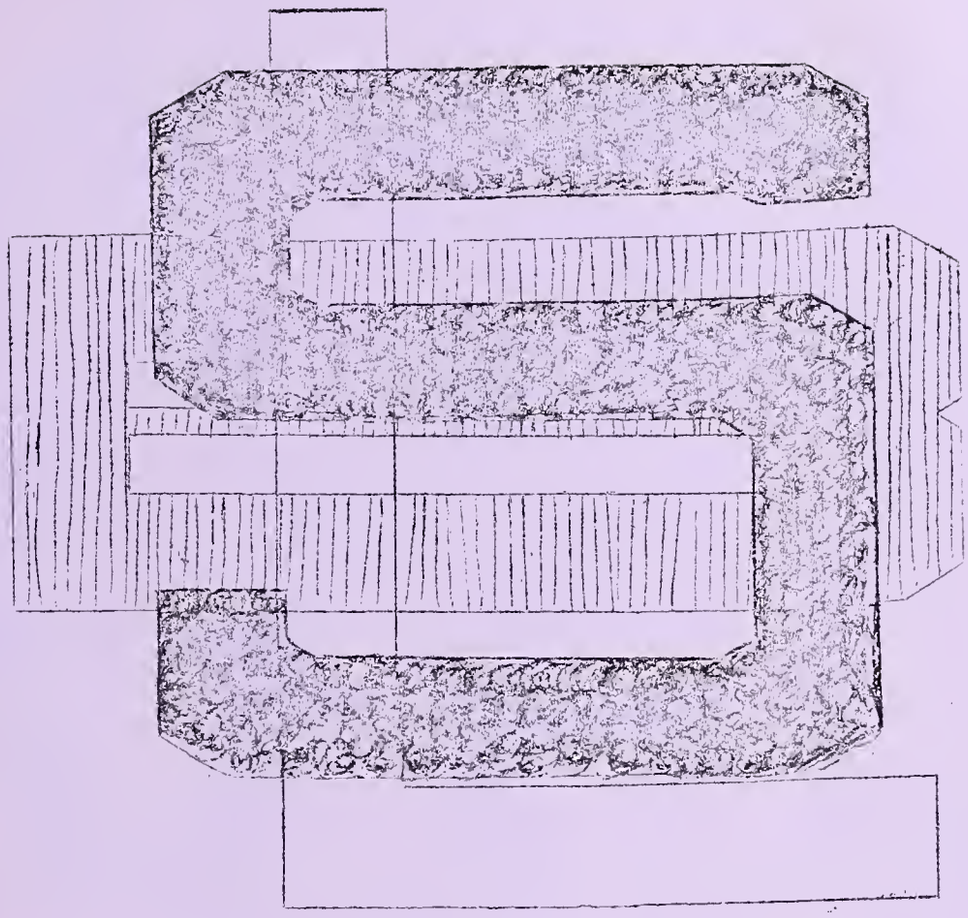

VOLUME 7 6 NUMBER 1

Published semi-annually by the students of the
Burbank Intermediate School
Berkeley, California
June 1921

BERKELEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

To Luther Burbank

We give to thee

A little poem, a dedication to be,

In which there is mention of a walnut tree,

Your gift, which ever will remembered be.

Our Walnut Tree

In future years we all shall see
Our strong and handsome walnut tree,
Which Burbank sent from Sebastapol,
To Berkeley and the Burbank School.

The winds will whistle thru its leaves,
While around it sounds the hum of bees.
The birds will sit and sweetly sing
As the branches to-and-fro do swing.

So in remembrance of this great man
Whose fame is known all over the land.
We'll remember he gave to us this tree,
And it will stand for him in the years to be.

Helen Sorensen 9B"

FACULTY

James T. Preston	Principal
Dora L. Martin	Latin, Algebra, Ancient History
A. M. Wolfenden	Bookkeeping, Com'l Arithmetic
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Frances Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English, Dramatics
F. C. Shallenberger	Physical Ed., English, History
Emily Truman	Arith., Engl., Hist., Penmanship
A. L. McDermont	Science, Arithmetic
P. Adele Gilbert	Music, Arithmetic
Lucille Friedman	Arith., Stenography, Typing
Carrie L. Bennett	Arith., Civics, History
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
Mary E. Cameron	Arith., Science, Gardening
Angie Webster	Drawing
H. Burroughs	Arithmetic, History, English
Lucy Robinson	Arithmetic, History, English
Emma S. Wilkes	Arithmetic, History, English
Mary M. Hereth	Household Science
Dona DeLuce	Household Art, English
Charles O. Bruce	Mechanical Drawing, Shop Work
Earl Williams	Mechanical Drawing, Wood Work
Earl Morton	Band
Joy Enlow	Piano
Victor M. Schott	Violin
Glen Hayden	Orchestra

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Manager	Edward Lange
Assistant Manager	Martin Morck

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9B'	Thelma Ruis	Constance Woodbeck	9B"
9B"'	Dorothy Mackie	Margeret Little	8A'
8B'	Aune Mork	Jennie Argenta	8B"
7A'	Sophie Loven	Jack Curley	7A"
7B'	Herman Bechert	Minnie Silva	7B"

Faculty Advisers

Frances C. Albee

Mary M. Tomsen

Angie M. Webster

Charles O. Bruce

Earl Williams

THE BURBANK SCHOOL

The Burbank School is a center of learning in this community where the little things that make a good citizen are taught. We, the pupils of the Burbank school, take it as a sense of duty and loyalty to our school to daily build our fund of knowledge.

When we have succeeded we are happy and pleased and we are honored to have our school named after a great worker, who is knows all over the world---This is Luther Burbank.

Aune Mork 8B'

THE SPIRIT OF OUR SCHOOL

No school can get along, or be a success in itself if the students do not have the proper school spirit. Burbank students, however, have risen splendidly to this standard.

For all the entertainments and athletic events the pupils have eagerly sold tickets, aroused the interest of their parents and friends in the school, and gotten together rooters when there were games, to encourage the players to win. Never have they scorned or snubbed new-comers, but have done their best to make them feel at home.

Every school takes pride in its scholarship, and the students of Burbank determined to make the year of 1921 known for its good scholarship.

The pupils of the Manual Arts, Drawing, and Domestic Arts Departments, have shown their unselfishness by giving their services to the Red Cross, war hospitals, and charity, when they might have satisfied their own interests.

Burbank pupils have, indeed, shown their loyalty to their school, and as the years go by, it is likely to be one of the best known schools in California.

Dorothy Plaehn 9A"

9A CLASSES

Aldridge, Virl
Amess, Thomas
Borgeson, Vivian
Borreani, Charles
Borreani, Jessie
Bruckner, Elizabeth
Costamagna, Joseph
Davidson, Ethel
Devore, Merril
Dunn, Rosemary
Eaton, Frank
Golphin, Elwyn
Grimshaw, Joel
Hauto, Olga
Jewett, Rosalie
Lambert, Edward
Lange, Edward
Logan, William
Marks, Louise
Mercardo, Mary
Mills, Lillian
Morck, Martin
Nelson, Therece
Newell, Burnham
Nicholds, Olive
Olsen, Erling
Pacheco, Inez
Paz, Phillip
Pescion Joseph
Pizzano, Laura
Plaehn, Dorothy
Ramos, George
Reichel, Myrtle
Reilly, Maryon
Ruf, Lester
Savola, Lillian
Sears, Catherine
Sisterna, Anita
Smith, Margaret
Smith, Blanche
Smith, Vera
Stumpff, Edna
Surges, William

McCullagh Foto
1921

PROSPECTIVE 9B CLASS

Andereggan, Ernest
Atwood, May
Bernardo, Cecilia
Berndt, Erna
Bell, Wilfred
Bettilyon, Charles
Bevert, Elmer
Brechin, Gordon
Bonkofsky, Louise
Carlson, Carl
Cuninon, Cyril
Golden, William
Gough, Esther
Grune, Katie
Guarneri, Vincenzia
Haberlin, John
Hackbarth, Emma
Hemphill, May
Henrichson, Gretchen
Johnston, Hugh
Kangas, Mamie
Kearney, Alice
Kirby, John
Laugel, William
Little, Margaret
Luoma, Henry
Maher, Grace
Mather, Sterling
McCormick, Fern
Metzler, Arthur
Meyer, Evelyn
Millman, Shirley
Minster, Ida
Moss, Blanche
Pacheo, Mary
Peat, Milton
Pettit, Hazel
Raspiller, Edith
Rozavage, Stella
Salo, Nelma
Saulisbury, Gladys
Sullivan, Harry
Valencia, Jennie
Wiglund, Ellerth

LITERARY

FLOWERS OF MAY

Oh, little flowers of May,
You seem to droop to-day;
Oh, come and lift your pretty heads;
Oh, rise up from your little beds!

Helen Lange 9B'

THE DANCE OF THE SPRING FLOWERS

The day dawned with a sweet chirp from the spring birds anda spoken welcome from the soft breeze as it crept from tree to tree awakening each little bird from its nest of slumber. When the sun arose the flowers awakened and, after nodding in a friendly way to its neighbors each one proceeded to bathe itself in the soft dew that had been left by the night.

The sun rose higher and higher, shedding its rays over all the earth and entering deeply into the hearts of those pretty little spring flowers as they nodded quietly from one to another. The spirit of the sun seemed to awaken the souls of the flowers, for Miss Rose exclaimed "Oh, how wonderful is the day. Let us, dear friends, don our prettiest dresses and dance through the meadows." Each flower echoed this exclamation and then began the dressing. Wild Lavender put on her beautiful soft, clinging dress and Miss Violet found that her purple dress was most becoming to her; Miss Poppy found pleasure in echoing the rays of the sun, and Baby Blue Eye was the pride of the party in her beautiful blue dress. When all were ready they quickly loosened themselves from their stems and danced away through the dew-wet meadow followed by the birds from the forest, who wished, too, to share in the fun. All during the morning the flowers danced, furst down by the singing brook, then up by the pasture, always dancing, always gay, and calling happily to one another.

But when the hot sun crept to the center of the sky, telling the world that it was noon, the little flowers, tired and exhausted, danced slowly back to their homes and, after bidding farewell to one another, they settled down into their stems to rest. A spring dance on a warm morning, although beautiful, was indeed tiring to small, slender flowers whose whole occupation was resting on thier stems during the warm spring days.

Lura Day 9B'

FAIRYLAND

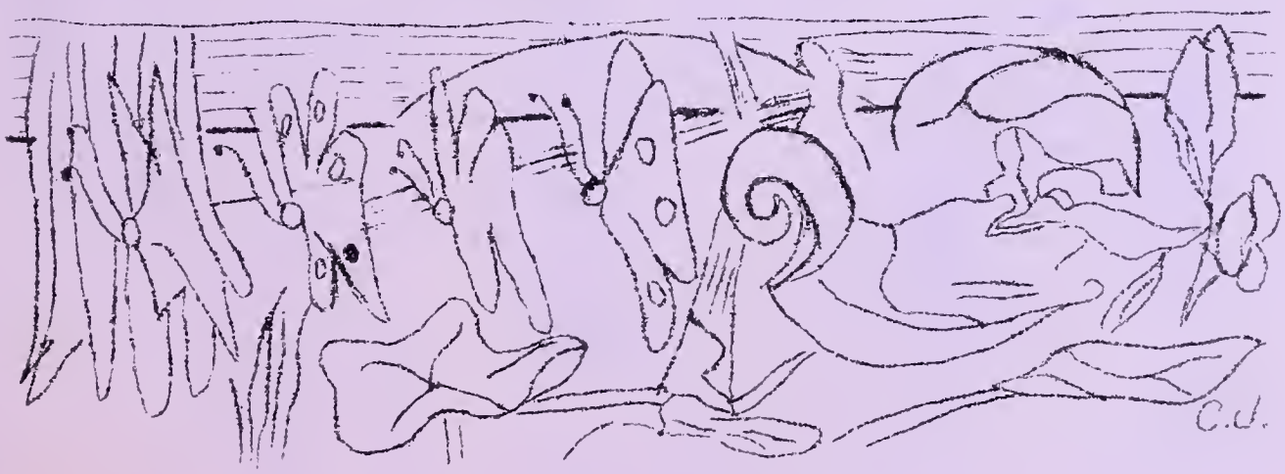
Because nobody ever caught a fairy is no sign that fairies do not exist. One day as I was walking through the woods I heard a little voice behind me and when I turned around I saw something in the leaves. It looked like a little boy, only it was about twelve inches high. I was so startled that I was going to run away when he said for me to stay. When I looked again I knew that it was a fairy. So I thought I would stop and talk to him for a while and see if he would take me to fairyland.

When I asked him if he would he told me to follow him; but he disappeared. While I was looking for him, I heard a noise behind me and turned around and there he stood. He touched me on the arm and I began to grow smaller. I was so frightened that I could not move. After I had grown so small that I was afraid I wouldn't exist anymore, He started away into a deep forest and I followed. After we had gone a little way we began to meet more fairies. There were little castles where the fairies lived with bridges over creeks and winding trails over these.

The fairy, who brought me, showed me all around and then he took me up to see the king and queen. They were in the largest castle and had gardens all around the castle. After I had talked to the king and queen a while I was led to the edge of the forest and then the fairy touched my arm and I grew tall and big again.

When I came out of the woods and reached home, it was nearly dark. That night I told my mother all about my trip and she just laughed at me and said I must have been dreaming.

Wilfred Bell 8A'



A RAINSTORM

It was one of those days when the humming birds supplied the music for the earth; yet the clouds, seemed like a poor harmony for the song. The sun passed in and out of the clouds.It was as if the sun were winking at the earth below. The winks began to grow smaller until the clouds formed into a large mass.Soon little drops of rain trickled down through the atmosphere, and fell lightly on the solemn earth below. The little drop shifted, small to big, until the earth and sky met with a mass of rain between. The trickling of the rain on the streets was as if the clouds were playing a solo. The quick flash of a streak of lightning occasionally was seen, followed by the terrific rumble of the clouds. All the counds of the storm blended harmonously together. Thus the tuneful storm continued through the day.

Edward Lambert 9A"

AN ABANDONED FARM HOUSE

Alone it stood, deserted, lonely and old. Once it was yellow; now one could see only light yellow spots left to tell the tale. There were no windows, but in one or two places an old time-worn shutter hung loosely on its rusty hinges. Weeds had forced themselves up through the cracks of the old porch. The steps were broken and would surely fall, if one attempted to step on them.

Down the narrow pathway an old horse trough was turned on its side and the inside was covered with soft moss.

The old milk-house alone stood erect.It was made of rock. Ivy and other wild vines had climbed up on its sides. The moss, there too, had taken root and gave it the appearance of age.

Then there was the old well.. The old pump was still there, but the handle was off. Beside it lay a bucket, the bottom out,the sides full of holes,rusted and forlorn. Just a few strands of the old rope, were still tied to the handle.

Vivian Borgeson 9A"

THE WAY TO HEAVEN

Down a long, long pathway thru a long, long lane
Where the odor of flowers smell fresh from Spring's
own rain
Is a winding stairway to a pearly gate:
This is the way to heaven where all good souls doth
wait;
No one can take you to this place but God in his
gracious care.
God is the only one to lead you to this stair.
When life has lost in battle and death in victory won,
Then the soul knows no worries, no sorrow, and no shun
Everyone on earth is trying, trying hard and trying
long
To become some day much better so as to join this land
of song.
Now my friends and my relations, you all know this way
so true
Let us all be good and patient so we may go to heaven,
too.

Kathryn Thienger 9B'

THE OCEAN

A good many of us have sat and watched the ocean and a good many times too, for it seems to grip you and hold you there and never wants to let go.

One can sit for hours on the seashore and watch that spanless patch of waving green. It seems to be Neptune's banner waving there.

You look at the seashore on one side of you and at that green sea on the other and wonder at Nature's strange creations.

Even at the end of hours when you leave for fear you are wasting your time, down in your heart you do not feel that way, for you are still wanting more of the cool fresh breezes against your brow and that endless, mysterious sea of green.

You even wish the aid of a glass to see more. More of what? More of the big waving green banner, for you never seem to get enough of it.

Ezra Isenberger 9B'

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS AN IDEAL MAN

The man that can make himself a highly respected man, and a first class leader of a nation, after being a poor boy and a backwoodsman with little education except what his mother taught him, is an ideal man for anybody.

There are people who have a good education and money to start life with and all they make most times is a poor man, with a poor man's job and hardships.

But Abraham Lincoln was born with hardships and worked the opposite way. He saved the United States and kept it united. He is the United States' best known man, and I would like to be like him.

Richard Steen 9B"'

WHAT MAKES A GREAT GENERAL

Just as luck would have it I have just finished reading some books that deal with this subject. I have read books based upon the life of Napoleon and also a few written on Washington, stating both good and bad faults of both men, so I think I have a few ideas upon "what makes a great general."

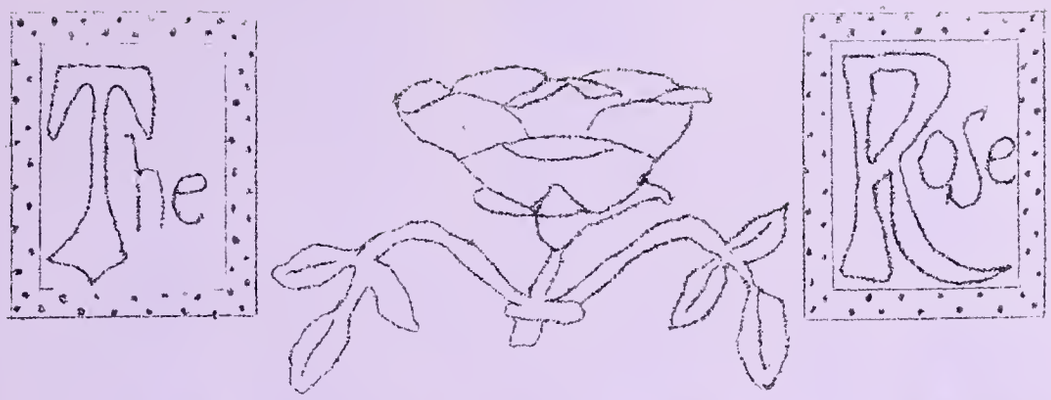
The reason Napoleon was the greatest general the world has ever produced is because of his great confidence and courage.He was a man who, like our greatest general, Washington, endured the dangers and troubles that his men had to face. He was a man who had all the qualities that a great general needs,confidence, bravery, brains (and above all he knew how to use them). He was a farsighted man and was always alert for trouble.

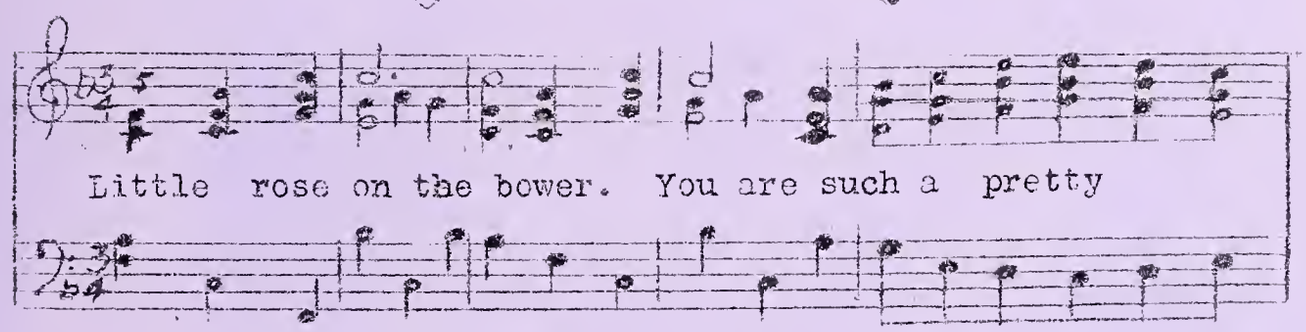
Napoleon was from a noble family and from his earliest days had a liking for being a soldier.He won his training in some of the world's greatest training schools because ofhis ability to obey orders and also because of the way in which he obeyed them.

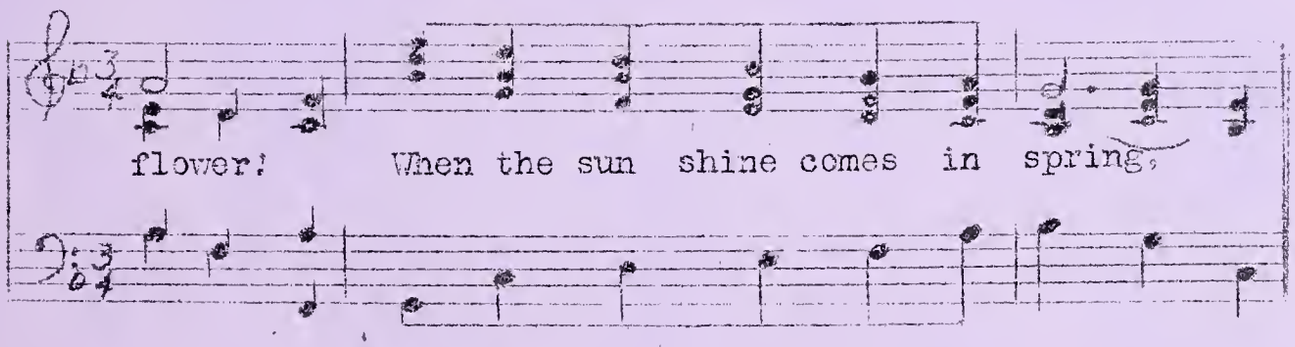
A great general possesses a large amount of patience and must also be cool and ready to think when others are losing their heads completely. He must be liked by his soldiers, because in this way they obey orders more willing. He must train his men so that all actions are executed like clockwork.

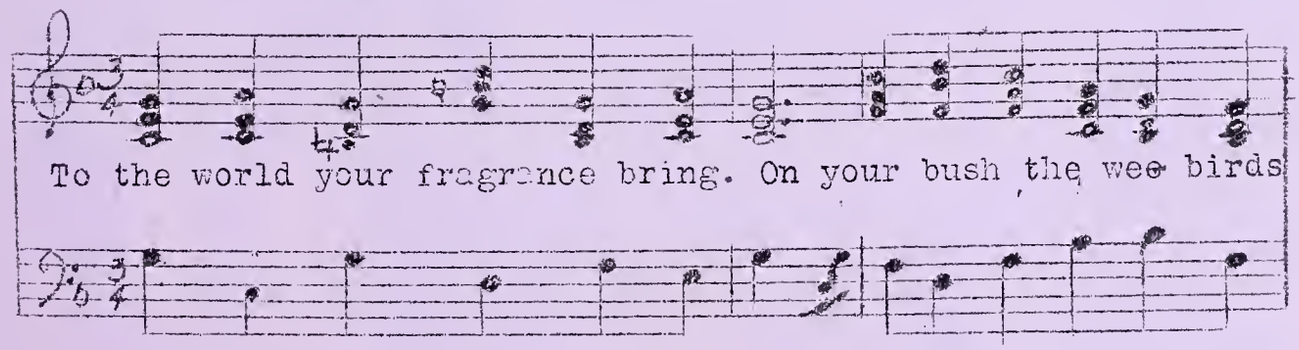
On these things rest the success and failure of generals, if my way of thinking is right.

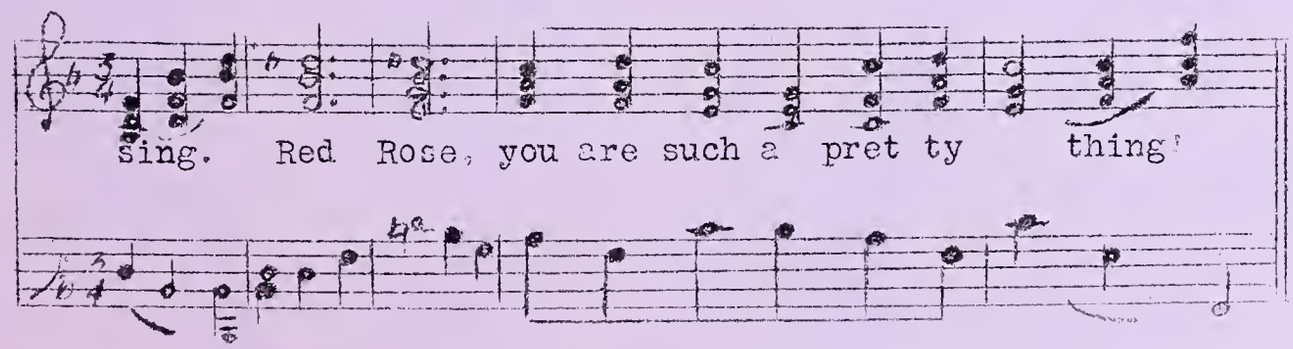
Tovio Kovakka9B"


The
Rose


Little rose on the bower. You are such a pretty


flower! When the sun shine comes in spring,


To the world your fragrance bring. On your bush the wee birds


sing. Red Rose, you are such a pret ty thing!

A FISH STORY

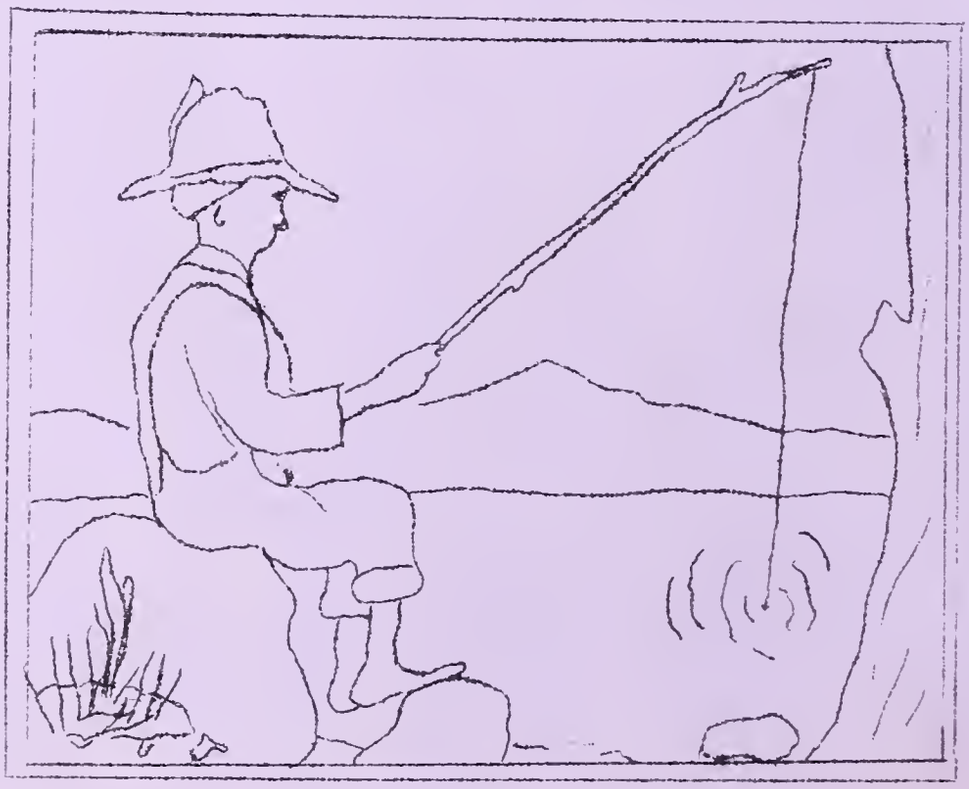
I had a chance to go on a trout fishing expedition last summer. When we got to our base of operations, I was so impatient to begin that I started immediately.

I had been warned of the vicious trout we would meet up here so I hid behind a tree to bait my hook and then advanced on the unsuspecting denizens of the stream.

Naturally I was surprised when I did not get a nibble. I was turning around to go back to camp when a horrifying sight met my eyes! On the limb of every tree an enormous fish was swinging merrily by its tail!

As soon as they saw me they made a leap for my throat. I was borne down and felt myself sinking in the cold waters of the stream; then I became aware that the others were standing over me with pillows and empty water buckets, saying, "Hurry and get your breakfast, you lazy thing!"

Paul Burnham 9B'



THE KISS FOR THE RED CROSS

When the United States declared the war with Germany, every country which sympathized with her tried to help in some way. In the city where I lived, called San Pedro, in Honduras, committees were organized among the men and women to decide what they would do to get some money. At last it was arranged to give a masquerade ball and to select the most beautiful girl among the social group, to give a kiss to anyone who guessed a certain number.

When the ball was over every one was anxious to see who would get the kiss. Every body was silent. A door was opened and a pretty girl appeared dressed in the national colors. A young man guessed the number, but he gave the kiss to the American consul, who gently took the hand of the girl and kissed it.

Although the city is not very large a great amount of money was obtained, and it was sent to the United States, from a deeply sympathetic little country.

Ines Pacheco 9A'

SPRING

Spring is in the air!
  It has come! It has come!
There is music every where
  But not the music of a drum;
The sweet birds are singing
  Their glad joyous songs
Why should they worry over
  Their little wrongs?

The trees have burst out in blossoms,
  Blossoms not rare.
There is music-- it is spring ,
  There is music everywhere!

Hazel Davis 8B'

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF MYTHOLOGY

At the same time that the study of classic myths is so pleasant and interesting it helps us a great deal to appreciate the literature of ancient peoples.

With the study of mythology we are able to understand the great works and masterpieces of old and modern authors and poets, because most of their works find their origin in some Greek or Latin myth. If we are well acquainted with mythology we are able to understand them and get some benefit out of their work and in that way become more educated and cultured.

When we study mythology we find that myths are not made; but that they grow up with a nation, and that they were prevalent among primitive peoples and by them accepted as true.

Although we know that they are only the imaginative efforts of ancient peoples, yet they help us greatly in understanding the feeling of the ancients and in knowing their time.

Inez Pacheco 9A'

A HOT DAY

One day in July the sun rose early. It stirred the life of every living being. It stirred me also and I was very happy.

The day became older and at midnoon it was hot. The heat of the day made me very drowsy and I longed to go swimming. How I was to go to the beach I didn't know.

The day seemed to drag on and it seemed as if it would never end.

All of a sudden I heard a shout and I turned around. It was my pal. He asked me to come over to his house, for he had something to tell me.

He again shouted, "Wan'a go down Neptune!" It startled me. I shouted back, "Sure!"

We went down to Neptune Beach and the drowsy day ended with a heavy coating of sunburn on both our backs.

Ellerth Wiglund 8A'

THE BEST MONTH FOR A VACATION

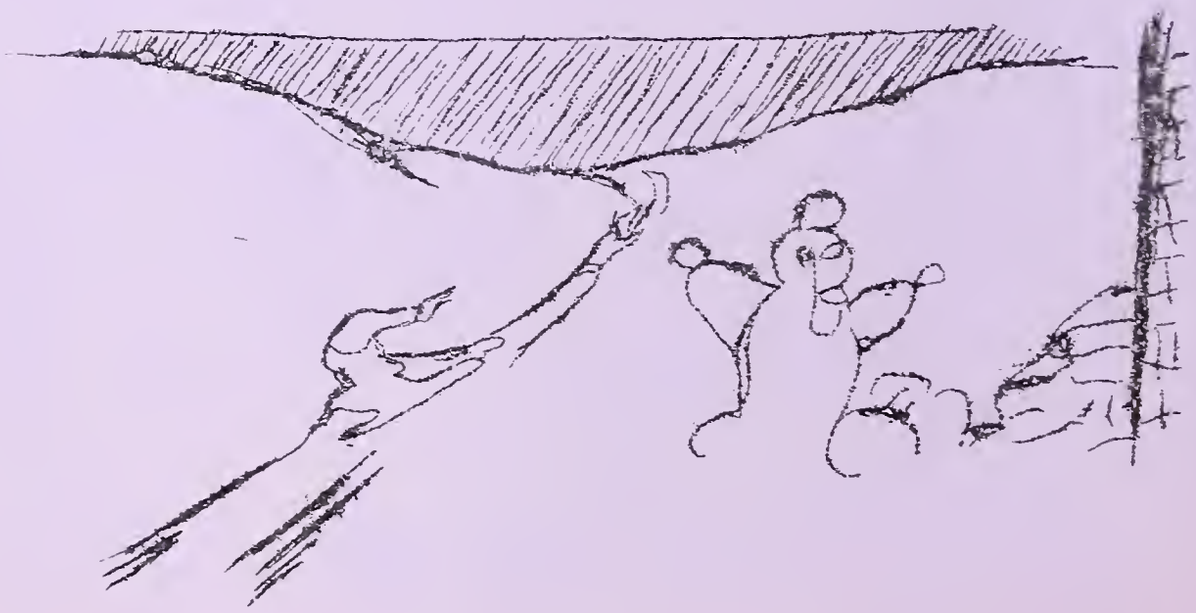
About the best month, I think, for a vacation is August. That is the sea shore time. The warm, balmy air makes one want to be splashing in the breakers, or lying at full length on the sand, taking a luxurious nap in the sun. The weather, then, is neither too sultry nor too hot, and gives you the feeling of wanting to be bright and cheerful, and out among people. Children find joy in it because they can play in the sand and build wonderful palaces and forts which their imaginations have conjured. The calm sea and the quietness of the shore bring peace to the weary business people, and most of all, it promises rest to the overworked housewife and mother who has surely earned her vacation.

Dorothy Plaehn 9A"

IN THE FAR EAST

It is winter and the snow covers the bowers
Where in the Spring there were pretty flowers.
But now the poor limbs are bare.
Now in the far east flowers are rare.
The trees look cold, standing there in the breeze
Without any coverings, without any leaves.
All the pretty singing birds have flown away
To return once more in the spring's sunny day.
The snow that now covers everything
Will all disappear in the spring.
None but the winter birds with coats of grey
Will stay here through winter on a cold, cold day.

Jewel Cook 9B'



KILLING THE SNAKE IN OUR BACK YARD

"Fanny," our little dog, had just run in the house very much excited. She barked and tugged at my trouser's leg. I was curious because she never was so excited before.

I followed her out and I was very much surprised to see the old hens with their broods running up and down the yard. I walked over and there was a big black snake having a feast on the little chicks.

I ran into the house to get my twenty-two rifle. When I came out, the other end of the chicken yard was in an uproar. The snake had finished its meal and was trying to get out of the same place where it had come in. The hole proved to be too small, because the snake had eaten about two little chicks. I aimed at its head and shot it right between the eyes. That day we had a funeral in our back yard.

George Collier 8A"

OUR SAILOR BOY

Our sailor boy is leaving,
He is going to go to sea;
Soon he will be a sailing;
A seaman he will be.

He will enter our bay,
And while he is here,
We shall hear what he has to say
Of the places far and near.

When he is an officer,
And 'twill be in a few years,
Then men will call him "sir",
But that is not all it appears.

And when he is a captain
He will give orders to the mate.
What ever else may happen
We will leave it all to fate.

Merill Devore 9A"

SPRING

Dreary winter has passed away;
Sweet spring has come again.
And I do hope she has come to stay,
For with her comes the wren.
The robin also comes to sing
Of happiness and cheer.
While dainty blue bells ring
For joy, at the blossoming of the year.

The skies, that are of deepest blue,
Make many a sore heart glad.
So think of the timid violet true,
For who could now be sad!
The golden poppy drops her cap,
And bursts into full bloom.
It's not the time for flowers to nap,
Released from winter's gloom.

Shirley Millman 8A'

THE PLEASURES OF BEING POOR

Some people believe that happiness consists in money; but I can prove that not just wealthy people are happy.

There lives in a little town a couple who have twelve children; the husband is a hard working man, and the wife works all day at home taking care of the small children; while the oldest go to school. They say that they thank God because He keeps them and their children healthy, and do not ask more from Him than to have their little home kept alive by their love.

Love is what makes a home happy.

If there is not love in a family the home is not a home but just a house. This couple say that poverty has its troubles; but that they would not change the pleasures they get from their work'if they were rich) for all the riches in the world.

Ines Pacheco 9A'

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

In the town of London, in the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a family by the name of Tudor. This boy's name was Edward Tudor, Prince of Wales. Everyone was rejoicing over his birth. The people were so glad that poor, rich, great and small feasted, danced and sang. This was because they wanted a new king. Little Prince Edward, wrapped in silks and satins, little dreamed that all this merry making was about him.

On the same day, in the same town, another boy was born to a family named Canty. Nobody wanted him, living in a tenement house in the slums. Poor little Tom, wrapped in his vile smelling rags, whom nobody wanted, never thought that all this confusion was about him.

Elsie Heyman 7B"

MY EXPERIENCE AS WALL PAPER

I was lying on a shelf one day in June. A lady came in and bought me. I was very young. (For hadn't I just come out of the press?) My! but I was proud. Many people came to admire my dress.

My hair was gold. My dress was pink with gold edges. It was very pretty.

I was glad to get out of the shop. Everything is interesting in a shop but I am like human folks; I like to have changes.

Well as I was saying, I was sold. My new home became a dull green wall. When I was on the wall, it was even more interesting; for all the ladies came to admire me. My! How proud I felt.

One hundred years have passed by, all happy and gay. I am now very old. My hair is a queer green. My dress is faded and I am a sight to behold.

But what do I care! Nobody lives in the house so no one can see me. The house is all rackety and rickety. I am about to fall and die and I am very sad when I remember my young and gay life.

Ethel Abneth 8B"

MY FAVORITE STUDY

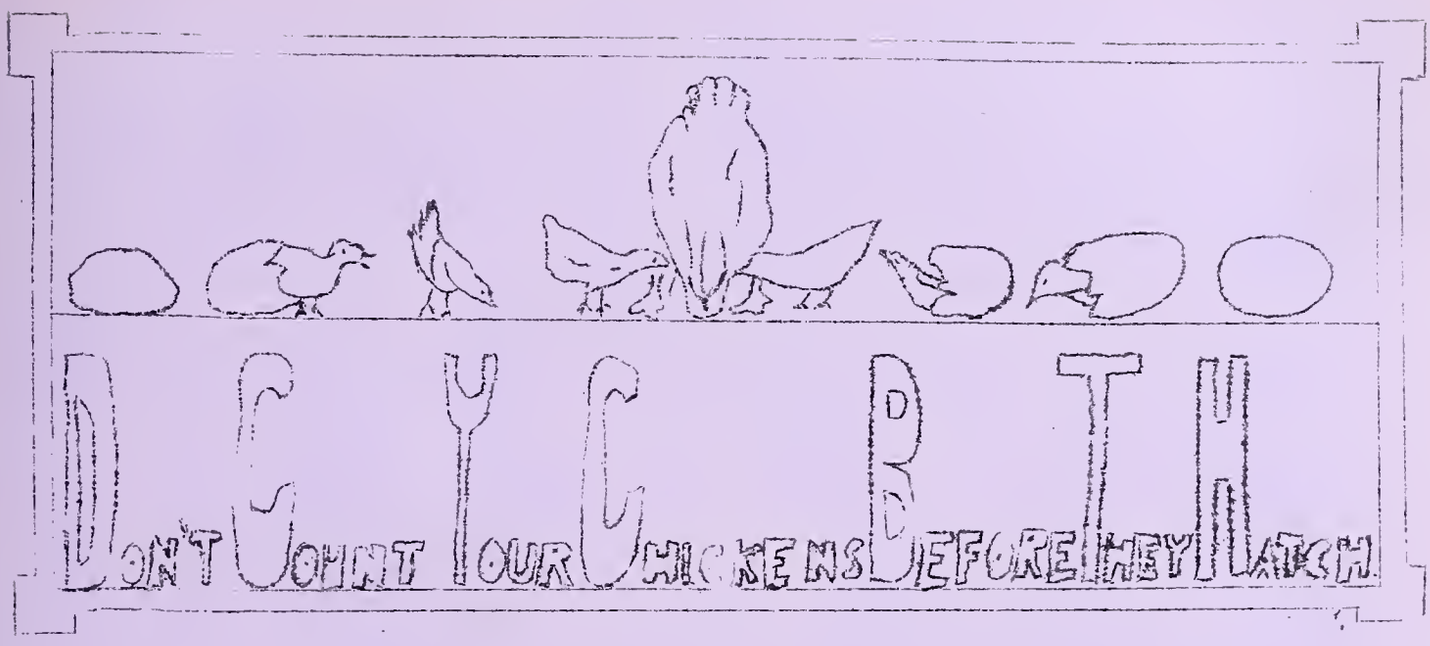
Music is my favorite study. It always has something new in it that no other art seems to have for me. There is no end in the learning of music, for new tunes, touches, rhythm and the manner of obtaining these are all to be learned. No sooner are these learned, than there is something else to know, and each new subject having been mastered according to one's own talent, ambition comes to the player who wants to accomplish much in this life long study. Besides learning to play and studying the lives of the great masters; Chopin, Grieg, Mozart and innumerable others, it is also wonderful to sit and muse over the keys as they have done. In this way I can find new themes that seem to hum through my mind, and run into the fingers; and then from there they find themselves upon the keyboard. With the theme there is always the presence of "time" which usually comes into the temperament of the player; sometimes this "time" is slow, While on other days it seems to have a quick and happy air about it, which is expressed by the mood of the musician.

Rosalie Jewett 9A"

THE RETURN OF SPRING

There is nothing so inspiring as the return of spring. The young lad, that lives out in the country finds nothing more interesting than to rise early on a spring morn and walk down an orchard lane and hear the birds twittering in the trees or see the trees bursting into bloom. Inside the city-limits when spring returns one can hear most every body humming or whistling a merry little tune as he walks down the street. The person that does not work in the office, store, or factory can be seen merrily planting his garden or mowing the lawn, planting flowers, or trimming the hedge. The house-wife will be seen happily dusting and attending to the home's duties. I do not think there is a thing that will make a person feel more happy or healthy than the return of spring.

Cyril Crinnion 8A'



Sometime ago I knew a friend who every once in a while would count her chickens before they were hatched, that is, she would say she had something to do of which afterwards she would say she had changed her mind or make some other excuse.

When her mother was talking to her father one night, he said that he had had some work offered in the east and that they might all go back there to live. Nora, had listened to all he had said and the next morning when she went to school told her friends of her father's plans, instead of waiting a while to see if he was really going or not. They all said they would miss her very much,and some of her friends even said good-bye to her because they thought that she might be going before they could see her again. After while the teacher heard that she was going away and, as usual, checked up all her books.

In some way or other it happened shortly that Nora's father received a letter from his manager, under whom he worked, and it said that he would offer him more money if he would only stay and work for him and Nora's father, of course, said that it would save him the expense of traveling and besides he told his manager in the letter that he thought that he would have stayed anyway, because they could not make up their minds to go. Nora did not want to go to school the next day and she told her mother why, but after that Nora never counted on things of which she was not sure.

Minnie Wainwright 8B'

THE STORY OF THE CHINKIE

Once upon a time I was a little bunch of clay, way up in the hills of Calistoga, where I had lived for years and years and years.

A man came along one day and picked me up and put me in a great big sack, took me out and put me in a great big thing like a churn and then he poured a lot of water on me. He turned on power, churned me, beat me, turned me, until I was so dizzy and weak that I couldn't stand alone. Then he turned me out like water. Then another man came along, put me in a large bucket and carried me over to a table where there were a lot of white things that he called moulds. They were soft and white and clean inside and made me feel a good deal better. I commenced to feel strong again. He let me stay in the mould for quite a while until I was strong enough to stand up all by myself. Then he took me out of the mould and set me up on a shelf to dry. In a few days he came around again, put me in a great big dark black kiln made of bricks and then he made a big fire under me. I kept getting hotter and hotter until I was red all over. I got so hot I turned white and it seemed to me they never would turn that fire out but finally they did and I wondered what was coming next. I was so hot nobody dared to touch me. It took a long, long time for that kiln to cool off but finally it did.

One morning I heard somebody digging the bricks away from the foor to let me out and the next thing I heard some body say, "Oh, Dorothy, the 'chinkies' are all ready for you" and I wondered who Dorothy was, but pretty soon I found out, for she had a piece of sandpaper in one hand and a paint brush in the other. She rubbed me all over with that sandpaper until I was as smooth as could be, then she started to paint me. My! but I never saw so many colors. She had blue, red, yellow, green and other colors. She put a little blue here, a little green there, a little black on my eye and a little green on my stockings. After a while she stopped and looked at me and said, "I think you'll do, Mr. Chinkie," and that was the first time I knew who I was. When I looked in the glass and saw myself I was just the cutest and pret-

ttiest little chinkie boy anyone ever saw and everybody that saw me wanted to take me home and I was not sorry then that they came and took me from my old home way up in the hills, where I was so ugly and nobody wanted me, and made a pretty little chinkie out of me at the California Bisque Doll Company's plant.

Dorothy Mackie 9B"'

THE BUILDING OF TURBINE ENGINES

Turbine engines are used in ships. While working at the Union Iron Works in Alameda, I had the novel experience of helping to build these engines.

These engines were for 10,000 ton freighters and are very large.

The first thing that is done is to lay the frame work for the engines.

After the framework is up, they put the air pump on. This pump is run by compressed air and is bolted on to the side of the framework. This pump enables the machinist to test the engine out before it is put into the ships.

We next put in the bearings for the main shaft.

These bearings cannot be accepted any less than two thousandths of an inch. There are six bearings to an engine.

The next thing to fix is the connecting rods. These rods raise and lower the valves inthe cylinder. They are attached to the bearings and the bearingsare attached to the main shaft.

The next thing to do is to put on the cylinders. These cylinders weigh very much.

The low pressure cylinder weighs 2500 tons. The intermediate cylinder is about one third smaller and the high pressure cylinder is the smallest. The pistons are twelve feet, nine feet, and six feet, respectively.

It takes a force of fifteen to twenty men and one month of working days to finish one engine.

Edward Lange 9A'

A HORSE RACE

One afternoon my mother promised to take me to a place where horse-racing is held. It was a holiday. Every store was closed, for this was one of the big events of the year. She said it would be very interesting and that I would surely enjoy the afternoon.

We had quite a way to go from the house to this place, but we got there a little time before the big race began.

We could not walk about, although I was very anxious to, because people were running in all directions; so we took the nearest seat possible. There was a man there with a big bag attached to a strap and hung across his shoulder. It was full of money. My mother told me they were betting very much on one horse.

After much shouting and clapping we heard, "They're off." We saw some beautiful horses. The best horse was called "Black Beauty." The name was very suitable as it was a perfect horse.

To get to the winning post you have to go a few miles. People were all the way up there shouting, and the excitement was terrible.

It did not take long for the race to end, as the horses flew. One would wonder how their legs could go so fast or how the jockeys could breathe when they were finished. I was so excited that you would really think I had put money on the horse.

It was not long before we got to know the winner. It was not "Black Beauty", but another horse called "Adora." "Black Beauty came in second.

It would be hard to describe how excited the people got. All were running to the ticket office. Some people were all smiles; others just the reverse. The jockey was carried away up in the air by a crowd of people and the horse was patted on the back as it had won them a great amount of money. We surely enjoyed an exciting day.

Blanche Moss 8A'

A HIKE TO THE RIVER

We decided to go to the river on a hike. We had never been there before, so we did not know what it was like or how far it was.

We started early in the morning and got to the top of the first ridge just as the sun rose. I had seen the sunrise many times before but it had never impressed me. This time as the first rays peeped over the farther ridge and brightened everything, I wondered how it was I had never seen it before. It was beautiful now but later on we should be sorry it had ever risen.

We continued on and saw the next hill. It appeared gentle and smooth,but when we got there it was very rocky. I took a shot at a running rabbit and missed him about six feet. He ran out of a range and then sat up and laughed at me.

We climbed more hills and finally reached the river. It was summer time, so the water was low and did not meet our expectations.

We reached home about five o'clock and felt that we had enjoyed one of nature's perfect days.

Fred Grover 9B"

THE RETURN OF SPRING

Spring has returned again. She has brought with her the most beautiful things of nature. She brings back the birds, flowers, and sunshine. I have been waiting for spring to come a long time, because it makes me very happy. Everybody likes sunshine better than dark rainy days.

The poppies will soon come to us again, and the little flower, bonny baby-blue-eyes, which is always so near to the poppy. Soon the air will be scented with the sweet-smelling wild flowers and roses.

The birds make spring very cheerful with their songs. Even the wicked blue-jay, who causes so much mischief, wil help out with the beautiful color of his feathers. I don't like his voice very well, because it sounds so sassy. The other birds will sing their beautiful songs of spring and drown his harsh voice, but yet he will look very beautiful among the other birds.

The great out-of-doors will soon be full of birds and flowers again, and we shall all welcome sweet spring time.

Katie Grune 8A'

MY ATTEMPTS AT HORSEBACK RIDING

When I lived in the country, my father owned a horse. She was as black as soot. She was a clever horse and knew many tricks. She could shake hands, and greet you inthe morning when you gave her her hay.

In front, of the barn there was a trough, which was empty sometimes. She would turn on the water with her teeth, but never had the desire to shut it off again.

One day all the pears had to be picked and sold. They were put into sacks, and placed under the pear trees. It was not long until the horse spied them. She went up to them and smelt to see what the sack contained. When she was through with examining, we saw what she had really done. As we opened the sack to look at the pears, they contained nothing more than mashed pears, with the juice flowing thru the sack. She had been biting at the pears thru the sack and made them like mashed potatoes. When we saw the destruction she had made we felt like suing her for damages.

The horse loved to be cleaned. One day I brushed her until she shone like a star and I put on her saddle, for I was going to ride her. When everything was complete I got on her back. This was no sooner done than she began to shake, and try to get me off, but she failed. Then she ran away as fast as she could dashing through the orchard with me clinging on to the saddle like a frightened kitten. Twice she failed to throw me off. This was the third time, and she was in earnest.

With me on her back she ran right under the apricot trees, which were very low. The boughs bumped me on the head many times. I gave up riding now, and before I could say,"Whoa!" a big bunch of ripe apricots flew in my eye. When the apricot juice was out of my eye, I found that the horse had carried up up to the barn to get unhitched. When she was free again she was so good to me, that it made me think that she thought, "Forget the silly riding habit and I shall like you." I forgave her as always.

Katie Grune 8A'

DRAMATICS

S-MAKER

THE OPERETTA

On the evening of June third an operetta in two acts called "All at Sea" was presented. The principal parts were taken by pupils of the ninth grade; the choruses were aided by pupils from the other grades. The operetta was a medley made up from different operas and woven into one. Its songs and choruses were taken from H. M. S. Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, Patience, Iolanthe and the Mikado.

The scene was placed on board the Pinafore. It has gone out to sea with the purpose of capturing the Pirates of Penzance. There are many characters on board, besides the captain and the crew. Among these are Patience, Grosvenor, Little Buttercup, who was carried off by mistake, a squadron of police, the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Joseph Porter and his feminine relatives, who catch the ship after it has left port. There is also a fairy queen and her fairies, the Mikado of Japan, the Lord High Executioner and others.

The policemen are placed as a guard to the ship. They were to call the captain if anything should happen. The pirates sneak in. They declare they have decided they will not be arrested when the Sergeant says that they are under arrest. The sergeant calls the captain and all come out to see what has happened. This ends the first act.

In the second act, they come to consider what should be done. It is decided that the policemen serve the pirates some papers and the Sergeant does this with great fear. The Mikado says that he has a punishment that never fails.The Lord High Executioner is called upon to assist in the punishment, but he can do nothing. The Fairy Queen finally solves the problem by turning them into poets.

It was staged very successfully under the direction of Miss Gilbert and Mrs. Bagnall. The choruses showed what persistent and united effort can do, the voices blending together with a precision that made the operetta truly "Gilbert and Sullivan" in style. The solos were ably sung and will furnish worthy examples for more endeavors of this kind. This was undoubtedly the largest musical undertaking ever attempted by Burbank School.

Thelma Ruis 9B'

THE SPRING ENTERTAINMENT

On April the eighth, the students of our school gave their semi-annual entertainment. It was given to celebrate the coming of spring, and the numbers were so beautifully done, that they deserve much praise.

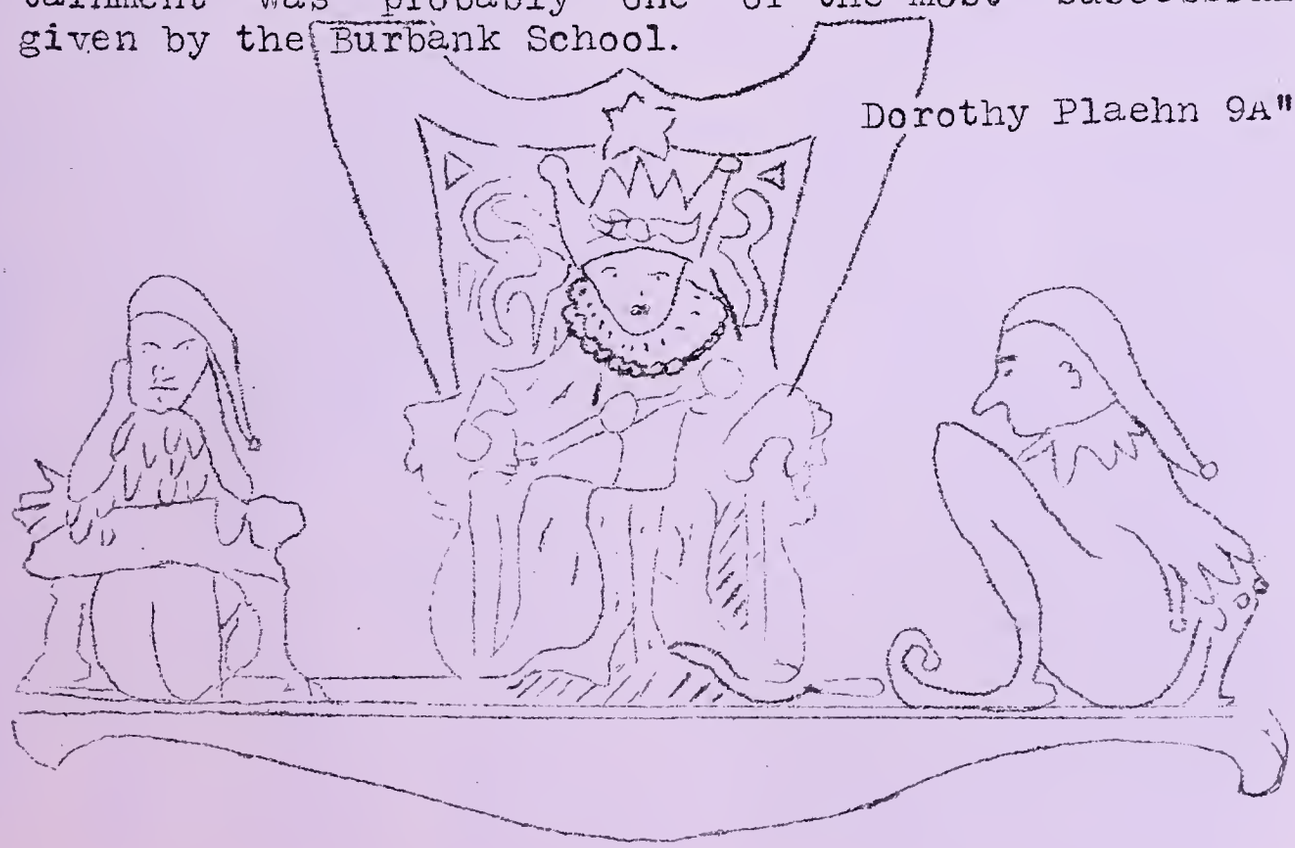
The two important numbers of the program were a Spring Pageant, given by members of the different classes under the supervision of Miss Albee and Miss Gard, and the play, "The Maker of Dreams," presented by three students of the 9A" class under the direction of Mrs. Bagnall.

The participants in the Spring Pageant acted and danced their parts very well. In the play, the parts were portrayed admirably by Marian Riley, as Pierette Edward Lange as Pierot, and Erling Olsen gave a very fine characterization of the "Maker of Dreams." Between acts, spring songs were given by the singing classes of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, under the direction of Miss Gilbert.

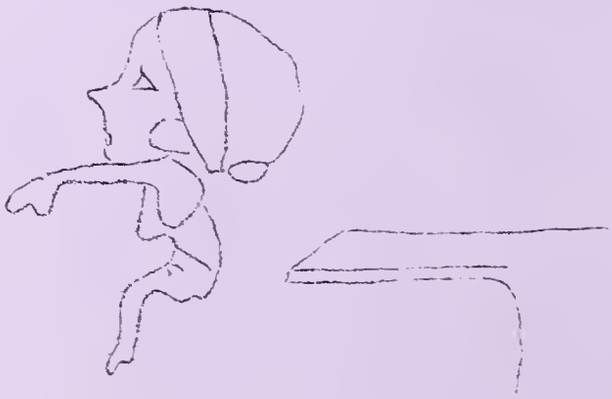
In conjunction with the program, a basket ball game was given in the Gymnasium between the Mercury Club and the City's light team. This side show was given for the purpose of obtaining funds for the band and orchestra.

A good time was enjoyed by all, and the entertainment was probably one of the most successful given by the Burbank School.

Dorothy Plaehn 9A"



SPORTS



BASEBALL

We started the school league with Edison, who last year, was our nearest rival. At the end of the league Garfield showed up as a close contender by winning their last three games. Burbank finished at the end of the tussel and won the cup that was up for the winner.

This is the first time in the history of Burbank, that we were victorious in winning a baseball pennant. We have shown Berkeley that we canwin in other school activities, and now we have shown them we can win in baseball.

The following are the lads, with their batting averages, who put over the necessary punch to win:

Name	Games	A.B.	R.	H.	%
Lambert	5	11	5	4	.363
White	1	3	1	1	.333
Borreani	6	16	6	5	.313
Logan	5	14	4	3	.217
Ramos	4	11	3	2	.182
Andereggan	6	17	2	3	.177
Grimshaw	6	17	2	3	.177
Lange	6	17	3	2	.177
Hooper	5	14	4	1	.071
Morck	5	14	4	1	.071
Eaton	1	2	0	0	.000
Whetzler	1	2	1	0	.000
Hamilton	1	2	1	0	.000

Edward Lambert and Charless Borreani were the sluggers of the team.Borreani,the captain of the team, fielded his position as short-stop nicely. Earnie Andereggan covered first base like a big leaguer.Second and third bases werehandled by George Ramos and Alton (Hercules) Hooper. Martin Morck pitched five games, winning three and losing two. He pitched good ball. Frank Eaton, one of our hopes at the beginning of the season, after pitching one game,was taken ill and was unable to pitch any more. He pitched a good game allowing but one hit.Edward lange was Burbank's catcher during all six games. He also hit the only home-run of the season. The outfielders showed lots of speed in getting in the way of most all the fly-balls that came their way.

Before the league started,we played two practice games with the St. Joseph's Academy. They won both games by scores of seven to six and five to four. On May 10, we played the last league game, losing by a score of fourteen to five, to Garfield. The next day we played the Academy for championship of Berkeley. We carried our losing streak with us and lost fourteen to two. The losing of the game was due to errors made by Burbank.

In the last two games we went so badly to pieces that we did not think it necessary to keep track of the errors we made.

We won our first three games and then lost three out of four, including the championship game with St. Joseph's.

Edward Lambert 9A"

FOLK DANCING

Folk dancing is being taught to the girls by Miss Gard. They find it a suitable change from the daily routine.

The piano playing is done by the girls themselves. Many suggestions are given as to the playing, but the girls take it good-naturedly and realize that such practice will be beneficial for them.

One of the favorite dances is the Irish Lilt.

This causes much fun, as the dancers are not always in time with the piano. They are corrected with much fun and laughter.

There are many regretful sighs when the buzzer calls us away. We are all hoping that Miss Gard will continue this instruction.

Virl Aldridge 9A"

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

In Volley Ball the 8A girls represented our school in the interschool games, having won most of the games in the interclass contest.

In Indoor Base Ball the grades played interclass games. There was only one interschool game for the seventh grade girls and this was against the Columbus School, our school winning by 29 to 20. The 8A girls are to play the 9A girls in the final game of the interclass series. The 9A girls won and are to represent the school in the interschool games on May 17,24 and 31.

There is to be a track meet on June 1 for the boys and girls of all the Intermediate Schools. There will be five groups according to weight--80 lb.,95 lb., 110 lb., and the unlimited.Three girls from each of these groups are to represent our school in each event.

The events are as follows:

1 Base ball throw for distance
2 Basket Ball throw for distance
3 Dash
4 Standing broad jump
5 Shuttle relay (one from each group)

The school getting the most points wins the Track Meet. The points to be awarded are as follows:

First place	5 points
Second place	3 points
Third place	2 points
Fourth place	1 point

SCHOOL NOTES

SCHOOL OFFICERS

President of the Student Body — Edward Lambert
Secretary-Treasurer — Joseph Costamagna

THE SCHOOL GARDEN

Burbank's school garden has been cared for during the past term by the boys of the 7B"' class.Three periods a week have been given regularly to this work. The beds and plants that were planted on Arbor Day were cared for by the boys of the 7B"'. The main feature of our school garden is the dahlia bed. This bed has flourished splendidly and is one of the prettiest spots in our garden, and there are attraciive bulbs and wild-flowers. The sale of the vegetables is paying for the garden expenses. Burbank has, indeed, a fine garden and much credit ought to be given to the boys of the 7B"' and their instructor, Miss Cameron.

THE RED CROSS

Most of the help given to the Red Cross was due to the self-sacrivice of the pupils of the different classes. The two classes most interested in the Red Cross were the 9B' and the 7A', Mrs. Bagnall's class, the 9B', have corresponded through the Red Cross to the schools in Washington, D. C. and Geneva, Switzerland. During the term they received answers to their letters from the schools in Geneva. Miss Cameron's English Class, the 7A' have corresponded through the Red Cross to France, but have not received any replies to their letters. Not so much has been done for the Red Cross this term, but what has been done has been most interesting and satisfactory.

Dorothy Plaehn 9A"

THE BURBANK ORCHESTRA

The Burbank School Orchestra has made great progress during the last six months and it is going to do still better next term. It helped to contribute the music for the spring festival and is now preparing a program for graduation. At first it was crippled by the absence of players, because our best players went to the Berkeley High School but there are now seventeen regular members.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The ninth grades of the Burbank School take up cooking, household management and nursing. The household management lessons are very interesting, for they discuss different phases of managing the home, including how it should be furnished, how to select utensils for the kitchen, and the keeping of household accounts and budgets.

Nursing is also a very interesting subject and teaches you many things. The first lesson took up the symptoms of disease; then came the making of the bed with and without the patient in it; next we had the feeding of the patient and here we prepared an invalid tray and cooked the correct foods. Under the title of First Aid, which is the most interesting of all, we learn how to take care of wounds and how to bandage them.

The regular cooking every day consists of two forty minute periods. In these two periods the girls recite during half of the time and cook the other half, depending upon the dish which they are to prepare.

Those who cook for the teachers prepare large amounts and by this they learn how to cook in larger amounts at home. They also are given the opportunity of making cake and candy for parties. They enjoy the cooking very much, although they go through many difficulties while preparing the recipes.

Margaret Argenta 9B"

MANUAL TRAINING

Practically all of the boys have taken manual training this year and they have turned out a great deal of good work of all kinds.

The shop was converted into a toy factory for two weeks before Christmas, and the boys, under the supervision of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Williams, constructed several hundred toys which were sent by the Red Cross to four large hospitals.

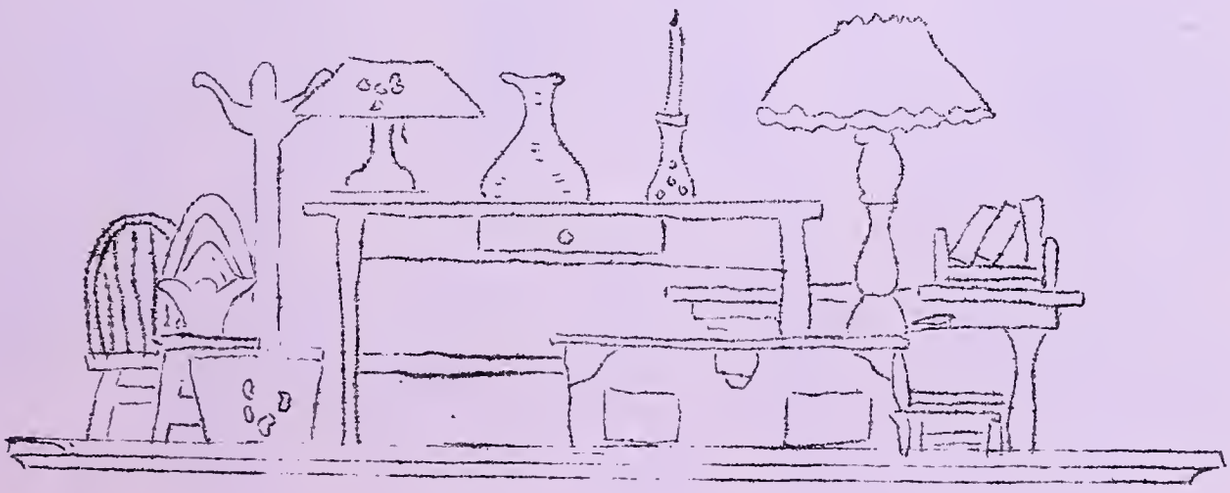
This year the boys have made the following projects for the good of the school and the community: writing boards for the Red Cross to be used in Mare Island hospital, a wicker table for the teachers' lunch room, a table for the electrical course, a map case for the Mayor's office, test tube holders for the science room, a blue print case, typewriting stands, a Maypole, steps for the stage, a flag pole and the stage scenery, which was used in the school play.

We are fairly well equipped with machinery and this year the course has been expanded to include an electrical course and a wicker-work course. The boys take the electrical course if they desire; Mr. Stevenson, the teacher, comes every Wednesday.

Mr. Williams teaches the wicker work class. A great many useful things have been made in each class this year.

Plans for a new building about 55 by 125 feet are under consideration. The building will be used for a prevocational school. With this valuable addition our school will be one of the most practical and valuable schools in the state.

Merrill Devore 9A"



ARBOR DAY

The celebration of Arbor Day this term was very successful. The main features of the program was the speaking of Professor O. E. Kern, of the University of California, on the polenization of flowers and fruits, and the planting of the crimson walnut tree, which was sent to us as a gift from Luther Burbank. Professor Kern's speaking was especially good and of interest, because Luther Burbank's life work is spent in the polenization of fruits and flowers. The walnut tree was presented by the members of the native daughters. The shrubs that were planted in addition to the tree were the flowering almond, the Japanese crabapple and the flowering peach. The day was a very interesting one for us.

Dorothy Plaehn 9A"

OUR VISIT TO THE POLICE STATION

When our class, the 8A, went to the Police Station, we saw and learned many things new to us. The boys went with Chief Volmer, while we, girls went with a sergeant, because the class was too large, to go together.

First we went into the Record Room, where thousands of records, of different type were kept. There were three files. One was kept for photographs of criminals, or people missing. These were kept, that these people might be identified if found again. The next file was kept for records that were sent in either by phone, or mail. The third file was kept for the details of these incidents. If a person phoned in for any certain thing, this record would be kept in the second file, and the details would be kept in the third. We next went into the photograph room. This room could be made very dark, and again as light as it was dark. This is the place where the policemen take pictures of criminals. There were red lights in this room, that would not effect the photographs. There also was a place in this room where the negative of a picture could be printed.

From here we went into the room where finger prints are taken. Here was a block about a foot square which seemed to be made of rubber. Over this, the sergeant rolled a small roller, which also seemed to be made of rubber. Then he took the finger from which he was going to take the print, placed it on the block and then on some paper, leaving the print of the finger, so plain, that the rings on it could be counted. Mr. Lee kept up this process, until the prints of all ten fingers had been taken, and if the girls wished to go into details, they would take the prints of both hands.

In another room was a table covered with papers. On these papers were the pictures, heights, and ages, of some people whom the police were looking for, and also the amount of reward given to the person who finds him.

There were four cells where the criminals were kept, until they were taken to Oakland Police. These cells did not receive much light, and many things were written on the wall which should not have been there.

In still another room was a microscope. There was a highly polished table, with very little dust on it. These tiny particles of dust were gathered with paper, and laid on a piece of glass. Another glass was put on top, and rubbed together, then put under the microscope. With it in this place a scientist could approximately tell the age of the person who had last touched the table, the gender, the clothes the person wore, his occupation and many other details. A scientist could also tell quite a bit from a sample of a person's hair.

Evelyn Meyer 8A'

THE BAND

The band of Burbank School has made much progress during the past year. A year ago the band had only ten pieces and it now has sixteen. The boys take great interest in their practice and in the next entertainment they will show the school of their advancement.

Martin Morck 9A"

THE ART DEPARTMENT

I wonder how many of you readers of "The Wizard" know of the work of the Art Department in our school. This department starts with the seventh grade where drawing is required, but in the ninth year the work is optional. This term one of the sevenths is taking up the study of wildflowers. They have been collecting all the varieties they can get and at present they have as many as thirty-five. Their program also includes object and pose drawing. The eighth grade studies the color combinations. Then they use these in their landscape and object compositions. Some perspective is done here, but it is carried on farther when the student reaches the ninth year. The ninth grade pupils do some useful work, also. This term they devoted a week of their time to the making of posters for the entertainment which was given onApril 8. The posters were put in store windows to advertise the entertainment.

This year the plan of design has been changed. The students are using paper-cutting to get their forms. Fairy trees have been cut by the seventh grade. The ninth will cut symbols for a design.

Vera Smith 9A'

THE WORK OF THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

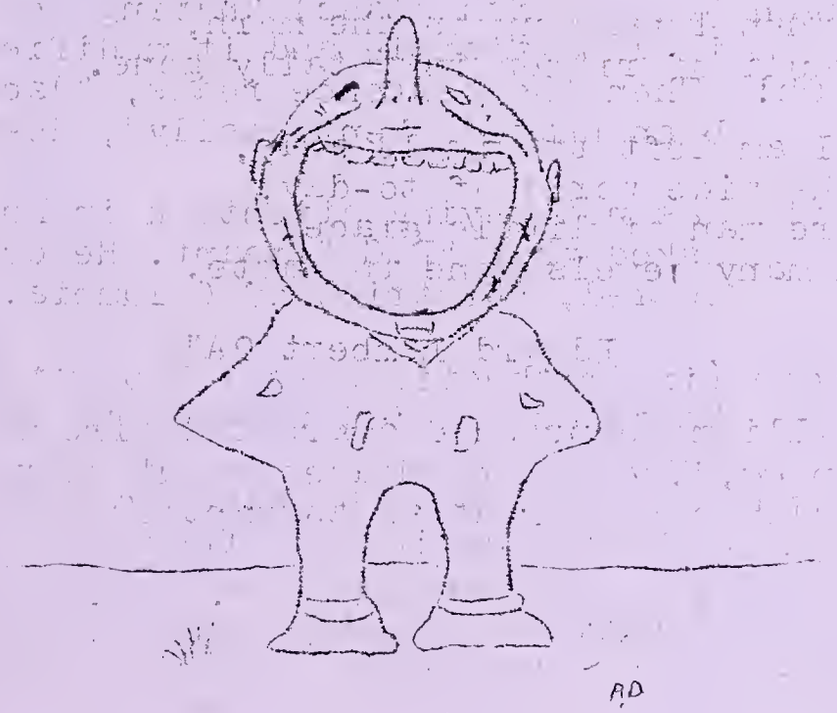
The girls of the sewing department have been very busy this spring. As the flowers and trees have been budding and blooming, the girls have also been blooming into new spring millinery and dainty frocks.

They aided in producing our spring entertainment by stitching the cloth for the scenery and making all the costumes, of which there were more than twenty-four.

Although the war is over, Red Cross garments are still being made. The girls made twenty-two aprons for small children; one-third of these are for charity in the city of Berkeley and the remainder for foreign relief.

Thirty brown denim bags were made for the bookkeeping department in which to keep the bookkeeping outfits.

Margaret Sutherland 9B'



HUMOR

E. Andereggen (in English class) "Having been heated" is a participle and it modifies "Jack."
Teacher - Oh! Then the sentence reads, "Jack, having been heated, bent easily", does it?

E. Bevert who was not paying attention in Music, was asked what "D.C." meant. He quickly answered, "District of Columbia."

Mr. Wolfenden (in Arithmetic class) You watch this board and I will proceed to run thru it.

There was an old woman who came from the country to the city. In her early days they used horses or mules to pull the street cars. For the first time in her life she saw an electrically driven car, and she said, "Well, what do you think of that! They used to run the cars with horses and now they run them with a fishing pole!" (the trolley)

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

Sometimes my eyes, they start to blink,
And my brain, it starts to think,
Of the wonderful things that I could get,
If the god of luck would only let.

These wonderful things come into my head,
Just after I study and go to bed,
But when I wake up in the morn,
My vault of riches is totally gone.

And I am left to wiggle away,
In the wide world of to-day,
A mere man of little grace,
With many jewels gone to waste.

Edward Lambert 9A"

Mr. Williams expressed a great desire to illustrate the poem,"The Way to Heaven," but acknowledged that it would be too great an assumption on his part.

It is observed that Sterling M. is becoming studious: he takes his tennis shoes home every night.

SUNDAY

M. Morck (approaching Mr. Shallenberger): It's off!
Mr. Shallenberger: What?
M. Morck: The hair on the top of your head.

Arthur M: Oh! I wish I had money; I'd travel.
Alice K (opening her purse): How much do you need?

Teacher (to Emil who is not paying attention in Music): Pay attention and read the syllables starting with "I will not harm you, pretty dear."
(Laughter)
Teacher: But I will, if you don't.

A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW

L. Mills (on day of spring festival, observing Miss Albee laden with suit cases and boxes) Are you going on your spring vaction?

WOE TO YE TARDY ONES

In ye ould towne of Berkeley
There was a little school.
And there monie children happily
Learned to obey ye rule.

Now in this school ye children had
a habit o' being late.
About this ye teachers, who were sad,
Said, "We maun break this trate."

Now how they did this I will not sae,
For it would take too lang.
But the did it I'll assure
by the middle o May.
And this is ye end o' my lay,

Shirley Millman 8A'

THE BLIZZARD

Volume ~~7~~ 6 Number 2

Published semi-annually by the students
of the Burbank Junior High School
Berkeley, California
Dec, 1921

The Spirit of Christmas is felt by all,
And all can give love, both great and small
At no other season of the year,
Does there prevail such loving cheer.
For in a loft on this blessed morn,
Christ our Savior Dear was born,
His message was life, abundant, free,
So we in Christ triumphant shall be.

Marion Brazier 9A'

Faculty

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English
Carrie L. Bennett	Arithmetic, Civics, Hist.
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Sadie Derry	Home Economics
Katherine Fisk	Household Art
John J. Frick	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Lucille Friedman	Arithmetic, Shorthand
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
P. Adele Gilbert	Arithmetic, Music
Ruth M. Houston	English, History
Dora M. Martin	Algebra, Ancient Hist. Latin
Albert L. McDermont	Science
Lucy M. Robinson	English, Arithmetic
Frank C. Shallenberger	English, Physical Education
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, English History
Mabel F. Webber	Drawing
Emma S. Wilkes	Arithmetic, English
Earl D. Williams	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Andrew M. Wolfenden	Bookkeping, Business Arithmetic, Penmanship
Earl Morton	Band
Glen Haydon	Orchestra
Victor M. Schott	Violin
Blanche Ashley	Piano

Editor in Chief----------Marion Brazier
Business Manager----------Edna Lange

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9A" Helen Sorensen
9B' Ferne McCormick
9B" Grace Maher
8A' Catherine Dax
8A" Edna Cleary
8A"' Don Morley

8B' Edith Ahlgren
8B" Annie Rogers
7A' Gladys Newell
7A" Mary Dawson
7B' Oneda Stapp
7B" Claire Bertin
7B"' Samuel Davis

FACULTY ADVISERS

Frances C. Albee
Mary M. Tomsen
Mabel P. Webber
Earl Williams

THE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

It is the aim of the Burbank School, to better itself in every way possible. The Student Body, including the president as a representative of each class, help further this aim to a great extent as the students themselves can more easily find out what their classmates need than can the faculty. The members of the Student Body are also personally benefited as this position helps them to develop a sense of responsibility. The Student Body meets every Wednesday.

This term they organized the noon day programs which are from 12:30 to 12:50 and are held everyTuesday. The first Tuesday on which we held the program our School Band played several selections. They are now trying to cope with the disorder in the hall, and have decided that all those who cannot conduct themselves in an orderly way, within the school building shall be barred from all school activities.

THE CARE OF THE WIZARD

To some the "Wizard" has no other significance than has an ordinary magazine, to be read and scribbled on. But there are a few who take the best care of it and take great pride in showing it to outsiders as an example of what Burbank Junior High is doing. Such should be the case with everyone. Why! the Wizard is the history of our school and should be our proudest possession. It is something which will be in later years a reminder of the happy school days we spent together.

ASSEMBLIES

Wehave been able tohave several prominent speakers this term, partly due to our change of method of assemblying. Instead of having an assembly at the eighth period always,we now assemble at a different period each time in regular succession.

Oneof themost interesting speakers was Mr. Wells who came from Aukland, New Zealand.He spoke about the difference in time; how he once received a telegram from New Zealand on Dec. 4 which was dated Dec.5; and of their method of living.

Mr. Volmer was another prominent speaker who visited our school. He described the gradual develop-

ment of the police force, from that of early medieval days to the present organization. We were all very interested in the address he made.

In preparation for the writing of the essay on Life Insurance, Mr. Needham, talked to us on that subject.

Mrs. Saylor, the only woman representative in the Assembly, gave us a talk one day on the work which she is doing.

A little later Mr. Elston, our representative in the Congress of the United States, came as our guest, He described in detail several scenes which occurred during the different times when Congress was in session.

Onthe day preceding Armistice Day a solemn program was given in honor of the soldiers dead. The participants were Miss Gard, a former Red Cross aid, Mr. Shallenberger and Mr. Mc Dermont, both of whom were former service men. Each person gave an impromptu speech in his work "Over There." A few minutes were spent in silent tribute to the dead.

9A CLASS

The 9A Class of this year is the largest, youngest, and one of the most studious classes we have ever had. A fair percentage of the 9A pupils are intending to go to college and comparatively few are intending totake only atwo-year course at high school, which is quite unusual. It is expected they will be a great credit to Burbank when they goto high school.

RED CROSS ACTIVITIES

This year the Junior Red Cross pins are being earned by service instead of being bought at a fixed amount.

The boys have made over six hundred toys for the Red Cross, including wooden racers, trains, and wagons of various assortment. The girls have also made some garments for the Red Cross. The drawing department are making portfolios in which to paste pictures and will send them to the tubercular children. Everyone has a chance to earn a Red Cross button. For example in Domestic Science the girls made one hundred and seventy-five jars of jelly to send to some sick soldiers at the Palo Alto Hospital; and all those who did not make jelly, either brought jars or donated ready-made jelly.

OUR EXHIBITION

On December 5th our exhibition was held in the auditorium in which every department of the school was represented.

At first thought one would think that the advantage of having this exhibition was all on the side of the parents. Besides enjoying a social evening, they not only saw what their children are doing in school, but their own knowledge was extended as well. However it is just as beneficial, if not more so, to the pupils who prepare the work exhibited. Especially is this so in Domestic Art, for they become more familiar with the knowledge of textiles; they gain both practice and experience and it gives them a better chance to get first section in their work. Also when a school exhibition is given, competition is created and that inspires a pupil to try to do better work.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

This term we have been given the privilege of the use of a school library, which we all greatly appreciate.

It is conducted in a similar way to that of the Berkeley Public Library, as the books can be retained a week and all those who keep them longer are fined.

We have an assortment of two hundred and eleven books and expect to increase that number later on.

Mrs. Bagnall and several other members of the faculty compose the librarian committee so that the library is open every day in the week.

THE GRADUATES

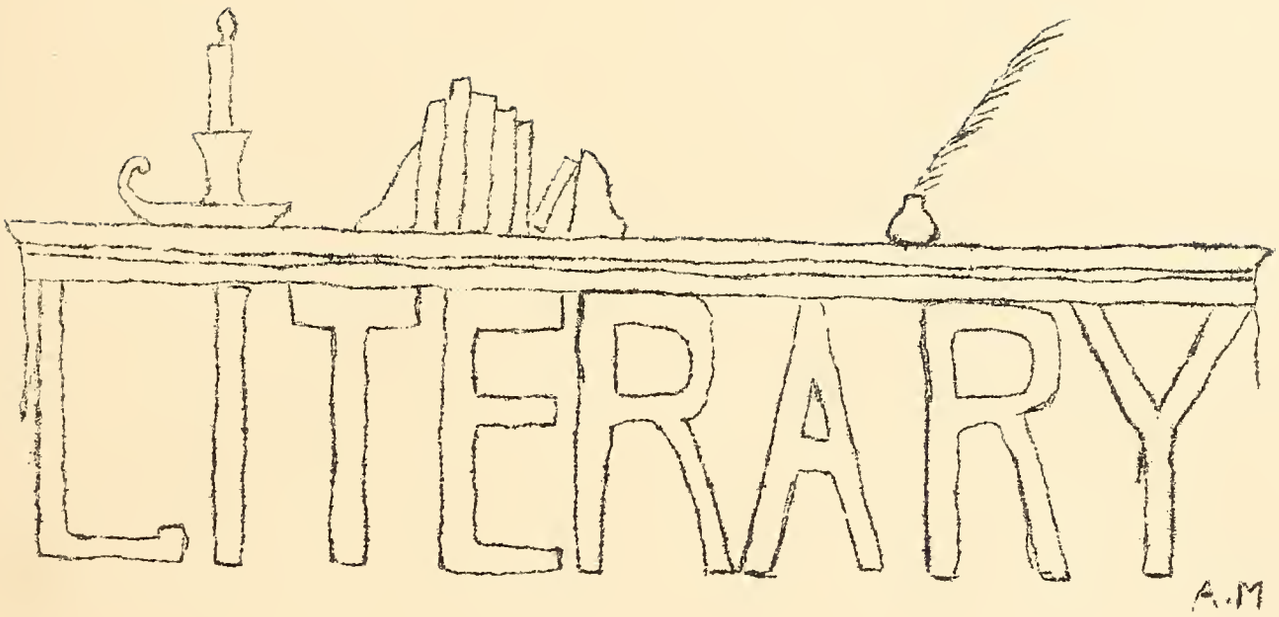
Battone, Rose
Becker, Karl
Bettis, Leslie
Brazier, Marian
Burnham, Paul
Curley, Helen
Davisson, Eigill
Dimond, Albert
Eade, George
Eastman, Viola
Eastman, Walter
Eaton, Frank
Flaming, Laila
Galan, Pierre
Geisenhofer, Lillian
Golphin, Elwyn
Hadlen, Lillian
Hernandez, Jose'
Hill, Waino
Johnson, Edward
Joris, Celine
Kemmerer, Beryl
Koch, George
Kovokka, Toivo
Lange, Edna
Lange, Helen
Lavigne, Frank
Makela, Herman
Mantelli, Dinas
McCausland, Walter
Merkle, LeRoy
Monroe, Loretta
O'Neil, Robert
Purdue, Earl
Ramos, George
Raspillier, Joseph
Raymond, Emily
Rocha, Cecelia
Rogers, Stella
Ruis, Thelma
Smith, Helen
Smith, Margaret
Sorenson, Helen
Sutherland, Margaret
Steen, Richard
Swensson, Malte
Taylor, Nellie
Thienger, Kathryn
Thomas, Earl
Valle, Rose
Wainwright, Marjorie
Warnes, Roy
Weimann, George
Woodbeck, Constance

PROSPECTIVE 9B'S

Abenth, Ethel
Agrusa, Rose
Ahnregean, Ernest
Anacleario, Roy
Argenta, Jennie
Ayres, Easter
Aslacek, Jerome
Ballard, Cecil
Borba, Rose
Benson, Lempi
Beringer, Julia
Berndt, Emma
Bertoli, Leonard
Berthelsen, Harry
Bjerenson, Mabel
Bold, Norman
Brown, Alice
Brandt, Walter
Cagno, Mary
Cannata, Joseph
Campbell, Russell
Carbone, Inez
Christiana, Antone
Cleary, Edna
Collier, George
Connors, Ethel
Davis, Hazel
Day, Catherine
Dean, Eddie
Delabriandias, Marcel
Diarke, Crescent
Dondo, Andrew
Ellis, Alice
Farber, Ella
Flores, Carlos
Fuhrmann, Matilda
Gallotta, Alexander
Giordano, Albert
Glatzer, Hans
Hamilton, Jack
Harrison, Lloyd
Haycock, Sara
Head, Norma
Hollsten, Arne
Hemphill, May
Hill, Edwin
Hill, Hilja
Hinberg, Martha
Holliday, Mona
Holmes, Otto
Hooper, Alton
Hooper, Ellen
Ilvander, Ollie
Johnston, Hugh
Johnson, Violet
Kirby, Harold

PROGRESSIVE 9B'S

Krueger, Ida
Krueger, Emilie
Kuehler, Frank
Kuhn, Robert
Lambert, Robert
Laugel, William
Lauren, Helmer
Lousteiet, Julien
Lague, Byron
Lehman, Annie
Liebermann, Gertrude
Le Protti, Thelma
Long, Earl
Loven, Sophie
Lundquist, Walter
Luther, Janet
Maihle, Emil
Marciano, Andrian
Matson, Edna
Merila, Alice
Monroe, Genevieve
Mork, Anne
Morley, Don
Nelson, Alice
Nelson, Henry
Norton, Emma
Palagon, Leon
Patterson, Robley
Peyry, Leo
Purdue, Leo
Rasmussen, Ruby
Rangel, Levis
Rost, Gertrude
Rocha, Joseph
Roth, Alice
Rowland, Earl
Saari, Aili
Savio, Eugene
Sho, Gumm
Snugg, Freda
Sahlman, Hermen
Sohlman, Waino
Spence, Arthur
Stapp, Geraldine
Steen, Andy
Stewart, Cecil
Sullivan, Irene
Thode, Ethel
Thomas, William
Thomson, Margaret
Talso, Alfred
Vince, Evelyn
Wainwright, Minnie
Weidinger, Evelyn
Wetton, Fred
Werner, Charles
Whatzler, Orynne
Wolf, Herbert


LITERARY
A.M

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Prize Poem

Here is the old year slipping out
of the way
And the kiddies all talking about
Christmas day.
Now the homes full of whispers,
hints, and things,
That must fill the sack old
Santa Claus brings;
And the mothers all smile as
they think of the cheer
That shall come with the happiest
day of the year.

Joseph Lateana 7B"

JOY TO THE WORLD

There's a song in the air !
There's a star in the sky !
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry !

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.

Alice Carlson 7B'

A WINTER'S NIGHT

What a cold and dreary night !
The birds have taken their southern flight;
The night is long and the wind is shrill;
The snow is piled on the window sill;
The hearth fires burn the long night through
And all the glad voices are silent, too.

Lillian Geisenhofer 9A"

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

I just wish I knew what, "Christmas Spirit" means to different kinds of people. It means a good time for everybody with everybody cheering everybody else. If there were just a few less selfish people in the world we would not think of ourselves but of the people who will not have a Christmas.

Many of the people have their Christmas dinner with at least a little spirit, than a big dinner. Never yet have I gone out for Christmas and I never want to.

I get much pleasure out of having Santa Claus visit us and having our stockings filled. I suppose this year I will be helping him. It seems to me that Santa would have a hard time here since there isn't much snow. One time I imagined that if I were bad I would not get any toys. I still imagine it.

Malte Swensson, 9A'

MY KITTY

I had a little Kitty
I called her Kitty Muff
Her fur was so very pretty
That it reminded me of fluff
Whenever I would stroke her
She would come a little closer
And purr and purr and purr,
And tell me of her many cares
That she knew I would gladly share.

Claire Bertin 7B"

AN AMERICAN INDIAN

Our train stopped thirty minutes at Glacier National Park, Montana. Wishing to look through the hotel, built entirely of great logs, of which we had heard so much, our party decided to take advantage of the stop-over, and see their wonderful building.

As I stepped off the train on to the station platform I was considerably startled on being met by an American Indian, a real Indian Chief in his native dress, who I later learned was to be our escort to the hotel.

He was a giant in physique, being something over six feet tall, of muscular build, and very erect. He wore the chieftan's head dress, decorated with gaily colored feathers which made a crown on his head, which I noticed as I followed him, reached almost to his knees in the back. He wore leather leggings trimmed with fringe, and a pair of soft, beaded moccasins. Though he must have weighed at least one hundred and twenty-five pounds more than I did, I could scarcely hear his footsteps, so soft and light were they. A gaily colored blanket was draped gracefully around his shoulders. His face was brown with a kind of reddish underglow and decorated with paints of many colors and quaint designs.

He spoke not a word, but gravely bowed to us and, turning, led the way.

Being quite young then, I was very much afraid and stayed close at my father's side, until our guide brought us safely back to the train.

To me the wonderful hotel paled into insignificance beside this giant from the forests.

Flossie O'Neal 9B"

THE BEST KIND OF CHRISTMAS TO HAVE

All over the United States, Christmas is known as a time when every one is happy and gay. To a small child it is a time when all wishes are to be granted; a time when all dreams of toys and such things come true. On Christmas some like to go to relatives and friends' houses to spend their happy day;while others wish to remain at home.

For my part, I think that Christmas in our own home is the happiest of all. It is happiest in the home because you are with your most loved father and mother. You can enjoy your gifts in freedom and not have to have on your company manners. To me it seems that you are more happy and glad and thankful if you are in your own home. When you are home on Christmas you have the great pleasure of looking at your tree and gifts and have much more time,as I have heard said, to get used to your new possessions. You have also more time to admire and appreciate them. Another great privilege that is given in the home is eating. You can have all you want and a little more if you wish. I say this as a comparison to times when you eat in company,for then you are afraid to eat as much as you like and feel very uncomfortable.

So taking all in all,it seems to me that Christmas in the home gives you a freer, happier and a better time then Christmas spent at any other place.

Emma Norton 8A'

CHRISTMAS POEM

One Christmas night
A star so bright
Led three wise men
To Bethlehem.
There to find
A little child
Which had been born
On Christmas morn.

Florence Wickman 7 A'

THE AGED OAK TREE

The aged tree by the door
Sounds like the tide on the sea shore,
When the gentle breeze
Plays through its leaves.

The bark is aged and worn;
It is scratched and torn;
The branches are many and wide,
And the wind has turned them to the side.

Emily Raymond 9A

A RABBIT HUNT

It happened while I was on my vacation in Santa Cruz I was asked to go on a rabbit hunt. The morning was bright and sunny and all the birds were singing merry tunes.

There were three girls and three boys who went on this expedition. Each one carried a rifle and his lunch. We left the house and started for the hills, which were not very far away.

After we had been there for an hour or so I sat down by a creek and soon I heard a strange noise. Then the bush began to rattle. Soon to my surprise a little brown rabbit jumped out. He seemed to be very happy about something.

Then a conclusion came into my mind. I didn't know if I should kill him or not, or call my friends. Then I thought I would catch him alive. So this is what I did. I took off my shoes, took a napkin out of my lunch box, and quietly tip-toed to where he was sitting.

When I was near enough to him I gave a big jump and he was my prisoner. I then called my friend to come and see what I had caught. They were all surprised to see I had a little rabbit because I was the one who had been tired and sat down to rest instead of hunting for them.

I was very glad I didn't kill him because he looked so innocent. I took him home with me and kept him for a remembrance of my first rabbit hunt and I called him my prisoner.

Edith Raspillar 9B"

Christmas East and West

Christmas rose cheerily in the west. A A bright sun spread its raysof light through out the heavens. People could be seen outside with their children as they were trying out their toys. The merry laughter of little tots, as they cried in glee over their new toys, could be heard across the streets and a boy could be seen riding proudly down the street on his bicycle. Even the grown-ups were happy,for wasn't this the day of peace and rest all over this wide world? Noon time came and every child went into the house for the Christmas dinner.The children started to play all their games, and to once more sit near the Christmas tree and gaze with wonder at the star that stood up at the top of the tree and seemed to guide every one to happiness.

But it was hardly the same in the east. First of all there was snow and great piles of it.It was piled on every tree and bush.Best of all the sun was out and it seemed to send a shiver of happiness throughout one's body. From side streets could be heard sleighs with their bells ringing merrily."Merry Xmas" was on every one's lips. Even the animals seemed to think that this day was set for peace and pleasure. Every child was outside trying his or her new toy. Probably there was a boy with a brand new sled whohad invited all his friends to come and take a slide down the hill with him. The poor children were happy with their simple toys. Everybody went to church on this great morning.When twelve o'clock came you would find every one in his home playing and eating, for, of course, there were all the goodies that mother had saved for this day.

Andrew Dondo 8A'

THE LITTLE NEWSBOY

"Freckles" was a little chap about eight years old. He had been given that name because of the freckles that adorned his little face. I met him one day while running for my train. He was selling papers at the corner and as I passed him a dollar flew out of my pocket. I ran on, not wishing to miss my train, and he picked it up and ran after me. As I had on a very heavy overcoat I could not run very fast and he soon caught up with me and handed me the money. I was in such a hurry that I didn't even have time to thank him, but on the train and all through the day I thought of the little fellow. On my way home that night I kept wishing that I might be able to see him again and thank him, so when I got off the train I looked around to see if I could find him and I saw him leaning against a lamp post crying as if his little heart would break. I went over to him and tried to comfort him by asking what the trouble was. And he told me, between sobs, that the pound man had taken his dog, the only pal he had in the world, and was going to grind him into hamburger. I realized that now was my chance to make amends for the favor he had done me in the morning, so we wentto the pound-yard and got his little dog back, and Freckles and I have been the very best of friends ever since.

Although he was yet a child I saw in him the making of a real man and I did all in my power to help him. But he was too proud to accept my help and insisted upon "working his way in the world" ashe called it. He had all the characteristics of a real gentleman, and indeed, he was one of the best little gentleman I ever saw. He was as honest as he could be; in fact, dishonesty never once entered his head. One day one of his customers was in a great hurry to catch a train and he wanted a paper to read on his journey so as he passed Freckles he put his hand in his pocket and pulling out the first coin his fingers touched he gave it to Freckles, grabbed a paper and dashed away. Freckles ran after him with the change but it was too late as the train had already gone. Most boys would have thought that Fate had been kind to them and would have stuck the money in their pockets and gone away whistling, but not so with him. He felt guilty, even though it wasn't his fault, and patroled the streets without food or rest until he finally succeeded in finding the customer and giving him

the rest of the money.

Freckles was one of the bravest little fellows I ever had the good fortune of meeting. When he was ten years old he was proclaimed a hero and the boys and girls flocked after him to praise and comment upon his every movement. It happened that, as he was standing at the corner selling his papers, two young women and a little baby came walking down the street and stopped in front of a store to comment upon its wares. Before long they became so engrossed with their discussion that they forgot all about the baby. The baby, in the meantime, had wandered around aimlessly and finally decided to cross the street. It ran into the middle of the street and then hesitated. An automobile was speeding toward it and it didn't know what to do. Freckles, seeing the child hesitate dropped his papers and ran after it. The driver of the machine wasn't looking where he was going and Freckles knew that he had one chance in a million to save the child's life. He ran with the speed of Mercury, and, picking up the baby in one arm, didn't stop until he reached the opposite side of the street The mother, of course, was frantic and couldn't praise him enough, but he said that he had simply done his duty and that any one else who had been in his place would have done the same thing.

Not long after this, another incident happened which proved his trustworthiness. He had been selling his papers as usual when he heard a loud crash. Running around the corner, from where the sound came, he saw that there had been a wreck and that one man seemed to be seriously injured. As the crash had not been heard by anyone else he was the only one there and so he ran to the man's side to assist him in any way he could. The man was in great pain but he leaned up on his elbow and commanded Freckles to look him straight in the eye, which he immediately did. The man seemed relieved and lay back as comfortably as he could and said, in an uneven voice, "It's all right. You're honest. I can trust you. Come here now and listen carefully." Then he went on to explain that he was a Secret Service man and was on his way to a big conference at which they were going to condemn a man to be hung at sun-up in the morning. The stranger's name was Browning and he had discovered that the man they were going to hang was innocent. He had collected all the evidence and put itin an envelope, and unless it was in the chairman's hands

within an hour, an innocent man would be hanged. He entrusted the envelope to Freckle's careand, after instructing him how to get to the conference, he sank into unconsciousness. Freckles, after having secured assistance in getting Browning to a hospital, started out on his important mission and in a very short time had delivered the envelope into the chairman's hands. After relating the story of the accident he took them all to Mr. Browning's bedside. He was given a gold medal which hehas worn ever since that memorable night.

I was not the only one who saw that he was made out of the real stuff. His boss, a fat, round faced, jolly old fellow, saw it, too, and in a very short time Freckles was climbing up the ladder. A start was all he needed and he kept going until now, he owns one of the most widely read papers in the United states. His head isn't a bit turned through his success, for he believes that anyone else who had the opportunities he had could make the same success he did. But could they? I don't think so. Do you?

Lillian Geisenhofer 9A"

THE CAMPANILE

Tall, beautiful, and majestic it stands,
A college city does it brand,
And gives the graduate some thoughts,
That even money couldn't have brought.

Whenever we hear the dear old chimes,
It brings to mind the numberless times,
When we on those old grounds did stand,
And listened tp the music, to us so grand.

Next to the white square based tower
We come to our own favorite bower,
And to us there is but one place,
To get ready the hard world to face.

And, when from afar,
We see a bright star,
It seems to us on sight,
To tell of this tower's height.

Toivo Kovakka 9A"

HOW I WAS FRIGHTENED

It was in a thinly settled part of Montana, eighteen miles from the railroad, that I lived at the age of eight years. The country, for the most part, was given over to stock raising, and as it required several hundred acres of land to run each herd of cattle, the houses were few and widely scattered.

A temporary school building had been erected of logs, by the stockmen and farmers, and I was one of eight pupils attending that school. It was two miles by the road to the school house, but by following a trail worn smooth by the cattle, as they traveled back and forth to a creek for water, I could reach the school house by a shorter route.

There was little to be seen, except great stretches of snow with sage brush peeping outhere and there, and bunches of cattle huddled together sheltered in nooks.

On this particular morning, I decided to follow the trail. When I was about half way through the field of snow, suddenly I heard a sharp whistling noise, quickly followed by another. Like a flash, it came to me that it was a shot from a rifle. My first thought was that someone was shooting at me, and turning to see where the shots had come from, I saw two timber wolves not more than twenty feet away. Paralyzed with fright. I stopped and looked at them; they in turn, calmly stopped and looked at me.

The shots had been aimed at them from a long range rifle, by a neighbor of mine, who, not seeing me, at first, had fired at them. Finally, I found my strength returning to me knees. Fearing the wolves would attack me, I moved on down the path, looking back every few steps to see if they were following. They moved on slowly, too, stopping as often as I stopped, and eyeing me maliciously. Finally I got up the courage to run, and was releived to see that they were no longer on the trail, but were leisurely trotting away in another direction. Our neighbor, who had come so near shooting me, said afterwards that he was sure that he had been as frightened as I, when he had seen me almost directly in his path, after he had pulled the trigger.

Flossie O'Neal 9B"

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVE

One cold Christmas Eve, as I was returning home after some Christmas shopping, I happened upon a small girl about six years old, crying. Her dress was in tatters and she looked as if she had never seen the inside of a warm house, for she was blue with cold. She appeared to be half starved, poor child. I had been feeling quite peevish as one of the shop clerks was provoking but now I forgot all my troubles, if you could call such affairs troubles, and turned my attention to my little unfortunate sister.

As I approached, she stopped sobbing and looked wistfully at me as if she knew I would help her, so I stooped, laid my bundles aside, and put my arm around her. She was murmuring some thing which proved to be, "Poor Rover, my doggie !"After I understood her words, I asked her to tell me all about it. So, between sobs, she told me her whole story.

She began, "My name is Alice and some people took anything about it and I was brought to this big city and made me work terribly hard and (sob) the man sent me out to sell holly-berries and I sold'em and Rover, my doggie who followed me when they took me away from my mama, came with me when I went to sell berries and" (She burst into a flood of tears but soon recovered and continued, as I urged her.)" and he was run over by an automobile and I think maybe he is-is dead." I asked her where she lived and she said in a big white house but where she could not say. Then I asked her where all this happened and she said the dog was across the street but she could not cross because of the traffic.

I left the child and crossed the street to where a beautiful, large collie dog lay limp. I examined him and found that he was bruised and had a broken leg, I found a silver ring hidden beneath his shaggy hair and upon it appeared an address, evidently the child's old home address. Luckily for little Alice, the kidnappers were not aware of the ring. More than likely, they didn't pay much attention to the dog which Alice fed by sharing part of her food with him.

I took the child and dog, who walked on three legs, home with me where I provided them with plenty of nice warm food and they were very comfortable, for the rooms were, indeed, exceptionally warm. After binding up the leg of the dog, I put a warm coat a-

round Alice and went down to the depot. There, we-boarded a train to the town in which her own home was located. We reached the place and, after getting Rover from the baggage car we started out to hunt for the street and number which we found very easily. We then walked up the front steps of a large white house. On ringing the door-bell we came face-to-face with her mother who embraced the child warmly and then she turned to me and asked me to come in and tell her about it. When I had finished, she said that they had hunted everywhere and could not find Alice and her joy was wonderful to see. The whole dictionary could not express her thanks so I shall not try but I can tell you that her family enjoyed a happy Christmas and so did I because of my part in being able to restore the little girl to her family.

"Shirley Millman 9B'

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS GIFT

The Greatest Christmas Gift would be that every American Soldier boy lying in France might have a chance to come home and celebrate Christmas with his family. His would be such a joyous welcome and the hearts of every one would be filled with glee and mirth.

Edward Johnson, Jr. 9A'

WHEN OUR GOLDEN POPPIES BLOOM

Our golden poppies bloom
In April, May and June,
And they blossom out to you
To show you their full view.

They are as pretty as can be
For so even thinks the bumble bee,
And they always shine so bright
Beneath the sun's great light.

We all wish that they could last forever,
But they cannot because of the weather.
For the sunshine withers up their heads
And they all go to sleep in their tiny
beds.

Nellie Taylor 9A"

A FOREST IN WINTER

The evergreen trees make a beautiful scene in winter with the snow lying leisurely around. Some of them are only small and others are towering to the sky. Their branches are heavy with snow which sparkles like diamonds when the sun shines through. Directly underneath the largest tree there is no snow on account of the thickness of the limbs. There are only cones and pine needles in these patches. A little to one side is a large fallen log, nearly five feet high on its side. The trunk of it nearby is like a large table with a white cover on it. Deer tracks are imprinted in the snow; leading out from one clump of trees, and disappearing behind another. They look like newly made tracks, but no sound is heard and everything is quiet. The whole scene is a very peaceful and quiet one and there in the midst of it all, you seem to be in a large cathedral at Easter when all is quiet and everything is white.

Marjorie Wainwright9A"

SANTA

When Santa's coming down the chimney
And I am fast asleep
I'm thinking of what he's to gimme
And my eyes begin to peep

Sh! I see him over there
Leaving me some toys
Oh' isn't he a great big dear?
And his heart is full of joys.

And in the morning when I arise
And see all the pretty things
Won't it be a big surprise,
To see what Santa brings?

Constance Woodbeck 9A"

THE LONE TREE

Above the old, old, fountain,
There stands a onely tree
Looking far o'er a mountain
And across the deep blue sea.
How it wished that it might go
To visit some strange land
But its head was bending low,
For not much longer would it stand.

The North Wind came one day
And so fiercely did it blow,
It blew all the leaves away
To the earth far below.
The tree had watched them go
And gave one great big sigh
Because she could not go
She lay down to sleep and die.

Helen Sorensen 9A"

THE ELK HUNT

He threw the fish on the mound of fur and six huskies, weighing from seventy to a hundred pounds, leaped for the fish. There were dogs, boy, snow and fur-lined blankets flying around till one of the dogs got the fish and bounded out of the door, the other five after him.

"Mean trick to play on a fellow,"said Roy Burns, who had come North to work with his friend Jim Rogers.

"We must get some fresh meat for Christmas,"said Jim as they sat down to eat.

After breakfast Jim hitched up the dogs and with a sharp snap of the whip went bounding over the snow. After a while it got harder going so Jim put on his snow shoes and went a head and broke trail.

After a while he came to a large forest where he unhitched the dogs and put the harness up in a tree where the wolves could not get it. He took his gun and made his way into the forest, the huskies going softly behind him.

The sun shone with a yellow-glow--upon a world covered with snow, a small rude cabin upon the middle of it, fir trees surrounding it.

Inside this cabin a boy of seventeen years of age rolled out of a sleeping-bag lined with fur and skillfully started the fire.

"Get up and shine," he yelled at a mound of fur.

"I can get up but I cannot shine in this ice-box," came from the depths of fur. "Wonderful view, isn't it?"

The wiew mentioned was a small roughly finished room with rude furniture, a large sheet-iron stove in the middle and a two foot window covered with frost facing the south.

"Yes, you will be seeing something else besides views if you do not get up and get some water." said Jim, whose full name was James Rogers.

Jim went to the door and called the huskies who had been sleeping under the snow all night. With a bound they came to him and he, in the meantime, had taken a dried fish from a sack.

After a while he came upon the tracks of a large bull elk, who stood eating moss beneath a tree.

He threw the gun to his shoulder, the dogs waiting for the crack of the rifle when they would rush in and if only wounded try to drag him down.

His fore-finger tightened on the trigger which

would send a steel-jacketed bullet through the heart of the beautiful beast, who was not aware of the danger.

The gun pointed straight and true but the finger did not close. The elk, scenting the danger, swiftly dan away throwing up clouds of snow behind him.

The next day the boys received orders from the fur company for which they worked to close the store till spring.

AsJim marched behind the heavily laden sledge,he was glad that he did not kill the elk, for the meat would have lain in a tree till spring when the foxes would have got it.

William Golden 9B'

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS I EVER HAD

Lying in bed on a Christmas morning, waitingfor the time to get up, is considered no fun. It is just like lying in bed sick and listening to the boys outside playing ball and wishing you could join them. Then all of a sudden you see the sun popping up and then you can get up. Everyone is as happy as can be.

Last Christmas we were expecting some relatives at our house,so I was sure we shouldhave a good time.

so getting up and getting dressed in clean clothes and doing things that had tobe done were easy propositions because we all felt happy.

"Br-r-r,"went the door bell and in came my uncle aunt, and cousins. Everyone was as happy as could be. First we distributed the presents and then we all played the phonograph. My uncle had his car with him, so we went out for a ride. We came home after a few hours ride and all ate a good dinner.

Soon it was time for my uncle to go hime, sowe said good-bye. That was the end of that Christmas day and we all felt it had been unusually happy.

Jerome Balasek 8A"'

WHY I SHOULD KEEP A BUDGET

A budget is a plan for spending money. My allowance is $2 a month. I never used to make any plans to spend my money. Since the subject of budget making came up I saw that it was better to plan ahead what I was going to psend for this and that. The following is a plan for spending my money.I spend for pleasure, 50 cents. I give 10 cents for Sunday School and 55 cents for savings; 10 cents for my club. If I spend all my money for candy I would not have anything left for the theater, incidentals, club, or savings. So if I planned what I was going to spend for this and that I would have enough for everything. A budget helps people to save. Some people do not believe it but it does. The savings come in by spending your money correctly. By doing that, many people save. Here is an example for instance; family of four--father, mother and two girls. They were not very well off. They had a very hard time keeping together. The husband earned only $18 a week.One day this lady went to see another lady. She asked how she did it. The other lady was much better off than she. The lady said, "Why, I keep a budget." "What is a budget?" asked the other one.

So the lady took her out into the kitchen and showed her a budget, and told her all about it. When she went home she planned her next two weeks'expenditures and saved 10 cents. They are very happy and are not having a hard time.

An old woman once bought two heads of lettuce for 25 cents. She could have bought a bottle of milk and a loaf of bread. If she had planned ahead she would have had more for her money. Some people think and others do not.

Ethel Abenth 8A"'

A THANKSGIVING STORY

"B-r-r-r"! but it was cold. The hail and sleet hid from view, the streets. The wind went whistling down the chimmney only to meet with a strong opposition there and came tearing up again. By thefireside sat three little children. Grandpa was sitting in a big armchair, listening to the chestnuts crackle and splutter in the fire, which was roaring as if bent on some urgent purpose.

"Oh-h-h!" sighed Lillian, "It's just the day for stories. Do tell one grandpa, you tell such lovely stories.

"Oh! do grandpa," cried the other children in chorus. "Today is thanksgiving Day. Just tell us a thanksgiving story."

"All right, my dears," said grandpa smiling on them from his lofty seat. "I will."

Here is grandpa's story:

"Once upon a time in New York,in the poor section lived a poor woman who had eight children. She had barely enough to feed them, let alone clothe them.

"It was thanksgiving Day and the little children and their mother were gathered around the meager fire. Although the children were hungry, they did not complain,for they knew how hard she had to work for them.

"'Children,' said the mother softly, 'Let usgive thanks for our good health.I am sure God will be good to us. No one goes unrewarded for good deeds.'

"Sure enough an hour later a knock was heard at the door and a package which was a very large one was brought triumphantly into the kitchen by the children.

"It was opened excitedly by the mother. When the pierced the air. There were four big dolls for the girls and four rifles for the boys. For mother there was a large purse containing ($200) two hundred dollars. There were also, a big turkey, boxes of potatoes, and all kinds of fruits, figs especially. The little patient mother gave double thanks."

Phyllis Burnett 7B'

BERKELEY, TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

There has been a great change in Berkeley during these last twenty or twenty-five years, especially in transportation. At that time there was only one car line from Oakland to Berkeley. That one was the Grove Street car which ran on a twenty minute schedule.

Trains, run by locomotives, ran along Shattuck Avenue from the Oakland Mole. Passengers from West Berkeley had to change at Shellmound Station to a train of one car with a locomotive.

The trains ran every half hour in the early morning and evening and every hour during the day.

Where the Santa Fe now is there used to be a small railroad called the "California and Nevada;" the train was very small. It ran twice and sometimes three times during the day. On Sundays it carried picnic crowds to a place called "Oak Grove." Between East and West Berkeley there was a one horse car line, which went every half hour. It ran along University Avenue from the water front up to Sacramento Street where it turned down one block to Addison and up Addison to Shattuck Avenue. The terminal was at Center and Shattuck.

Andy Steen 8A'

A SNOWY EASTERN CHRISTMAS

Christmas in the East is quite jolly, when the snow covers the ground, and all but a few winter birds have flown away to a sunnier climate in the south. Into the wood, people often go to cut down fir trees, either for themselves or to sell. In the East, people often go for long sleigh rides on big open sleighs. It is pleasant to hear the tinkle, of sleigh bells, as the horse jogs along over the frozen road. In the East, the people gather in nuts enough to last through the winter. If you were to visit a typical New England family on Christmas Eve you would find them roasting chesnuts, and baking apples, too. On Christmas day, the children have glorious fun on their sleds. Some of the more grown-up children go skating on the ice or have a fine time on their skis. The family have a turkey dinner and attend church in the evening. Since prohibition, it is hard for them to obtain brandy for their famous Christmas pudding.

Cecil Stewart 8A'

IN A STRANGE COUNTRY

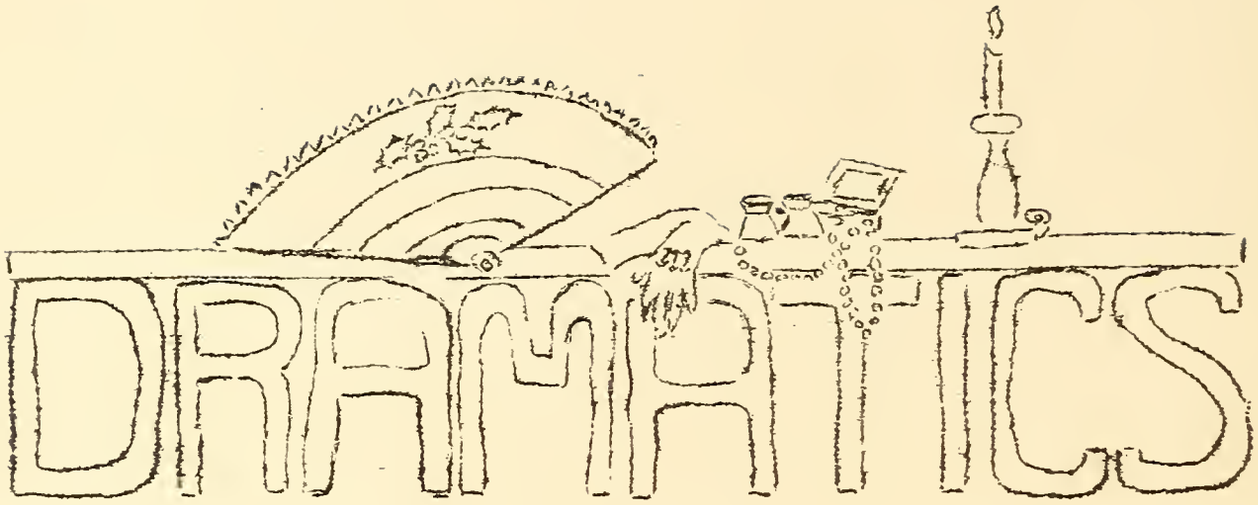
It was in the year of 1915 that I left New York for a long journey by train to Minneapolis. I had always lived in the central part of New York among large tenement houses and crowded streets. So that when I heard of mountains, lakes, water falls, and animals, called cows, pigs and chickens, I wondered what a strange country Minneapolis must be to have such things.

Well anyhow, it was not long before I reached Minneapolis. I got off at some strange little house, which seemed to be on a desert. I was no sooner off the train than a group of the most peculiar people came "to size me up" The men had withered hats, whiskers like a goat's, and trousers of a very funny make; the ladies had huge bonnets, aprons so large that they could be made into two, and shoes very much like those of the men. They all spoke with the same funny twang.

They didn't have long to size me up, as soon a funny looking fellow, who I soon discovered was my uncle, came to take me to his home. On our way to his home we passed many scenes that seemed queer to me: houses that looked like doll houses, funny looking animals, and birds. When I arrived at his home I was introduced to many of my relatives, all of whom seemed strange, and I could not keep from laughing at their dress, when by myself. It was not long, however, before I became accustomed to their dress and fairly well-acquainted with a cousin my age. She was always very nice to me until one day she found out my fear of a cow. Then she told many other farmers' children about my being afraid. They all decided to play a big joke on me. One day my cousin asked if I would like to see a cow; of course my reply was that I should very much like to, as I thought they were caged in and could do no harm. I went down by myself to where the cows were, as the rest said they would soon follow me. But I was no sooner petting the cow than another one began to give me an awful chase. I ran up the hill as fast as I could and she after me, while all the other children stood laughing behind a rail fence.

I am sorry to say it took me over a year to get fairly well accustomed to this strange country. Then to my great disappointment, I had to leave it and come out to California.

Nellie Taylor 9A"



THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

On the evening of December fifteenth, the serious part of our program was given. The Christmas Story was told by Alice Merila of the 8A' class, which served asa prologue for two tableaus given by the 7B" class. These tableaus were probably the most impressive feature of the program with their beautiful color combination. The 8B' and 7B' classes successfully presented a play called "The Crowning of Queen Christmas." The 9B" girls, as Christmas puddings, danced for us with Christmas spirit. As a conclusion to our program Julia Alexander of the 7B"" class recited a poem.

The Friday afternoon program, the type of which was gladsome, was also very enjoyable. Laura Midget gave a snow dance. A scene from the Christmas Carol was very successfully given by the 8B", and a play called "A First Aid to Santa Claus" was given by the 8B', the words of which were composed by Mrs. Bagnall. Lastly was the presentation of gifts by Santa Claus to the children of the Day Nursery.

Altogether the program was a distinct success.

Marion Brazier 9A'

OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

In the middle of our fall term the school always gives a general entertainment. The High Ninth Grade gives a play, which is one of the customs of the school, and the other grades of Burbank add their bit.

For the last entertainment the Ninth Grade had a delightfully funny, three-act comedy, entitled, "Mrs. Brigg's Incubator." The play was well put on and everyone was satisfied. The Characters of the play were as follows:

Mrs. Briggs----------Kathryn Thienger
Alviry Briggs---------Margaret Sutherland
Melissy Briggs--------Cecelia Rocha
Jimmy Briggs----------Karl Becker
Ralph Briggs----------Frank Eaton
Mrs. O'Conner---------Marion Brazier
Mandy Bates----------Loretta Monroe
Silas Green----------George Eade
Daisy Carlcton--------Stella Rogers
Virginia Lee----------Viola Eastman
Mr. Lee----------George Ramos

In addition there was a Shadowgraph of "Maud Muller." Beryl Kemmerer of the Ninth Grade danced behind the screen and it looked quite novel.

There was also a very original and interesting "Dance of the Pygmies." There were several more numbers and songs by the school.

On the whole, the entertainment was quite a success and everyone went home, well pleased.

Paul Burnham 9A'

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

THE PENTATHALON

The boys' pentathalon team was unfortunate in losing one of its highest point winners because of poor standing in his studies. We missed first place by less than the number of points hewould have scored However, Burbank had the satisfaction of entering the highest point winner. Jose Hernandez, of the 105 lb. class ran up a total of 739, which was 99 points higher than his nearest competitor. We had a well balanced team, few stars, but almost every entry a consistent scorer. In the 80 lb. class we won every dash.

Burbank has been well up in front in every activity this year and means to stay there.

The following boys, by scoring the highest number of points in their weight classes, earned B's:

Unlimited----Milton Peat
120----------Arthur Metzler
105----------Jose Hernandez
95----------Charles Donnell
80----------Toshio Alagi

BASKETBALL

Burbank started the season with strong 120 and 95 lb. teams, but by the time the league opened the unlimited had forged to the lead and the 120's had dropped to the bottom. Bad studies again.

We lost both opening games, to Edison's 95's and 105's through overconfidence. We had beaten each team twice in practice. After that we broke even till the last week when the light weights won a double header from Garfield. That gave us a tie for second place.

Too much credit cannot be given those players of the 120's who finished the season on the team. If fighting spirit had counted in the score they would have sailed through their opponents. They took the places of better natural players who didn't care enough for Burbank to keep up their studies, and gave a better exhibition of fight than those who wereforced to drop out. They lost every game, but it took Garfield, who won all their three, an extra period to beat them. The score at final time was 18-18. At the end of the five minute period we were on the

short end, 26-19

The league standing follows:

	W	L	%
Edison	8	4	.667
Burbank	6	6	.500
Willard	6	6	.500
Garfield	4	8	.333

The unlimited and 95 lb. team won B's for winning two or more of their games. The former went through the season undefeated.

Unlimited	95's
Bettilyon--C	Dimond----C
Andraggan--F	Golphin---F
Nelson, H--F	Beckert---F
Ramos-----G	Nelson, B-F
Peat-------G	Rocha, J--G
	Sunseri-- G
	Mantelli--G

INTERCLASS SOCCER

In the two weeks before Christmas an interclass soccer contest has been going on. The 9A's finally won, beating the 8A's in a closely contested game. Some close games were played. It required an extra period for the 9B's to defeat the 7A's by a score of 1-0

The score in the championship game was 9A---4, 8A----0.

Elwyn Golphin 9A'

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

This year the chief event wasthe Pentathlon Meet, held at San Pablo Park on Nov. 4. The girls' events in this meet were: basket ball throw for goal (30") potato race, basket ball throw for distance, jump and reach, and baseball throw for strike.

In the following events Burbank Girls made the highest record of any school.

Basket Ball distance throw was won by Amerlia White, 6[illegible]ft. [illegible]in. Jump and reach was won by Beryl Kemmerer, 23½in. The Best record in the Potato race was 25 seconds. Elvi Lundgren and Beryl Kemmerer of Burbank made this record.

Those making the highest number of points in each weight group were awarded "Bs."

They are:

80 lb:	Elvi Lundgren-------378	points
80 lb:	Martha Himberg------378	"
95 lb:	Inez Carbone--------519	"
105 lb:	Lempi Benson--------514	"
120 lb:	Beryl Kemmerer------518	"
Unlimited--	Amelia White------553	"

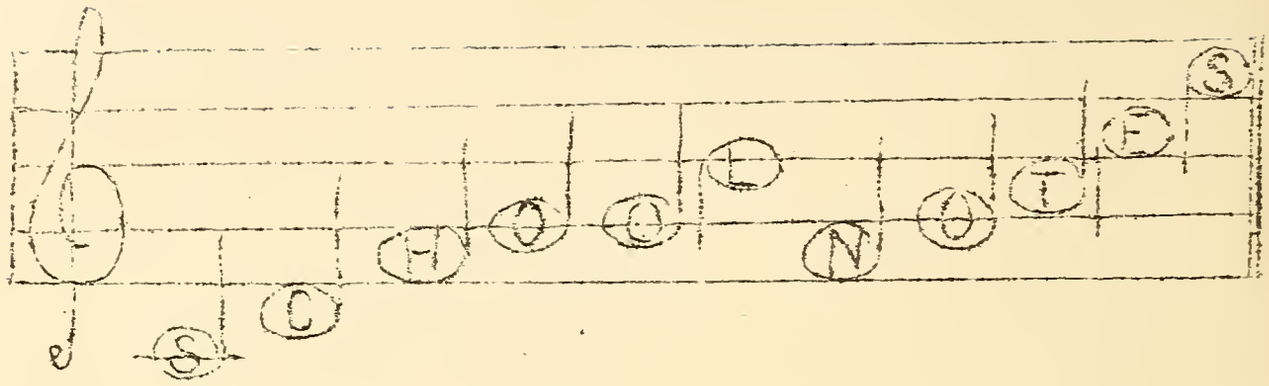
Our girls made the highest individual scores in any school in the 80, 95, and unlimited groups. Burbank received second place in the Pentathlon Meet.

In Basket Ball, the first series of games was the inter-class series, the 9A's being the winners. The girls were then divided into five weight teams and they played against each other. The 105 lb. team won in these games.

In the Basket Ball games with the other Junior High Schools of Berkeley the Burbank girls received third place. The 120 lb. team won all the games it played. The following members were awarded B's:

Helen Lange	Beryl Kemmerer
Gudrum Jorgesen	Aili Saa
Savina Senna	Helen Smith
Antoinette Sears	Celine Joris
Louise Burman	Ella Barber

Beryl Kemmerer 9A'



President	Frank Eaton
Vice President	Paul Burnham
Secretary	Karl Becker

BURBANK FLOWER GARDEN

Flowers and plants! What could be more beautiful! What a joy to see them swaying to and fro in the breeze, wafting their sweet, delicate perfume through the air! Such pleasure to watch the little green plants pushing up through the rich soil! What wonderful works of Nature!

Could we not take a pride in all that? What would the world look like with no flowers, trees or plants to adorn and beautify it? It would not be worth while living! Then let us take an interest in the beautiful plants and flowers around the school we attend, the school that was named after that great lover of flowers, Luther Burbank. It would spoil the beauty of our wonderful school to have no flowers, plants, trees or grass to beautify it.

I have even heard people talk about Burbank School's Garden. I am sure all that I heard were good words for it. Then let us make it a garden and cherish and care for its flowers by not destroying them!

We should also take a pride in our beautiful lawn. Thoughtless children walk across the corners of the lawn, making it look very bad. When you have a new dress or a new suit you want the collars and cuffs to look well instead of ragged and frayed. Neither does it look well to see the corners of the lawn bereft of grass; so let us be careful in the future of the lawn around the school.

Phyllis Burnett 7B'

TYPEWRITING

There has been a great deal of interesting work accomplished by the typewriting classes this term. We have had extra work for the exhibit held December 2, which was a great success. The higher classes typed and stenciled one hundred twenty-five copies of a booklet entitled "Helpful Hints," prepared by the sewing classes. The typewriting classes were also represented by their daily papers.

The "Wizard" is made by the typewriting department every term. This includes typing, stenciling, and stencil drawing. Pupils gain a great deal of valuable practice from this work and we certainly enjoy it, for it is such a pleasing work.

The 9A pupils have been very anxious to win medals and certificates for good typewriting. To get a certificate, 30 net words a minute must be written. Certificates have been awarded to Mrs. Tomsen, Edna Lange, Helen Lange, Rose Valle, Cecelia Rocha, Marion Dean, and Celine Joris. To qualify for a medal 40 words a minute is required. Each additional 10 words add a bar to the ribbon of the medal. Both medal and certificate have been awarded to Mrs. Tomsen, Edna Lange, Celine Joris, Rose Valle. Mrs. Tomsen also won an extra bar.

Marjorie Wainwright 9A"

IN SCIENCE

The pupils in the science classes have done some very fine work this term as shown by the xhibit.

8B' turned out some very good work in plaster paris, also home made turbins and other pieces of apparatus. 8B" performed several electrical experiments. The 8A classes have been making a study of machines such as the pulley, the lever, the incline plane and the pendulum, the telegraph and the telephone.

OUR COOKING CLASS

I am going to tell you what our cooking class does in our eighty minute period every morning just before noon. We are instructed by our very capable teacher, Mrs. Derry.

First, we make visits to different shops such as the butcher shop, bakery, dairy and so forth and find out how large scale work is done.

Second, four girls each day cook lunch for, from 20 to 22 teachers and this they do in turn through the whole class. This is called cooking on a large scale.

Third, each girl, when not cooking for the teacher's luncheon, each day, cooks some dish that will teach her something new about this art, called cooking. For when you think about it, it certainly is an art to be a good cook. This is what they are trying to teach the girls to be.

And fourth, we are not doing all this work or using all this time for our own bebefits, either, for one day we made cranberry jelly to help the Red Cross give a Christmas dinner to the sick soldiers of Camp Fremont. Our class made about 100 glassss. Another class also made some for the same purpose but only made about 39 or 40 glasses. Of course, this was a smaller class.

I think that cooking is a very beneficial subject, for it teaches the girls to cook, sweep, wash dishes, and do many other things well. It is especially nice for girls who have no one at home to teach them to cook.

Margaret Little 9B'

BANKING

The Burbank pupils have saved more money this year than in any previous year. This is because there has been a systematic way of conducting the bank. Regularly on Monday mornings the children make their deposits and members of the 9A bookkeeping class then check them over to save the bank the trouble of correcting mistakes which may occur.

The total savings up to the time of this report is $310.72. The record by classes is as follows:

9A'	$77.72	7B'	$10.40
8A"'	47.33	8B"	9 .71
7A'	38.14	8A"	8.29
8B'	25.53	9B'	6.40
8A'	23.84	7B"'	4.23
7A"	21.58	7A"'	2.35
7B""	21.20	9A"	1.00
9B"	13.01	7B"	.00

Marjorie Wainwright 9A"

THE SEWING DEPARTMENT

The aim of our Household Art Department is to give girls an understanding of the clothing problem. This subject is a broad one, extending from primitive times to the present day.

It includes the study of the weaving and the dyeing of cloth, its finishing processes, its market value, and its construction into garments. We are taught how to make our own patterns and to cut our garments.We are taught the use of the sewing machine. Besides making our garments, we study their designs and appropiateness to the occasion on which they are to be worn, their artictic relation to the wearer, as well as the present day styles. We remodel our clothing, first cleaning it and removing the spots.

We do Red Cross and Social Service Work which gives us a feeling of usefulness. This term we are making dresses and necklaces forthe Municipal Christmas tree.

The training in Household Arts is valuable, for it helps to make a girl at the end of the ninth grade a thrifty purchaser, which is a great asset, and an accomplished needlewoman.

Marion Brazier 9A'

MECHANICAL DRAWING

In low ninth mechanical drawing the pupil has to make ten orthagraphic plates and six icemetric plates during the term. Also he has to make a letter plate every week, which has tobe made at home. In order toget credit for his work a pupil must get a one or two on it. If he gets a three or four he has to do it over again. Letter plates count just as much as the drawings do.

In the high ninth the pupil has developing and a letter plate every week the same as in the low ninth.

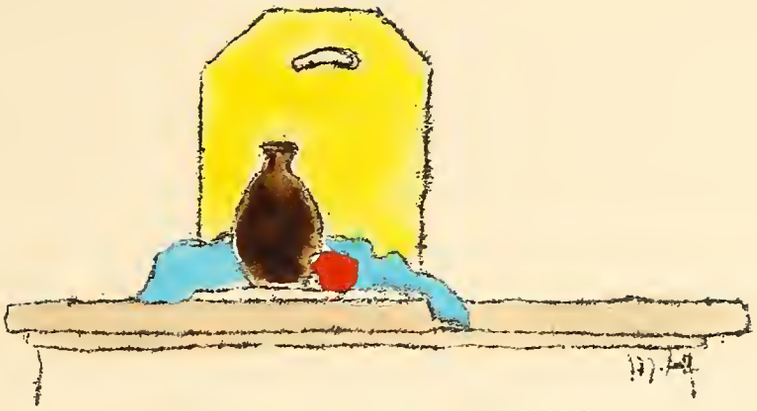
Mechanical drawing is very interesting and it trains a person to be accurate. It requires thinking, especially in the high ninth, and if a person has a good imagination it helps out a great deal.

MANUAL ARTS

The Manual Arts department of the Burbank Junior High School is offering for the first time in its history great opportunities in nine different trades, namely mechanical drawing, radio, wiring, wicker-work, wood-work, plumbing, sheet metal work, house-building, lathe work, and shoe-repairing.

Although all of these trades are apparently new to the boys they are grasping them and utilizing them to a great advantage. The department tries to place the boys in a line of work that best fits them. The boys are enthusiastic and all take an active part.

Many of the boys worked solely for the school this semester, repairing twelve armchairs, ten yard benches, set up two sets of scenery, made an excellent program chart, made a large bench for the house-builders, partitioned the shops off into various compartments and made 350 lockers for the gymnasiam. We also donated a large amount of work to the Red Cross, making 650 toys, consisting of autos, steam engines, "shimmy"-dogs, hobby-horses and numerous other things The boys in general have established a fine reputation for themselves and forthe school by their ardent work.



THE ART DEPARTMENT

The different classes are doing different types of work. All are doing pleasant work and doing it earnestly. The 8A's have done the free hand, costume designing, color schemes,"Wizard"Work and enamel work. They are also helping the boys paint the Red Cross Christmas toys. The 8B" have done the original compositions in black and gray and also many textile designs. The compositions are all very pretty. The 8B' are working on parallel perspective. The problems were to make rooms in parrallel perspective. The 7B' illustrated fairy stories and did them very well.The other 7ths, 7B', and 7B"',7B"",did free hand drawing, original designs and also some very pretty candle shades. All the classes have had free hand drawing. These classes have all worked very hard and found their work very interesting. If they keep on with their good work the "Wizard"will be illustrated very well.

Alice Merila 8A'

BURBANK SCHOOL GARDENING

The Burbank School gardening was mostly done by the boys of 7A"' class. The fall gardening work was to cut lilies and trim them.

We trimmed the flowers and tied them up. We dug up bulbs and planted some. We pulled up the dried sweet peas and collected the seeds. We dug ditches around the dahlias to water them. We built a small fence around the garden to keep the boys out but some of the boys thought the fence was to jump over and so the boys of the seventh grade brought some from home. We had gardening about three times a week. Some of the boys went out to garden while the others were in the room studying about cuttings.

Filbert Flores 7A""

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The Music Department presents various opportunities. There are the band, the orchestra, the piano lessons, and the regular vocal work.

The band is composed of about eighteen boys, under the leadership of Mr. Morton.

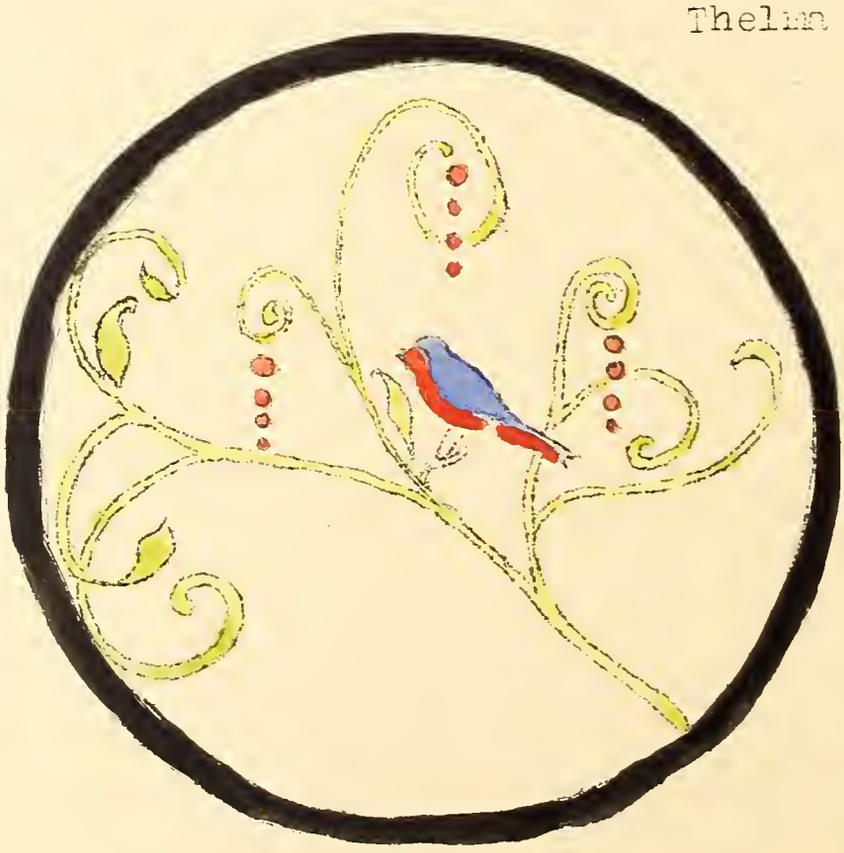
The orchestra is led by Mr. Hayden. It practices for one period two times a week. There is no charge for instruction for either the band or orchestra. Lessons are given to several at a time so that while one is playing, the others may watch and in that way they learn more.

The piano is taught by Mrs. Ashley. There are about twenty that are taking these lessons. Twenty-five cents a lesson is charged.

Our vocal classes, the band, and the orchestra took part in the Greek Theater Festival. Representatives from the various classes were in the songs. Two songs, "The Cornish May Song," a Somerset Dance, and "The Wreath," which was in style a direct contrast to the first song, were sung.

Our vocal department under the direction of Miss Gilbert has contributed music for every entertainment that has been given this term.

Thelma Ruis 9A'



HUMOR
A.M.

THE INFLUENCE OF NEW ZEALAND

Mr. Preston(speaking in faculty meeting): As I was unable to complete the work that I began tomorrow, I should like to discuss it today.

A CONGRESSMAN'S DIGNITY AT STAKE

Freda Snugg misunderstands the duty of a Congress when she says, "He worked in Congress." We conclude that she meant he was a "Member of Congress."

WHAT WOULD WHITTIER SAY?

Cecil Ballard(reading 8A"' English class): In classy (classic) Dartmouth's college halls_____ _____".

IN 7B' SCIENCE CLASS

Miss Cameron: What does evaporate mean?
Russell L. : It means to disappear.
Miss Cameron: Then, if a boy went around the block and disappeared he would have evaporated.

IN 7B" HISTORY CLASS

Miss Houston: What did you find out about Henry VIII?
Walter : The book said to "see Elizabeth" but I'm too bashful.

Miss Friedman: What is an inventory?
Glenn F. : I know. It's a place where you invent things.

Start insurance today.
'Twill make another day gay.
Life is so dear,
But only while we are here.

When we are dead
And no insurance ahead,
Leaves a hard road to
tread.

Mother, Father, children dear,
Start insurance while you are here.
To-morrow may be too late
So please don't hesitate.

Marjorie Johnson 7B"

FINIS

WIZARD

Published Semi-Annually by the Students
of the
BURBANK JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Editor . . . . . Blanche Moss
Business Manager . . . Harry Williams

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

Nelma Salo
Grace Maher
Ethel Thode
Minnie Wainwright
Roy Anaclerio
Ruth Stacy
Louise Burman
Elsie Heyman
Theresa DeMay
Waino Landell
Antoinette Nunes
Robert Cunha
Gladys Fisher
Wilfred Young
Farank Galan
Narcissa Rodriguez

FACULTY ADVISERS

Francis C. Albee
Mabel P. Webber
Mary M. Tomsen
Earl Williams
Ruth M. Houston

Volume 8 Number 1

Berkeley, California
June 1, 1922

To Mr. Preston:

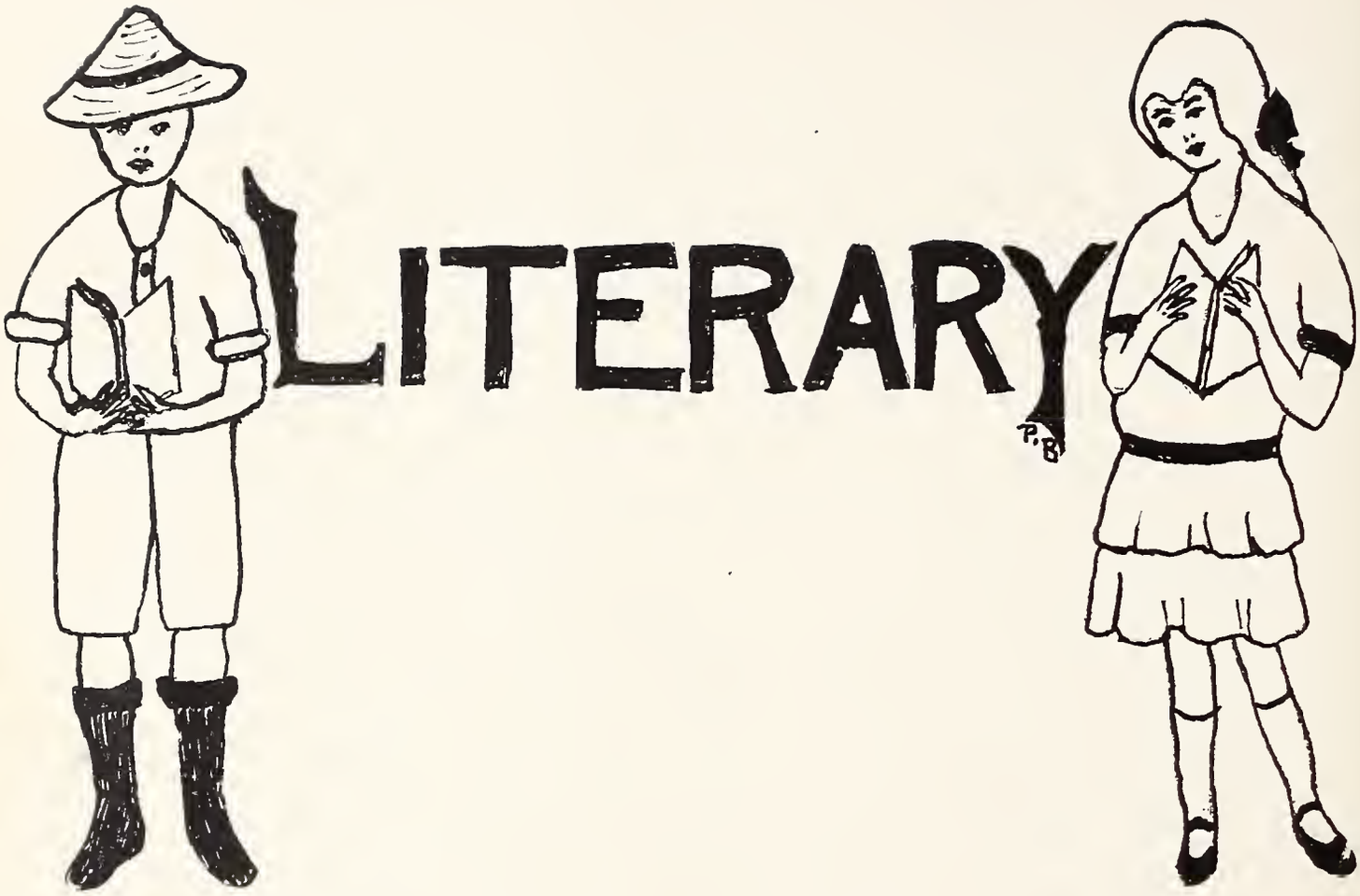
In appreciation of his never failing efforts to further student activities, and for his good will, which gives us an inspiration in our work, this Wizard is dedicated.

Faculty

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Arithmetic, Civics, History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Sadie Derry	Home Economics
Katherine Fisk	Household Art
John J. Frick	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Lucille Friedman	Arithmetic, Shorthand
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
P. Adele Gilbert	Arithmetic, Music
Ruth M. Houston	English, History
Dora M. Martin	Algebra, Ancient History, Latin
Albert L. McDermont	Science
Lucy M. Robinson	English, Arithmetic
Frank C. Shallenberger	English, Physical Education
Jean E. Skimmings	English, Arithmetic, History
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, English, History
Mabel P. Webber	Drawing
Angie M. Webster	Drawing
Emma S. Wilkes	Arithmetic, English
Earl D. Williams	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Andrew M. Wolfenden	Bookkeeping, Business Arithmetic, Penmanship
Earl Morton	Band
Glen Haydon	Orchestra
Victor M. Schott	Violin
Blanche Ashley	Piano

The Graduates

Bonkofsky, Louise
Carlson, Carl
Cox, Lance
Crinnion, Cyril
De Costa, Irene
Gibson, Helen
De Maria, Joseph
Golden, William
Guarneri, Vincenza
Hendrickson, Gretchen
Kirby, John
Kruni, Edna
Little, Margaret
Luoma, Henry
Maher, Grace
McCormick, Ferne
Millman, Shirley
Moss, Blanche
Oksanen, Ellen
Pacheco, Mary
O'Neill, Gladys
Peat, Milton
Powell, Roy
Raspiller, Edith
Salo, Nelma
Tevlin, Eugene
Valencia, Jennie
Wiglund, Ellerth



Said the Buttercup to the Dandelion

Said the buttercup to the dandelion:
  "You attract children who pass this way;
Be it winter, or summer time,
  With you they stop and play."

"Why shouldn't I?" said the dandelion,
  "When with their little hands
They send me flying to tell the time
  And cheerfully clap their hands."

"They use me to tell if they like butter or not
  And even make garlands and curls out of me.
They plant me in gardens and out in the lot—
  Now, why fret away with your jealousy?"

—Irene De Costa (H.-9²).

The Lure of Spring

AS ONE gazes in mid-winter or summer at the brown and parched earth, he can hardly come to the conclusion that in spring this same piece of parched and wind-swept earth will be covered with a blanket of green turf, pleasing to the eye and soft to the foot. Flowers will joyfully spring up and fill the air with their sweet perfume.

Farmers will then plant, and pretty little brooks will leap from rock to rock with sounds that will give comfort to the ear. Mild, gentle breezes will blow and fill the air with a most pleasing sweetness of spring. Fruit trees will blossom and animals, that had been asleep all winter, will awaken and rub their drowsy eyes.

In spring everything awakens with only happiness and joy in its heart. In spring one feels the joy of living, and is glad to be a part of this beautiful world. The world is beautiful, even if it has had dark deeds, and it is spring that makes it beautiful.

—William Golden (H.-9[1]).

The Laughing Brook

The laughing brook was full of glee,
It ran down into the pool; then jovially,
With a smooth glide and then a dash,
It fell into the river in one big splash.

—Grace Maher (H.-9[2]).

Where is the Talisman?

WHEN Kenneth died after the happy life that followed his marriage with Lady Edith he left the Talisman in the care of a Scotch family.

For many generations the Talisman was handed down as an heirloom from father to son until the particular time when the family who guarded this charm was warring with another clan.

In the opposing clan was a man who knew and understood the power of the Talisman.

The family who guarded the charm had many untimely deaths: the mother died and the father, too; and two sons were killed in the battles of the clans, thus leaving a young girl, the sole guardian of the charm.

In a great battle the opposing clan was victorious and with the Talisman the girl fled from the village but was trailed by the man who so much desired the charm.

She fled to a cliff overlooking a deep, calm lake of beautiful indigo blue, for which the Scotch lakes are noted.

She was pursued to the very edge of the cliff. When told that her lover's life would be spared if she yielded the Talisman, she was about to do so, but just at that moment a fugitive who had overheard the conversation spoke up and said, "Your lover is even now dead." The maid replied to her enemy, "Deceiver, the charm was never meant for thee. This will be a trust well kept." So saying, she threw herself from the cliff into the water below, with the Talisman clutched tight in her grasp.

The fugitive grasped his broken broadsword and crushed the deceiver's head and, when surrounded by the warriors of the opposing clan, hurled himself upon their blades and the secret of the fate of the maid and the Talisman died with him.

There in the deep blue waters, cold, calm and pacific, in the bones of the hand that once held it, is the Talisman. Will it ever be found, or is it doomed to lie forever in the bosom of one of those Scottish lakes which are as numerous as the sands of the sea?

—Jack Hamilton (L.-9[1]).

A Modern Fisherman

IT WAS a rainy day in the middle of winter when I went to see the old fisherman, "Cap't Tom," as he was called.

The first time I met him, I was sorely disappointed, for I expected to see a big husky man with sunburn on sunburn; big hands on muscular arms, covered with tattooing; high rubber boots; a rain hat on his head; and, it seemed to me, that oars, sailboat, and a net, were essential in making a fisherman. All the pictures of fishermen were more or less so.

This was not the first time that I had been to see Cap't Tom, and I was, therefore, quite familiar with his unfishermanlike ways. We were spending this rainy afternoon in his workshop, where he was tinkering with his Ford. (He should have been tinkering with a motor boat, or mending a net, to my way of thinking.) Save for the one net, that was piled in a corner, and a few tackles, it did not in the least seem suggestive of a real true fisherman.

—Edna Kruni (H.-9²).

Wild Flowers of May

At daybreak, when all is still
And the birds sing on the hill,
All the wild flowers of May
Dance and frolic on this day.

At night when the flowers rest
Upon Mother Nature's warm breast
The wind rocks them off to sleep
On the warm earth to keep.

—Milton Peat (H.-9²).

Across the Plains

ONE day in 1848, in the town of Coldwater, Michigan, the news spread through the village that gold was discovered in California. How the news affected the people! One night, about a week afterwards, a noise was heard in the market-place. The people throughout the village went out to see the cause of the disturbance.

A man was standing on a box. His name was "Hairy" Joe (on account of his long beard), and he was making a speech:

"Those who are willing to make the trip shall come with me at sunrise and make for 'Californy'. I cal'late there is Injuns enough on the road to scare the toplights out of any human, but I'll warrant ye, no Injun is goin' to stop me from gittin' my share of the gold! Women and children can come along, too! Those who don't go are cowards!"

After this spirited speech he got down and walked off. Of course, all wanted to go; even the mothers and children wanted to sacrifice their homes and leave for the open West.

My great-grandmother, who was then a young girl, was eager to go and persuaded her parents to allow her to do so. Her two sisters accompanied her.

The brave little caravan moved towards the open plains. It was an extremely slow procession and they sensed the great dangers ahead, yet they were not daunted. They had gunpowder and guns, but they knew there were not sufficient men to ward off a serious attack.

Toward evening they stopped and the wagons formed a circle and they lit their fires and cooked their dinners. The over-curious Indians sighted the little camp and, with their ever-ready desire for warfare, made an attack upon it. They rode around in a circle and shot their opponents in that way.

Instantly the men rallied to the attack and seized their guns. The women knelt and prayed that they would be spared from the cruel Indians. The children, wild with fright, clung to their mothers' skirts and cried for "Daddy."

One brave little girl about ten years of age ran out to where the men

were firing and threw herself in front of her father, just in time to save him from being shot; the child died in her father's arms. The father was afterwards killed.

The Indians were routed, and then the travelers broke up camp and proceeded on their way.

Ah! What hardships they endured. All for the winning of a prosperous nation!

It was the bravery of our sires that made America what it is today. We merely improve it. Their work was the foundation; ours merely the frills to beautify it .

They crossed the plains to an unknown country; they only knew that it was full of dangers and maybe they would never come back; perhaps they would die there unknown, uncared for, unwept, unsung.

—Phyllis Burnett (H.-8[1]).

Country Style

"Yes, ma'am," answered Tod to the teacher's question. He was just entering a city school from a country school, and he certainly looked it.

He was clad in overalls and torn straw hat. Unler one arm was a lunch that looked as if it would feed an elephant. His feet were bare and brown, but, somehow, honesty was written on his face. He was a typical country lad.

Through the quiet school room went an undercurrent of laughter.

The teacher said, "Well, Tod, to show us how much you learn in the country schools we shall have a contest between our most intelligent pupil and you."

Tod was delighted and the contest began. But the class was very much surprised when it saw its brightest pupil being outwitted by a plain country boy. That class learned one thing from their schooling, if nothing else, and that was not to judge a book by its cover.

—Lore Mitchell (L.-8[1]).

An Early Morning in the Woods

NITA, my cousin, and I had risen at six o'clock to go into the woods and pick wildflowers. We were dressed in thick khaki suits, so that the brambles and thorns could not tear us very easily.

The air in the woods at this early hour seemed queerly exhilarating to us. We skipped, ran, and jumped all the way to the woods. Finally we reached the best part of the woods where the prettiest wildflowers grew. We loitered along, picking a wildflower here and there, all the while using our eyes and ears. We saw some impertinent squirrels as we went along, who, when they saw us, raised their voices in protest at our invasion. We laughed, for the funny little fellows looked so comical as they scolded and wagged their tails in wrath. We sometimes caught glimpses of some bird's nest where some delicately tinted eggs lay. There were many birds flying around, each trying to do his part in entertaining us by chirping louder than his neighbor.

Finally, we came to a spot where beautiful wildflowers grew in abundance. We both gave a cry of delight as we noted the many blended colored flowers. Soft pink blended harmoniously into still softer blue. This was surely a work of art and skill. We picked a few wildflowers where they would not be noticed. We still lingered, for it seemed hard to go. The sun at last gave us its warning to go home, as it rose higher and higher in the crystal clear sky.

—Rose Agrusa (L.-9[2])

Too Late

(A "You" Story)

ONE day you decided that you would visit the pantry, as no one was home. After you had been there a while you became so interested that you didn't know how late it was getting to be. After you had done justice to your stomach you decided that it was time to go. Then, of course, the jam jar had to fall over and empty its contents all over the floor. Then you called the dog, for you knew he would be glad enough to help you clean up. You were busy the next few minutes and had about half-way cleaned the floor when the old door had to open. And who should come in but mother! Having enough evidence that you had been helping yourself, she sentenced you to a term in prison (the closet) and limited rations of jam, as she said you had had your share.

—Russell Campbell (L.-9[1]).

In the Attic

But it was such a pity and shame,
  To see that poor little boy who was lame.
He sat up in the attic all day,
  Looking at the glories that passed his way.

Those large black eyes filled with tears,
  When he thought how he spent those days and years.
He could not enjoy those pleasures so near,
  While he sat enclosed, surrendered with fear.

The sun shone at its height,
  While the glorious flowers beamed with delight.
But what was the good of all this joy?
  When there sat in the attic a lame little boy?

—Blanche Moss (H.92).

How To Make Friends With the Birds

I THINK this is the best way to make friends with the birds. Some bright morning a small red-breasted robin may come near your window or door and begin to warble away some sounds which you think a noise. But it is not noise. It may be a plea for something to eat or a happy song. Treat this little bird very kindly, for it sometimes brings happiness at the time of some distress. Just before you leave the house, or, as the bird is singing, throw out a few crumbs. It may become frightened, but leave the crumbs there and the bird will come back. This little bird will love you and every day it will come back, unless some accident befalls it. It will tell other birds and you will soon be feeding quite a little flock.

As thanks to you, they will sit near your window or door and pour their "notes of gladness" into your ear. Not many people can say that they have friends in the birds, for many treat them cruelly and kill them when they go in their yards. Some bird may see this incident and he will tell it to his fellow-birds and they will keep away from this man's backyard and they will call it "the spot of danger." So, treat birds kindly and they will love you.

—Andrew Dondo (L.-9²)

The Modern Pipe Organ

THE pipe organ today is found not only in churches, as a few years ago, but in theatres, auditoriums, and residences. They range in price from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and some of the larger instruments will cost much more.

The small organs have one set of keys or sixty-one notes, called a "manual", while the larger organs have three or four manuals placed one above the other. There is also the usual pedal organ of thirty-two notes, which is played with the feet.

The electric action is used by most builders of pipe organs, now. When a key is put down it makes a contact with some delicate wires which, through a magnet, opens a valve which lets the wind into the speaking pipe. The pipes are voiced on pressure to suit the size and location of the organ. The pressure ranges from three and a half to twenty-five inches, which is measured in a glass wind gauge by taking a pipe out and holding down a key. The pressure can be regulated by adding or taking away the weights or springs on the bellows. The large pedal pipes are usually made of wood.

Lead and tin in different mixtures are used in making the metal pipes. Zinc is used for some of the largest and the front, or decorated pipes, are most always made of zinc.

A great many times the decorated pipes are not speakers, but are placed there for show or to fill up a space. The pipes range in length from thirty-two feet to one much smaller than a pencil. The finest kiln-dried lumber is used in making an organ; in fact, all the material used has to be of the best quality. The woods used mostly are redwood, while cedar, Oregon pine, maple, and oak. In making the key desk, or console, oak, mahogany, and gum wood are used. The keys are made of ivory and ebony. The sets, or stops of pipes, are voiced to imitate orchestral instruments, such as violins, horns, flutes, aboes, clarinets. The organ tones are divided into four groups known as diapasons, flutes, rings, and reeds. The wind is usually supplied by a fan blower, driven by an electric motor and the current for the organ is supplied by a generator connected to the same motor.

—Doris Bolton (H.-7[1]).

"Time Rolls His Ceaseless Course"

WHEN one is a baby, everyone wants to have the honor of holding and babying him. But very seldom these people live to see this baby grown to manhood or womanhood. The reason is simply that Time will not wait for them. Everyone must die sometime, either of sickness, or old age. The people who have held us on their knees are carried away, as the waves carry the sand from the shore.

"How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight. Time rolls his ceaseless course."

These lines that I have quoted from "The Lady of the Lake" appeal to me very much. To me, it means that these people were blotted from the things that be by Death. By "stranded wrecks" Sir Walter Scott means that they are old and weary of life. They are like wrecks on the shore and a wave comes and carries them away from us.

"Time rolls his ceaseless course" and soon we, too, are blotted from the things that be.

—Alice Merila (L.-9[1]).

Spring Is Here

Spring is here, Spring is here:
The sun is shining,
And all is clear.
The paths on the hillsides
Are covered with flowers.
The winter has gone,
And so have the showers.
The children play in the meadows so dear
And the birds fly in the sky so near.
I hope all of you
Will be happy this year.
Spring is here, Spring is here.

—Katherine De Luchi (L.-7[3]).

Sunset

THE sun had been climbing across the sky all day and, being very tired, was sinking slowly down through the Golden Gate. Farther and farther down it crept until the sky was filled with gorgeous colors. The clouds became crimson near the water and died into delicate shades of pink as they drew near the hills. The hills became gloomy and shadowy. The sun dropped suddenly into the ocean and a hush fell upon the cities.

—Norma Olson (H.-7²).

Making A Piece of Furniture

MAKING a chair is a difficult task, if you are not a carpenter and have no idea of measurements. These are the difficulties under which I tried to make a chair. After several hours of "hard work," as I thought it, I finally had a rough wooden frame that looked like a chair. This chair must have been a very modern, or else a very old-fashioned one, because I had never seen any chair like it before. One leg was a little shorter than the rest, but that was a minor detail to me. As long as it was going to be a chair, I did not mind. The seat of the chair being made out of a glass packing box, was labeled "handle with care"; I thought that if I should paint the chair or varnish it, I would leave the seat as it was and I would also add to the label of the seat "not bearable."

—Minnie Wainwright (L.-9²).

The Snow Man

ONE rainy day when it was as cold as ice, it began to snow. The wind was blowing hard, and the snow was coming down in great flakes. After the snow storm was over, all the boys and girls came out to play in the snow. They built a great snowman. After the snowman was built, the children went in and left the snowman by himself. The snowman grew very lonesome and said, "My, what a cold day! Not even the children will come out to play around me."

Pretty soon a little girl came out to look at him; she was a sweet little girl and had rosy cheeks. Then came her brother Robert, with a hat and pipe. He put the pipe in the mouth and the hat on the head.

"It must be her father's hat," the snowman said, "for it fits me very well."

He saw some snowmen beside him. But he was so stiff he could not move around to talk with them. So he stood very still and watched the children run up and down the hill.

The sun came up behind the clouds, and the day grew very hot. He began to melt away. He felt his feet going down, little by little. Pretty soon he was nothing but dripping water running down a stream in the ditch; and the ground was bare. All that was left was a pipe and a hat. The children took the pipe and the hat into the house.

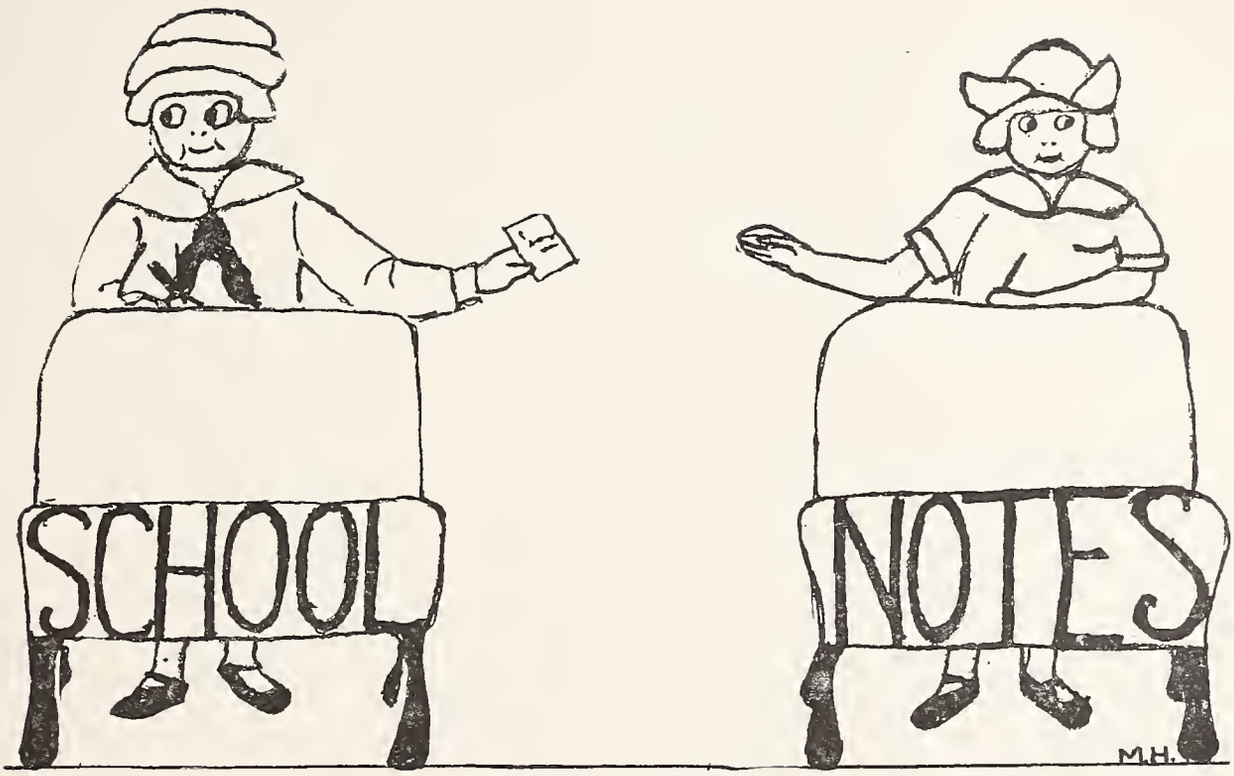
—Lucille Homewood (L.-7^4).

Vacation

"Come, little children," said the wind one day.
"Come with me to the green forests and play.
Leave the little grey school house and the books behind,
And come to the woods; the teacher won't mind."

"Welcome," said the forest. "Come take a swim
In my silvery lake, and you may climb to the topmost limb,
If you're sure it will not break.
And you may play hide-and-seek, you with the rosy cheek."

—Louise McGee (H.-8^2).



SCHOOL OFFICERS

President	Cyril Crinnion
Vice-President	William Golden
Secretary	Nelma Salo

The Elopement of Ellen

THIS comedy in three acts has been chosen by the H.-9 for their play for the spring semester.

We expect that this play will surpass any that has been given before, as the most prominent actors have been chosen. Rehearsals are under way at present and the cast is certainly putting its best foot forward.

Carl Carlson, as Mr. Richard Ford, plays his part to perfection, as he must appear a most devoted husband to his wife Molly, an important, busy, little bride of six months, played by Helen Gibson. Then there is her brother, Robert Shepard, played by Lance Cox, who thinks of nothing but his golf.

The part of Max Ten Eyck is played by Henry Luoma. He has always seemed to fight shy of girls, but it turns out that he is involved in a most tragic tangle, as he is engaged to "two at once." There is also Dorothy March, a guest of Molly's, played by Margaret Little. She is forced to marry Max Ten Eyck or lose twenty-five thousand dollars. The part of

John Hume, the nervous, embarrassed rector of St. Agnes', is played by our Student Body President, Cyril Crinnion. June Haverhill, Ferne McCormick, poses as a maid. She is, however, a college girl investigating the servant girl problem.

There is no doubt but that this play will long be remembered in years to come. —Ferne McCormick (H.-9[1]).

That Report Card

WHEN the end of the month comes you wonder how you will ever pass. Some of us are apt to let our studying go on account of other affairs of interest, and it is only the warning of the teacher that wakens us to the reality of the report card.

It is something like the end of the month at home when mother and father are just receiving some large bills, and you are eager for an Easter bonnet. How few of us know how to regulate our minutes!

—Minnie Wainwright (L.-9[2]).

The Prospect for the New Term

BURBANK expects to have a new shop building (50 x 130 feet) this year to house its work in cabinet-making, wicker, sheet metal, radio, electric wiring, elementary plumbing, cobbling, home and school repair, auto-gas mechanics, forge, mechanical drawing, and painting.

On the second floor are to be two science rooms, a museum, a band room, and other conveniences. The commercial subjects will be housed in the present shop building. We need the room, as we shall have over five hundred pupils next term. —James T. Preston.

The Enlargement of Our School Library

LAST term the pupils of Burbank School were very anxious to read good books. The West Berkeley Public Library was so far from the school that it was difficult for the students to reach it in a short time.

After having a meeting to discuss the subject, it was decided that a committee of teachers should go to Mr. Joeckel, the Librarian at the Main Library. They did this, and told Mr. Joeckel how necessary it was that we should have a school library, and asked for three hundred books.

About a week later the Burbank School received two hundred and fifteen books. A case was prepared in which these books were placed, and the case was placed in the assembly hall. The children were delighted and over-anxious to use this new library.

It was decided that certain teachers would have charge of the library at stated periods throughout the day, and that the children could go into the library during their study periods. This took too much of the teachers' time, however, and it was decided that one teacher should have full charge of the library at the seventh period each day.

Now, the students may go into the library the seventh period if they have a study period at that time, and if not, they are permitted to leave their recitation periods for not more than five minutes to do so; or they may make special appointments with the librarian.

About three weeks ago twenty-three books were sent us, to replace thirty-five which were sent back to the Main Library, about two weeks before, leaving our present total two hundred and three. These books are in constant use. About two hundred and fifty to two hundred and seventy-five books are taken out by the pupils of the school monthly.

In the coming term, and in the terms following, we hope to increase the number of books in our school library, and in time, we hope, to make this a branch of the Berkeley Public Library.

—Ethel Thode (L9[1])

Where is Our Yell Leader?

WHERE is our wide-awake yell leader, the one who gives the game the "pep" that will burst forth into flame and rouse the players so that their hearts and minds will be bent on winning the point? Why let other schools go ahead and win, as they will, if we have no yell leader to back up our players? When one is downhearted and has no hope of winning, it is the rousing voices, led by a good leader that will give him the courage to play. From the many boys with carrying voices and wild enthusiasm, as was evidenced at the field meet in Kenney Park, there is surely one who is capable of holding this responsible position.

—Blanche Moss (H.-9²).

Brains vs. Brawn

(A Baseball Episode)

ONE of the most interesting occurrences of the school year was the ball game participated in by the masculine portion of the faculty and the regular team. We admit that the two boys, Ellerth Wiglund and Milton Peat, who lent their aid, deserve much credit for the score in favor of the faculty.

The game was called at three-thirty, and one could not but rejoice at the artistic make-up of the players, or perhaps I should say, team.

"Pop" Preston appeared in a wonderful suit of truly ancient vintage—tan in color. Over his crop of brown hair he wore the cap left over from Santa's last visit.

Mr. Frick was adorned in truly Shallenbergian style, while Mr. S. had to borrow a cast-off one of Babe Ruth.

Ellerth was a wonder in gray, with marvelous socks with striped tops, and "Solomon in his glory was truly not arrayed like one of these."

The other members of the team were very ordinary people and deserving of no special mention.

The line-up of the regular team was as usual, but the line-up of the faculty followed the regular rule of having the "great" man of the team act as pitcher; so, of course, "Pop" Preston was placed in that important position.

I am told that a good pitcher is one who is able to puzzle batters, and "Pop" sure did that, for by his skillful wrist-twist, sometimes the ball landed on the left, sometimes on the right, and often, had not the boys been trained to the broad jump, the abdominal cavity would have been its resting place.

Sometimes he threw a dew-drop; at other times a moon-beamer. Those balls certainly curved in and out, at will. Was the batter puzzled? "I'll tell the world he was!"

The second most important man on the team was Mr. McDermont, who donned a catcher's mask and a life-preserver and went at it. He caught a ball or two, but it was not until he made a homerun that the boys really believed that you played ball with brains, as they had been told. Mack made several spectacular slides to base and his knees received much sympathy from those sitting on the bleachers.

Mr. Williams on first and Mr. Frick on second succeeded in fumbling the ball whenever it came near, while Mr. Serpas and Mr. Wolfenden each in turn allowed the ball to escape them.

The other members of the faculty did nothing showy, but Ellerth, who succeeded in throwing his cap to base several times, when he himself failed to arrive.

Mr. Shallenberger made and excellent man in the field, chasing many flies, and getting much exercise, but usually arriving too late. When his turn came to bat he succeeded in hitting several very pretty fouls, and the boys promptly caught them.

The faculty won the game by a score of 16 to 7, and the boys learned that a college education makes both better men and better ball players, and that three things are required for a successful game—brains, bats, and balls.

—An Onlooker.

Orchids

THE largest green-house for the cultivation of orchids west of New York City is located in Berkeley on Fifth Street. It consists of several green-houses. Each house is devoted to the growth of a certain kind of orchid.

One hundred thousand blossoms are sold each year. It has more than thirty thousand plants of two hundred varieties. This is the largest collection of orchids west of the Atlantic coast. It was built here because Berkeley is a central location, convenient to the excellent markets in San Francisco and Oakland. The San Francisco Bay is advantageous to this location on account of imported materials and new stock. Many of the pseudo-bulbs for starting the plants are shipped from the Philippines, East India, South America, and Central America.

Orchid is the name of a group of plants containing more than six thousand known kinds and many thousand varieties.

It is the most interesting of all plants because the flowers very greatly in form and are fine in texture and glow with exquisite colors.

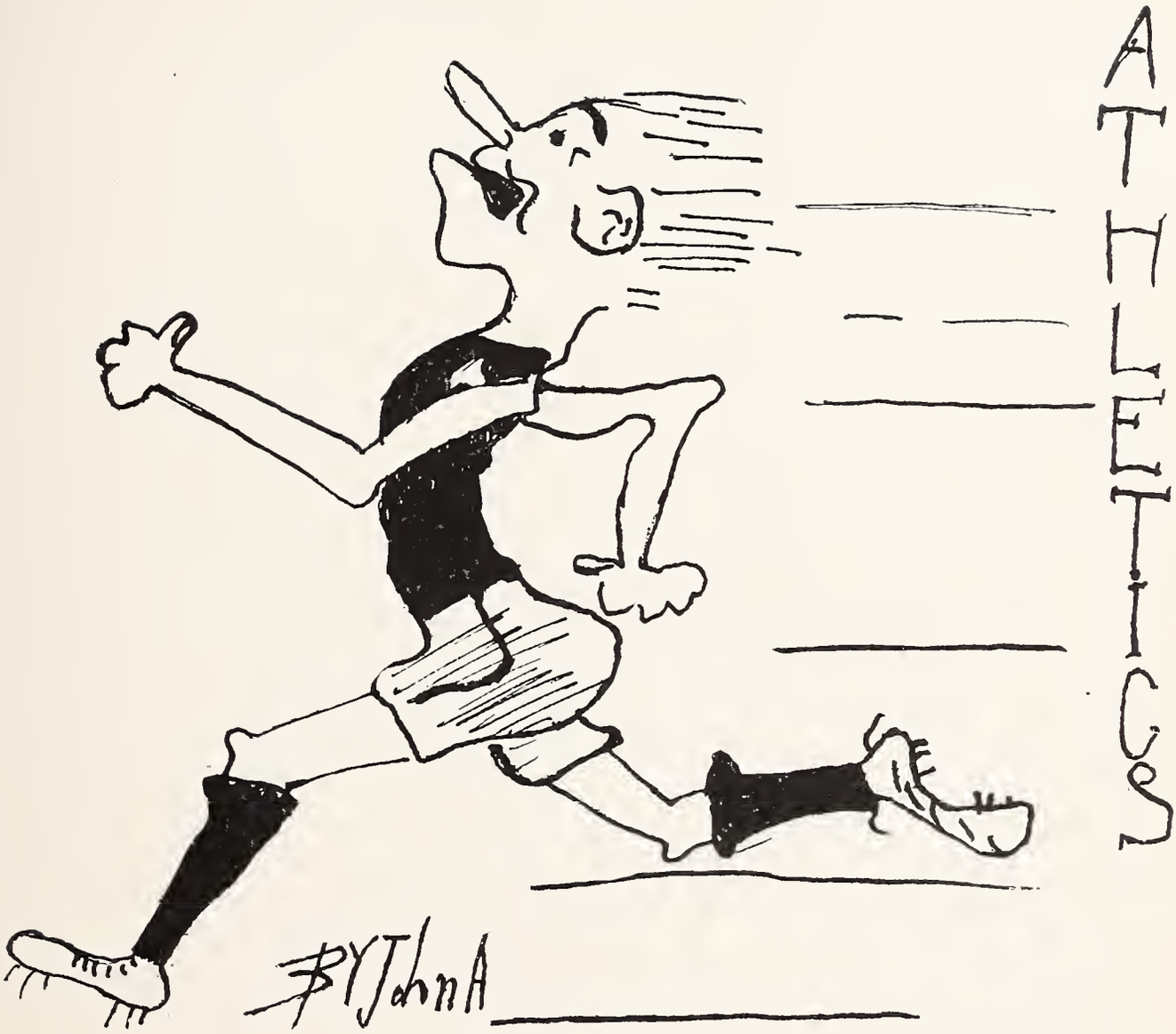
The orchids are cultivated extensively, with millions of dollars invested in their cultivation. Some of these orchids were sold for five hundred dollars a plant.

Before 1880 it was a rare treat to see even a few orchids; these in private conservatories. —Signe Berthelsen.

—Francis Clarke (L.-7[1]).

For Our Museum

Mrs. Driver, who was one of the first teachers in the West Berkeley schools and later Principal of the Columbus and Grayson Schools, presented to the Burbank Junior High School her valuable collection of minerals, shells, etc., together with some papers and Confederate currency of historic value. Mrs. Driver's gift is to be installed in the new addition to be erected this year. —Mary E. Cameron.



Athletic Facts

AT OUR inter-class track meet at Kenny Park we had many prominent men of Berkeley, including Mr. Hjilte of the Playground Commission, Mr. Cuddeback, Principal of the Franklin School, and Mr. Preston, principal of the Burbank School. Last, but not least, are the two well-known friends of the boys and girls. Mr. Van Ransaellar, who is known to the boys as "Van", for it seems that no other name will satisfy their taste, and Miss Gauss, who is with the girls in their fun on the playgrounds of Berkeley.

The program of the day started as follows:

There was a flag presented to the ground by the Native Daughters of

the Golden West. While the flag was being raised we gave the "Pledge of Allegiance." There were speechs by Mr. Hjilte, Mr. Cuddeback, and Mr. Preston. After the May Dance, which was given by a group of pupils of the Franklin School, the track meet began.

There were four events, including broad jump, high jump, basket ball throw, and the dash.

80-LB. CLASS

Name of Event—	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Time
Broad Jump	Mailho	Jyrinki	Goravitz	Lavezzola	13 ft. 10 in.
Basketball Throw	Wiglund	Mailho	Talso	Cisaro	54 ft. 8 in.
Dash	Goravitz	Bold	Sheehy	Mailho	8 ft.
High Jump	Engelbret	Lavezzola	Jyrinki	Shore	4ft. 2 in.

95-LB. CLASS

Name of Event—	First	Second	Third	Fourth	Time
Basketball Throw	Carlson	Williams	Lonstalet	Fofasso	63 ft. 11 in.
Dash	Bernardo	Akagi	Welch	Lonstalet	7 ft. 1 in.
Broad Jump	Bernardo	Lonstalet	Werner	Williams	15 ft. 10 in.
High Jump	Beckert	Lofasso	Clark Williams		4 ft. 3 in.

105-LB. CLASS

Basketball Throw	Brown	Bottone	Ojala	Freeman	68 ft. 2 in.
Dash	Harbick	Scaparro	Ojala	Young	9 ft.
Broad Jump	Young	Brown	Harbick	Scaparro	15 ft. 4 in.
High Jump	Young	Scaparro	Freeman	Young Ojala Paananen Bottone	4 ft. 3 in.

120-LB. CLASS

Basketball Throw	Cameron	Bateman	Kuhlken	Luoma	86 ft. 9 in.
Dash	Cameron	Williams	Bateman	Golden	12 ft.
Broad Jump	Cameron	Hooper	Bateman	Kuhlken	15 ft. 11 in.
High Jump	Bateman	Williams	Teeters Cameron		4 ft. 8 in.

UNLIMITED CLASS

Basketball Throw	Andereggen	Flores	Collier	Agrusa	88 ft.
Dash	Collier	Andereggen Long Peat			12 ft.

BROAD JUMP

Broad Jump	Flores	Collier	Pennington	Anderson Peat	
High Jump	Collier	Andereggen Tabler		Flores	Distance Distance

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The day finished with the teams' places as follows:

H8—First: 106¾ points
H7—Second: 92 points
L9—Third: 91¾ points
L7—Fourth: 88½ points
L8—Fifth: 50½ points
H9—Sixth: 25½ points

The point winners for the day were.

120 lb.—Cameron first, with 16½ points.
Unlimited—Collier second, with 15 points.
120 lb.—Bateman third, with 12 points.
105 lb.—Young fourth, with 11 points.
Unlimited—Andereggen fifth, with 10 points.
95 lb.—Bernardo fifth, with 10 points.
80 lb.—Mailho sixth, with 9 points.
Unlimited—Flores sixth, with 9 points.

—Everett Teeters (H.-8²).

Girls' Athletics

THE girls have had quite a few events this term, among which are inter-class volley ball and baseball and inter-school volley ball and baseball; also the inter-class meet and visiting day.

The inter-class volley ball and baseball were won by the high eighth girls, who won every game they played and who represented our school in the inter-school games.

The Edison School won the inter-school baseball games, Burbank winning one and losing two.

The girls had a visiting day on May 2, Tuesday. On this date they did their class work, played games, and danced a few folk dances. They invited their parents to come at the period in which they had their physicial education.

The inter-class track meet resulted as follows:

Grade	Points
H7	56¾
H8	48
L9	46¼
L8	40
L7	32
H9	5

The events were the dash, standing broad jump, basketball and baseball throws, and the relay. Each girl took part in one or more events, three girls being chosen from each group in each class. All girls receiving points in this meet are to represent the school in the inter-school track meet to be held in June at the University of California.

—Alice Merila (L.-9[1]).

A MATTER OF SHRINKAGE

Julian L. (translating in Latin class): The large islands are small.

Miss Martin: What?

J. L.: Many large islands are small.

Miss M.: Use your brains, Julian.

J. L.: Many islands are small.

GULLIBLE HARRY

Jack C.: Did you know if you hold a guinea pig up by his tail that his eyes will drop out?

Harry W.: Really?

Mr. McDermont: A guinea pig has no tail.

HIS REPUTATION ESTABLISHED

Mrs. Tomsen (assigning parts for play): Who wants to be the bell?

Grace M. (quickly): Let Andy; he's noisy.

WAS TEACHER CONVINCED?

Mrs. Tomsen (addressing Lempi Benson, who was chewing gum): What is it, breakfast or lunch?

L. B.: I have a toothache and I am trying to forget about it.

DOMESTIC ART LINGO

Mary J.: Miss Fisk, I'm ready for my neck.

Peggy Y.: Shall I sew my neck by hand?

A NEW KIND OF ANIMAL

Gretchen H. (trying to distinguish cotton from wool in sewing class): When cotton is burned it doesn't smell, but when wool is burned it curls up and has feathers.

SHIRKING RESPONSIBILITY

Miss Webber (to John I.): Are you talking?

John: No, Miss Webber, it's my tongue.

A BURBANK DISCOVERY

(After studying spinach, the class turned the page to the study of flowers.)

Miss Cameron: What is the most beautiful flower that grows in the spring?

C. Smith (a sleeper): Spinach.

LITTLE IN STATURE BUT BIG IN MIND

Miss Gard: Are there any girls in this group who belong to the unlimited team?

Ethel Thode (who barely tips the scales at 64): Please, Miss Gard, I do.

DOES HIS BRAIN NEED AIRING?

Mr. McDermont: Name an insect that birds eat.

C. Smith: Moth balls.

POOR MARY!

Mary Pacheco (looking at her comb): Oh! all my teeth are dropping out.

TOO BAD IT CAME SO LATE

Miss Friedman (in L9 Shorthand): Use the word "premonition" in a sentence.

E. Oksanen: I have a premonition that I am not going to pass that test we have just finished.

EXPERIENCE, THE BEST TEACHER

Mr. Williams: Can any one tell me how wide a garage door should be?

A. Steen: Just a little wider than the automobile.

THE PARTING THRUST

One day a parrot was on its master's front porch swearing. In a rage its master rushed out and, to punish it, pulled all the feathers out of its head. By and by Mr. Shallenberger came along and raised his hat. The parrot screeched out: "Have you been swearing, too?"

SOME DATES WE HAVE KEPT

February 1—Everyone is getting gray hair from all the work and no vacation between semesters.

February 2—Programs all right? Of course. But why the crowd in the office?

February 8—Burbank Band played for the school at noon. Lots of noise!

February 10—A celebration in honor of Lincoln; it was solemn, and quieted our daily racket.

February 14—Valentine's Day. Let's be good, and we **might** pick up heart.

February 22—Who passed the new law? No holiday on Washington's Birthday. Boo! hoo!

March 6—Snow on the hills! Everybody took a vacation, even Mr. Calhoun.

March 17—Green! Green! Green! Everyone is an Irish man. But Eddy Smith didn't dare display his pompadour.

March 21—Occidental College Glee Club visits us. Are they college students or barnyard fowls?

March 22—Another noon concert. As usual everyone late for sixth period.

March 24—Some boys in the L8 are trying to sing bass with the soprano voices. However, strange to say, Miss G. doesn't seem to appreciate their efforts.

March 28—Mr. Myers of the Arts and Craft School demonstrated furniture from the stone age to the present one. Glad we don't live in the stone age; we prefer 1922 chairs, at least.

April 7—Spring Vacation. Oh! joy!

April 17—Vacation over. Long assignments now to make up for lost time.

April 27—The girls have a new coach for their noon dancing. It is undue partiality; the awkward boys in our school also need to be instructed in the art of dancing.

May 9—Prof. Herms, head of the Department of Parasitology, gave an address. (Parasitology, in plain lingo means **bugs.**)

May 25—Mr. Shallenberger is reaching a high point on the thermometer. He is going to leave us to be a principal. Threatenings of migration to Richmond.

June 1—Wizard went to print. Nothing ahead now but the fair, the play, and—reports.

—Crescent Dierks (L.-9^2).

—Elsie Heyman (L.-8^1).

WIZARD

Volume 1 Number 2

Published semi-annually by the students
of the Burbank Junior High School
Berkeley, California
December, 1922

Burbank's ideals are high, they say,
but we hope they'll grow higher, every day.
We can't touch them,
We can't see them;
But down in our hearts, and up in the air,
These ideals linger everywhere.

Rose Agrusa H9"

FACULTY

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Arithmetic, Civics, History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlson	Civics, Physical Education
Sadie Derry	Home Economics
Katherine Fisk	Household Art
John J. Frick	Manual Art
Lucille Friedman	Arithmetic, Shorthand
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
P. Adele Gilbert	Music
Ruth M. Houston	English, History
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, Ancient History, Latin
Albert M. McDermont	Science
Lucy M. Robinson	Opportunity, English, Arithmetic
Jean E. Skimmings	English, Arithmetic, History
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, History, English
Mabel P. Webber	Drawing
Angie M. Webster	Arithmetic, English, Drawing
Emma S. Wilkes	Counselor, Opportunity, Arithmetic
Earl D. Williams	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Andrew M. Wolfenden	Business Arithmetic, Bookkeeping
Earl Morton	Band
Glen Haydon	Orchestra
Frances Murch	Violin
Blanche Ashley	Piano

EDITORIAL

WIZARD EDITORS

Editor-in-chief----------Rose Agrusa
Business Manager----------Aune Mork

Class Representatives

H9'	Marcel Delabriandais	L8"	Norma Olson
H9"	Ella Farber	H7'	Annie Bjaranson
H9"'	Harold Kirby	H7"	Anna Valenzano
L9'	Phyllis Burnett	H7"'	Joseph Alessandro
L9"	Josephine Smith	L7'	Dorothy Hansen
L9"'	Annie Rogers	L7"	Willie Baxter
H8'	Clarence Smith	L7"'	Walter Hill
H8"	Earl Wilson	07""	Fred Hamilton
L8'	Adelia Bloomquist	07""'	Josephine Cagno

FACULTY ADVISERS

Frances C. Albee
Ruth M. Houston
Mary M. Tomsen
Mabel P. Webber
Earl Williams

OUR NOVEL WAY OF GETTING SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Wizard Committee, wanted to get a larger subscription list for the Wizard this year. So they thought of presenting a short play so that by buying a Wizard a pupil might see the play free.

The Wizard Committee wrote a play exhibiting the process of making the Wizard, and all the class Editors, the Editor-in-chief and the Business Manager took part in it. Mr. Preston and our secretary, Miss Hval, were also included in the cast.

The suggestion worked and the play was a great success. Several classes had a one hundred per cent subscription list and still others had but one or two people who did not buy a Wizard.

Three hundred pupils subscribed for the Wizard, each paying twenty-five cents, so the Business Manager received the sum of seventy-five dollars, the largest amount of money ever received for Wizard, subscriptions.

Ella Farber H9"

SCHOOL CLUBS

Numerous clubs have been introduced into Burbank with the effect of creating enthusiasm throughout the school. Students are working diligently in order that they may not be debarred from their clubs, for school work is not to be put aside for any of the clubs.

The popular belief in our school is that clubs are proving to be a benefit in more ways than one.

Many pupils in the school have come to a deeper and better understanding between themselves and their teachers on account of these clubs. Naturally, one cannot snub his fellow-comrade when hiking or swimming; so in this way, the clubs are creating friendships between the pupils. Clubs are good for taking the conceit out of an undeserving boy or girl. One cannot boast of skill without first proving it; for if he boasted and failed to live up to it--well--you can imagine what a reputation that boy would have.

The Staff

OUR PLAYGROUNDS

At the prospect of a new, large playground every one seems delighted. Suggestions have been made in which, tennis courts, basketball and football courts are taking a prominent place. As some one expressed; our present playground is not large enough for girls alone, without considering boys and girls both. We hope to secure a vacant place near our school for this purpose, but if buildings around our school continue to be erected so rapidly, we all think that we shall have a small chance of getting our playground near the school.

Another reason why we need a playground is that neither boys nor girls can play a baseball or soccer game without hitting the bungalows or the new shop building and doing damage to both. Fair decision in these games cannot be expected; so here is still another reason for our future playground. The playground is intended to stimulate exercise besides our having a good time there. We all hope that the future Burbankites will have the pleasure and the benefit of a full-fledged playground.

The Staff

THE NEW SHOPS

We are all no doubt greatly interested in our new shop and science building. The necessity for such a shop, what we wish to accomplish, how it is to be conducted and the subjects to be taught are a few of the points to be considered.

There are two big reasons that make such a shop necessary! To help you in a practical way to make an intelligent decision as to your life occupation; and to make you of more use to yourselves and those about you in the everyday practical problems of life.

To find out in a definite way, you are making a study of yourself, and the teacher making a study of you, of your likes, natural tendencies and possibilities, we hope means that you will eventually find yourselves engaged in a profession or trade that you will be happy in, enjoying life and its work. To do this we must have the facilities to try you out in the different main divisions of work. In addition to the subjects that will be taught in our new shops I hope that some day we shall even have such work given that would be an incentive towards the different professions. We want to take you up in a balloon and give you a bird's eye view of the great world's work and find your little place in it.

Here are the subjects to be given: Auto-repairing, Machine Shop, Forge, Sheet Metal, Plumbing, Shoe-repairing, Carpentry, Masonry, Furniture-making, Electricity, Wicker-Furniture-Making, Mechanical Drawing, Sigh Painting and Shop Management,(including foremanship, shop bookkeeping and time keeping.) Applicants for the last position will be received upon the opening of the new building. One boy for each period will receive this appointment and there will be a little office for this purpose.

The seventh and eighth grade boys will work ten weeks in each of the eight main division shops, and in the ninth, six months or one year of any one of the shops he chooses.

We have been very busy in the past year planning the work for each shop, so that each boy will get as much as possible out of the work.

The shops will accommodate 72 each period; 4 at shoe-repairing,14 at woodwork, 20 in mechanical drawing, one time-keeper, one stockman and eight in the remaining shops.

Last year we conducted a vote of choices of shops. We found that if we gave each boy his choice we would all be radio and auto repair men. You see the facts are that our life occupations are quite more diversified than that, so each shop will have a limit placed upon the number to be enrolled.

Since we have been giving these various opportunities in different trades every boy seems to be intensely interested. We very seldom find a drone, but when we do, we know how to handle him, too.

We have been, are, and always will be, one big happy bunch of busy bees.

Earl Williams

GRADUATES

Agrusa, Rose
Atwood, May
Balasek, Jerome
Berthelsen, Harry
Bertoli, Leonard
Bold, Norman
Borba, Rose
Brown, Alice
Campbell, Russell
Carbone, Inez
Cleary, Edna
Dean, Eddie
Delabriandais, Marcel
Dierks, Crescent
Dondo, Andrew
Ellis, Alice
Farber, Ella
Galotta, Alexander
Hamilton, Jack
Haycock, Sara
Head, Norma
Hemphill, May
Hill, Edwin
Hill, Hilja
Himberg, Martha
Holliday, Mona
Hooper, Alton
Ilvander, Ollie
Johnson, Violet
Kirby, Harold
Kuhlken, Frank
Lambert, Robert
Laugel, William
League, Byron
Le Protti, Thelma
Long, Earl
Loustalet, Julian
Loven, Sophie
Mahar, Jennet
Matson, Edna
Means, Burnes
Merila, Alice
Mork, Aune
Nelson, Alice
Nelson, Henry
Peat, Milton
Poyry, Leo
Patterson, Robley
Purdue, Leo
Rasmussen, Ruby
Roat, Gertrude
Rocha, Joseph
Roth, Alice
Saari, Aili
Sahlman, Herman
Snugg, Freda
Sohlman, Waino
Spence, Aurthur
Steen, Andy
Stewart, Cicil
Talso, Alfred
Thomas, William
Thode, Ethel
Vince, Evelyn
Wainwright, Minnie
Weidinger, Evelyn
Werner, Charles
Whetzler, Gwyne

THE WHIRLWIND'S DANCE

Swirling and hurling downward came the leaves
In all their gayest colors and dress.
The wind roared and tore under the eaves.
Its music it played with a loud groaning stress
While the leaves when they danced were all out of time;
They danced and they pranced with a poor bit of rhyme.

The wind, as the orchestra, droaned a slow waltz
And when, at its height, it came to a halt,
The leaves became still with only a sigh,
With a soft little whisper every now and then,
The whirlwind's dance had come to its end.

Cecil Stewart H9"

THE LITTLE PEASANTS AND SIR GILBERT

Once upon a time in England there lived a very rich nobleman, whose name was Sir Gilbert.

Sir Gilbert was the owner of a very beautiful meadow, and the little peasant children played there from morn till night. As Sir Gilbert was a bachelor, and unaccustomed to any noise in his household, he detested the little peasants, whose laughter floated beyond the bounds of the meadow.

One day the noise and laughter seemed to be unbearable to him, so he gave orders to have the children driven from the meadow and that they never be allowed to play there again.

The knight, who was sent to carry out his wish, saw a very beautiful sight when he approached the meadow. Three little children were playing and dancing gayly. They brightened up the darkest parts of the fields, and even made the flowers look more joyful. The loveliest child of all was a little girl with eyes like the stars in the sky, and hair like the sunshine. She sang and danced and the breezes and leaves, which had fallen from the trees, danced with her.

The heart of the knight was greatly touched by this sight and he immediately rode back to the castle and begged Sir Gilbert to come and see the little children.

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When the nobleman arrived at the meadow and saw the little girl and her playmates so happy and gay, his heart melted within him. He regretted that he had given such a cruel order, and so, to make atonement for it, he not only allowed the children to play in the meadow but he even invited them into his castle, and the merry little voices of the peasant children echoed back and forth, throughout the large lonely, rooms.

Lucille Miller H7'

"THE BABY'S AIRING"

A boy of about eight years was sitting on his mother's back steps surrounded by springs, screws, nuts and other things which go to make an alarm clock. He seemed so intent upon putting the parts together that he didn't hear his mother call him two or three times. Mrs. Brown never called Johnny more than three times and, if he didn't come then, she went after him.

"So, this is where you are? I called you three times, sir!" said his mother severely.

"Oh, mother! see how the parts fit together. When I grow up I'm going into the clock business."

"I wonder if you heard what I said!"

"Yes Mother, I did."

"What did I say?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Johnny, "What did you say? I don't know."

"Well, you will know in a minute. Ruth is awake and you have to take her out for an airing."

"Oh Mother! I don't like to go walking around with a baby buggy. Why doesn't Alice do it?"

"Alice has other things to do."

"I have lots of other things to do, too."

"I don't think they are very important."

"Yes! They are! I have to fix this clock and bring in the wood and coal. You know you said something terrible would happen if I didn't."

"You may bring in the wood and coal after supper and as for the clock, you had better let that go for ever."

"All I do is to take care of the baby. This morning I sang, jumped, made faces, rang bells, played fire on the peano for an hour and still she didn't go to sleep and now I have to take her out for more than

another hour. I thought it was vacation time. Other boys don't have to tend to their sisters."

"That's enough!" You should be glad you have a sister to take care of and it does not make any difference what you say. The baby has to be taken out for an airing and you are going to take her out."

"All right,--But if she begins to cry I'll run off and leave her," and Johnny went, pushing his baby sister down the avenue.

Two hours later----------

"I wonder what has become of Johnny and the baby Alice, He took her out for an airing more than two hours ago and I haven't seen him since."

"Oh, Ruth is all right. Most likely he went over to Miss Evans'." said Alice.

"Miss Evans'? Why should he go over there?"

"Nothing, Mother. He--he just goes over, that's all."

"No, Alice there is a reason. WHY does he go over there?"

"Oh Mother, I promised not to tell."

"That's all right. You tell me or I'll go over and ask Miss Evans myself."

"Johnny just takes the baby over because Miss Evans likes Ruth and--and,"

"Continue--"

"And he tells Miss Evans you asked if she would take care of Ruth while you go shopping."

"Just how often does he go over there?"

"Every time you ask him to take care of Ruth."

"What?" cried the horrified Mrs. Brown. Does he go over and tell her the same thing every time?"

"Oh NO! sometimes he says you go to the club and to your sick sister."

"Sick sister! Why, Alice I haven't a sick sister."

"I know, but he makes up all kinds of stories."

"That is enough. Just you wait until I lay my hands on him. The idea of going around to the neighbors asking them to take care of my children. Alice, come with me and we will see if we can find him."

Mrs. Brown and Alice went over to Miss Evan's home, but Miss Evans was out and Johnny had not called that day.

As they were walking down the avenue Mrs. Brown was deciding all the ways in which she was going to

punish Johnny. A machine whizzed by and behind it was attached by a cord, a buggy.

The buggy also whizzed by and Alice and her mother could see Johnny himself, sitting at the foot of the buggy and Ruth inside.

Johnny, however, did not see his mother and when the machine was going to turn he dropped the cord and along they went gliding down the avenue. The buggy went straight for a few minutes then swerved and Johnny just had time to pull his feet into the buggy, thus saving his legs from being hit when they bumped into a pole.

"Johnny, what were you trying to do?" cried his mother, breathlessly, when she reached his side.

"Nothing. I just took her out for an airing that's all."

Johnny, however, never again took his baby sister out for that particular kind of airing.

Ruby Rasmussen H9

THE ROADSIDE TEA ROOM

The floor of the tea room was of rough boards that had the fragrant odor of freshly washed wood. Small rag rugs filled empty places on the floor. The rude tables and chairs were made cheerful by the bright flowers that were painted on the backs and seats of the chairs, and the tops of the tables. The tables had plain linen cloths on them with edging of bright colors and in the center of them were small vases of poppies, baby blue-eyes, and many other common wild flowers. The plain China tea sets, that matched the color of the edging of the lunch cloths made one who was not hungry want to eat something for the pure enjoyment of having it there. The walls were plain except for the few bright-colored pictures, cut from magazine covers, that hung on the walls. The windows were long and narrow and the quiet scene without was made cheerful by the gay-figured drapes of orange and blue that hung on the windows. The low ceiling was very plain but on the whole the room was an attractive blend of colors.

Norma Head H9

A HALLOWEEN PRANK

During the whole week before Halloween, Bobby and his smaller brother Jimmy had been planning what to do on that eventful night. Bobby had said to Jimmy, "We'll have jack-o'-lanterns and dress like ghosts and go over to John's house to scare people."

They were happy until two days before Halloween when Bobby heard his sister, Evelyn, talking to their mother "Just think; the Miss Amelia Atherton, the famous writer, has accepted an invitation to come to dinner on Halloween. Why, all the best people know her! We must have everything nice because she is very particular."

"What about Bobby and Jimmy?" asked their mother.

"Oh, we can put them to bed before she comes," was the answer.

When Bobby told Jimmy they decided they would go to bed until they were to go out. Then they would put on their clothes and creep down the back steps. But when they attempted to do this they met their father, Dr. Barton, who put them to bed again.

Then Bobby said, "It is all Evelyn's fault. If she hadn't told mother to put us to bed we could have gone to John's house. Oh! I know what we can do." After they had planned they got up and put on their bath robes and slippers. They went into their father's laboratory where all his chemicals and apparatus were. Jimmy stood guarding the door and Bobby approached the farther end of the room, a little timidly.

"Do you think we can carry it down without any noise?" asked Jimmy in a frightened voice.

"Of course, we can if we put this sheet over it," answered Bobby.

After much trouble they succeeded in placing it in the dining room, by means of the back door. After removing the sheet they placed it on Miss Atherton's chair. Then they went back to bed and listened to what was going on in the dining room.

When the guests went into the dining room there was a great shriek from Miss Atherton, for on her chair was seated a skeleton! Dr. Barton rushed to get some water, for she had fainted. After she had recovered she departed, very angry.

Dr. Barton went upstairs to Jimmy and Bobby and said, "You must go to Miss Atherton and apologize to her and also to your sister for insulting her guest.

I forbid you to play with John for a week and never to touch anything in the laboratory." They both promised that they would never do it again and found some comfort in the thought that they had "gotten even" with Evelyn.

Sophie Loven H9'

HALLOWEEN

On Halloween, as you may see,
The children jumping from tree to tree,
Trying to scare the people as they pass;
While the others hide in the tall grass
With pumpkins which have funny faces.
When all are in their different places
They surely do look a sight
On Halloween night.

Harold Kirby H9"'

THE STORM

It was raining hard andthe wind was blowing like a cyclone. We could see the rain hit the window and then trickle down in a little stream. Lightning came in flashes,as though it were an electric light turned off and on. Then the thunder would come, sounding like a cannon. In the distance was a little shack.

MARY'S THOUGHTS

One day a little girl came from the well. A bucket of water was hanging on her arm. Her little white stockings were hanging down around her shoes.

She was looking into the sky as though something were attracting her attention; it may have been the birds on the clouds, for there was nothing else. I believe it really was the birds and that she was wishing that she might fly, too. But she might have been wishing that she was on one of those soft white clouds visiting many strange lands about which she had been reading in her history book.

Evelyn Lestrange L8"

THE SPIRIT OF ALASKA

In Alaska cold and bleak,
All men are alike, none are weak;
There, all men are as good as gold,
Despite the snow and mighty cold.
There, man's only, companions are his dogs,
Who carry him across the wastes and bogs;
There, men also have their little Kate or Sue,
And to them they are loyal and true.

But down here in the warmer climes,
Men are very different and like to have good times;
In Alaska men are inclined to work,
But here they are different, and loaf and shirk.

William Thomas H9"

THE SONG OF THE BROOK

In the fall when the fields are brown and sere the song of the brook is plaintively lonely. It tells of the coming snows and of dark dreary winter days. It whimpers among the dry reeds making a listless sound that, as it floats out upon the air stirs the very soul of the passer-by. There it sings until spring.

In the spring when the birds return it vies with them in their song of joy and gladness. It foretells of the coming splendor of the glorious summer and sings with hopefulness for the newly planted crops. There it flows onward toward the sea singing its happy songs until the bleak winter reigns once more.

Norma Olson L8"

A DAY IN THE ATTIC

One day Eleanor and Thelma decided they would go up into the attic and explore it.

When they got up there, they saw a little hair trunk. Thelma was delighted and she ran to it. The trunk was soon opened and Eleanor spied a little pocket with a small box in it. Of course, they opened the box and there was a little key in it. Otherwise the trunk was empty. They rushed down stairs to show their find to Mrs. Barry, their mother. She looked at it and soon tears of joy came into her eyes.

"Girls!" she said, "Thelma and Eleanor! You have found something very precious to me!"

Immediately they all went upstairs to the attic, Mrs. Barry opened a large trunk with the key, and they saw very old clothes, beautiful silks, and laces. Mrs. Barry paid no attention to the clothes but took them out and with eager hand drew forth an old diary.

"Girls," said Mrs. Barry, "this is my grandmother's diary. It was my mother's wish that it would be found and treasured through all the generations."

The girls said that they would treasure it and not let any harm happen to it.

Nevertheless they played with the clothes and were very happy to think that they had brought such happiness to their mother.

Alice Merila H9'

THE FIDDLER

He is fat, red and a very jolly fellow. A fringe of crisp, white hair extends half-way around his head, but the top of his head is very bald, very pink and so shiny that it resembles a mild pink sun in the dark. He has small, but merry blue eyes, denote a good humor. He is the proud possessor of three visible chins and it is suspected that there are many more beneath his low, stiff collar. Bandy legs, and a short, very plump figure do not go well together, but one forgets his appearance when he plays his fiddle. His plump hand fairly twinkles across the fiddle, while his foot keeps perfect time, and his comical little face seems to glow with good-nature. Such merry tunes as he can scrape out of his fiddle make one's very feet itch to join the dancing.

Rose Agrusa H9"

CHRISTMAS

Christmas now will soon be here,
The merriest time of all the year;
The children from under the covers peep,
At Santa, while down the chimney he creeps,
All sooty and black,
With a pack on his back.

Gertrude Roat H9"'

ARTICLES I HAVE LOST

I have not lost many articles that I can remember, with the exception of a ring, a goat and a pair of Guinea pigs. The last two were recovered after a long chase. The Guinea pigs escaped into a neighbor's yard. When I discovered the two were missing I started to try to locate them.

I got permission from our neighbor to go into the yard. I started on the hunt with a carrot and a good mind how to catch them. When I first located the two runaways. I noticed that the cat had also bent his mind on catching the two, also. The Guinea pig saw the cat in time and went toward the crouching cat. The cat was a little timid and decided to take his seat on the fence to watch the performance. I had been on my hands and knees for about a half hour when I succeeded in chasing the two runaways over to the other side of the fence. Fate had willed it, I suppose, for when I climbed over the fence the dog accidently got out of the house and came toward me to help catch the two. The only trouble was that the dog did catch one of them and was about to run off with it. I told him to drop the Guinea pig and I caught the poor struggling animal and returned him to his mother. The other Guinea pig had escaped through the fence.

When I went over to the other side of the fence myself, the pig ran off at full speed. I was close on the trail of the fugitive when it ran under the berry bushes. I soon cornered it and pulled out the carrot and coaxed him out. When I put the poor Guinea pig in the enclosure it seemed to say "Thank you."

John Burnham L9'

THE FAMILY WIRELESS

One day Mr. Jones brought a radio set home for his children. He fixed it so you could hear music on it and send and receive messages on it. The children never got a chance to listen because their father was always using it. Little Johnnie asked his father if his ears ached.

The next day the boys took it outside and broke it to pieces. That was the end of the family radio. That's what happens in the best regulated families.

Edward Smith L7"'

A ROCKY COAST

A rocky cliff extends out into the ocean, covered with rugged sags and gaps. It is said that one can get out on one of the farther extended cliffs but one is more than likely to get caught by the tide.

A gradual slope leads down and extends outward. It is covered with a plant at the beginning of the slope but this becomes scarcer and grows in more scattered patches as the cliff slopes downward. It slopes and dips down and rises up into another rugged cliff, not quite so high as the one before, until the water covers them. Shells are found all about; some very curious and others more common. Farther out upon the rocks are black birds that, from one's standing point, look like small black dots.

Cecil Stewart H9"

APOLLO AND THE WOOD-NYMPH

Once the sun-god Apollo loved a wood-nymph, whose name was Amethia. Unfortunately an oracle had informed her father that when Amethia married he would die. Apollo wished to marry her, but she was very sad, for her marriage with Apollo would kill her father.

One day as the nymph was bathing in a stream she heard a voice. It spoke and said to her, "Do not be afraid, for I will not harm you." Unknown to Amethia the voice belonged to Apollo. The voice told her to go to her father and ask his consent to her marriage with Apollo and all would be well.

The maiden approached her father. He had a stranger with him who was Apollo. He told her that he would change her into a rainbow and her father into a rain cloud. Apollo said "When it rains, I will come out and the rainbow with me. Since you cannot marry me, you will be with me." Suddenly the father became a rain-cloud and the maiden a rainbow. To this day whenever it rains, the sun comes out and the rainbow with it. The sun is Apollo and the rainbow Amethia.

Sophie Loven H9"

SWALLOWS

Swallows have long wings and small weak feet fitted only for perching and a large mouth to catch insects. The swallows devour a countless number of mosquitoes at one meal. They are great mosquito eaters. They eat so many mosquitoes and other insects, that they cannot be counted. Swallows are found all over the world.They fly a great distance to avoid cold and get plenty of food supply. They fly in large numbers and spend the night in the woods or in the marshes. They nest both in pairs and colonies. Some make their homes in holes in the bark of trees. Their eggs are four or five in number. There are also swallows, called the barn swallows, which nest mostly under the eaves of barns; they plaster their nest with mud.

Anna Valenzano H7"

THE LITTLE DOG

One Sunday morning on my way for a long walk in the hills I came across a poor little dog. On his collar was the name "Jack." I called to him and he came running to me. He wagged his tail, looked up at me, and began looking as much as to say, "I'm so glad I have found a kind friend".

He sat down beside me. I fed him.

When it became dark we started for home. After supper a bed was made for Jack and he has been my constant companion ever since.

Annie De Marchi O7""

THE SUN'S WORK

Far above us miles and miles
Stands the sun with all its smiles,
It looks down upon us and warms us too,
This large world for me and you;
It throws its rays all day on this earth
And lights it up just like a hearth.
If it were not so we'd have no grain,
For of no help would be the rain;
No flowers would grow; no plants survive.
Oh! Mighty sun, it's you that keeps us alive.

Chester Pfefferle L9"

COLUMBUS

Characters

Columbus
Monk
Servant
Son

Act I

(Columbus knocks at door of Monastery)

SERVANT. (Opens door). What do you wish, Sir?
COLUMBUS. My name is Christopher Columbus. My son is hungry; could I obtain something for him to eat at this Monastery?
SERVANT. You wait here; I will ask the Father. (Addressing Monk). Father, there is a man here named Christopher Columbus whose son is hungry and he asks if he may have something to eat.
MONK. Prepare something for his son and bring Columbus to me.

(Servant brings Columbus into the Monk and takes son out of the room)

COLUMBUS. I believe the world is round. I have gone to his Majesty, King John of Portugal, asking for ships, men, and money.
MONK. For what do you want the ships, men and money?
COLUMBUS. I believe that by sailing West I can reach the East and get silks, spices and riches. I am now on my way to ask their Majesties King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.
MONK. I will help you because I think you will succeed.
COLUMBUS. Oh! thank you, I shall appreciate your kindness very much.

(Columbus leaves).

(Curtain Falls)

Act II

Characters

Isabella
Monk
Servant

MONK. (Knocks at door of palace).
SERVANT. Whom do you wish to see, Father?
MONK. I would like to see her Majesty, Queen Isabella.
SERVANT. Just a minute, Sir. (Addressing queen, bowing low). Your Majesty, The Father wishes to see you.
ISABELLA. Show him in.
MONK. (Bows low). Your Majesty I have come to see you about Christopher Columbus. He believes that the world is round and by sailing west we can reach Japan. If he reaches a new land, Spain will have possession of it and we can convert it to the Catholic religion.
ISABELLA. But I have no money. I am using it all for war. But I will try, Father.
MONK. Please try, Your Majesty, for Spain's sake.

(Curtain Falls)

Act III

Characters

Columbus
King Ferdinand
Queen Isabella
Servant

(Columbus knocks at door of palace).
SERVANT. (Opens door). Whom do you wish to see, Sir?
COLUMBUS. I should like to see their Majesties, the King and Queen.
SERVANT. (Addressing king and queen; bows low). Your Majesties, there is a man here to see you.
KING. Call him in.
COLUMBUS. (Bows low). I have come to ask you for men, ships, and money. I believe that by sailing west I will reach new land.
KING. Who are you?
COLUMBUS. My name is Christopher Columbus.
KING. But I have no money.

(Columbus bows low and leaves. King leaves room)

QUEEN. (To servant), Quick, run and get him. (A few minutes elapse and servant brings in Columbus)

QUEEN. I will have some money for you to-morrow. Come and I will give it to you.

COLUMBUS. Oh thank you! Thank you! (Columbus leaves and curtain falls)

Dorothy Hansen L7'

DUCK HUNTING

During last week's vacation, my friend and I went duck hunting. He has a boat and we had two guns and some shells. The boat cannot hold many persons because it is so little. If there are two in it, it is all right but if there are more than two, it will probably go to the bottom.

First, we carried the boat down to the beach that is a few blocks away. We would row out into the water for a short distance; then we would stop and look around to see where the ducks were. Almost every morning there are a few ducks on the bay. So we caught about five or six each day. We gave them to our neighbors or our friends, or ate them ourselves. The ducks that you call Blue Bill are very good eating. I think that they are better than chicken. There are not very many ducks in the first part of the season but later there are many more. A duck that comes in the last of the season, called a Canvasback, is also fine for eating.

John Carbone L7"

BERKELEY HILLS

From the Berkeley hills so high,
When you look down
On the beautiful town,
You see the cars run about the street,
And blooming flowers in the gardens so neat,
And you know you'll be down there by and by.

Sunie De Marche C7""

A VISION

At the age of sixteen I had wondered into the world to earn a living for myself. For four years I had roamed aimlessly about, coming in contact with many different types of people, some of whom were intent upon making money, others hunting pleasure, and still others who thought not only of themselves but of their God and fellow men.

At the end of the fifth year my hopes were crushed when the business into which I had entered failed.

One night as I lay in a half sleep, restlessly tossing, a vision came to me. I saw my home with my neglected mother standing in the arched doorway. She seemed to be calling and beckoning me onward. I woke with a start staring into the darkness. A pang peirced my heart, for seldom had I written home. I wondered now if what I had heard about a mother's love never growing cold was true. Could she still love me even after my careless forgetfulness? Would she take me back into her loving care and keep?

Early next morning I found my self on a south bound train rushing on toward my childhood home. I sat dazed by hopefulness closely followed by shame. At six in the evening I stood at the gate of the home that seemed a mansion to me then. Should I go in or should I turn away? would she forgive me or would she think me the brute I was?These were some of the many thoughts that rushed into my mind.

As I stood looking across the broad expanse of verdant lawn, to the home stead halfburied among the trees most of which were in bloom, I cried "Oh how wonderful!" Surely anyone among such lovely surroundings will forgive a wayward son!"

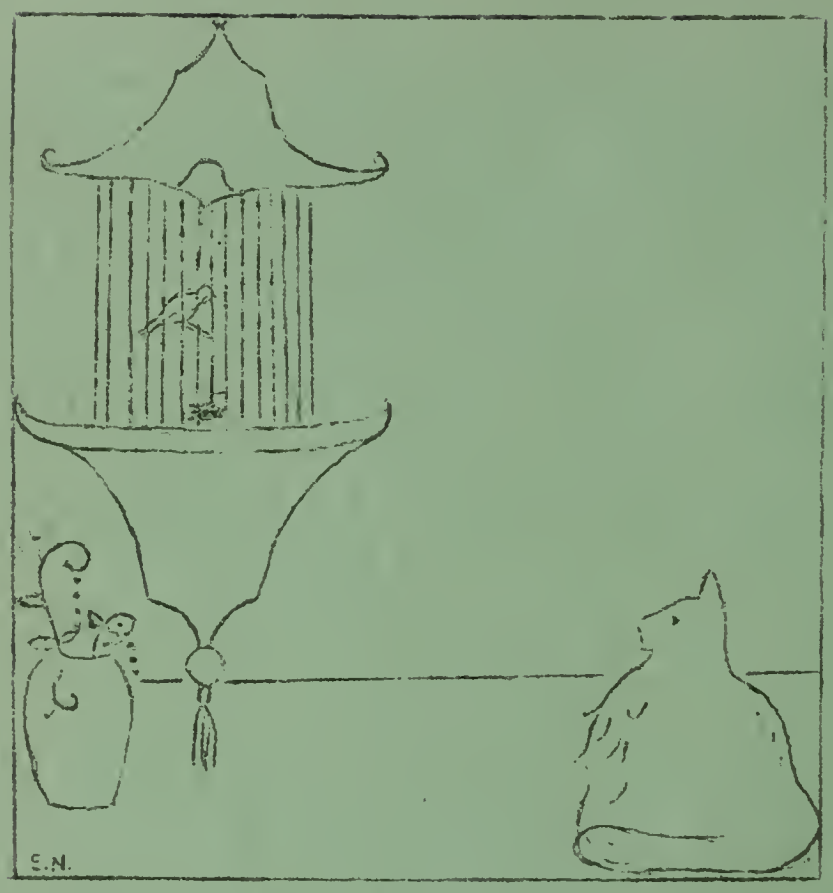
At that moment my mother appeared on the threshhold and seeing me, her face lighted up with love and foregiveness. I ran forward into her welcoming outstretched arms. She kissed me fondly several times. Such kind kisses made me feel more ashamed than ever and I hung my head.

Five minutes later mother and I were seated in a grapevine entwined arbor talking of the lonely days while I had been away.

As we sat there looking westward we saw the sun sink behind a radiant mountain and with it sank all the grievance of our hearts.

Norma Olson L8"

KITTY WHITE



Little Miss White is a beautiful angora kitten. She always stays around the house.

Her reason for staying in the house is that she loves the nice warm fire and mainly the bird which hangs in the front window in the Sun.

Kitty will sit down and watch the bird for hours, wishing she could get her little claws on the bird. But Kitty can not do anything like that as the cage is too strong for her to get into. Here you see her at her favorite occupation.

Catherine Dax L9"'

A TRAMP AND A DOG

Once a tramp saw some chickens in a yard. He said, "Gee, they would fit good in a pan." He then decided to go in and get one.

He looked around to see if anyone was looking and he saw a man coming up the street. Then the tramp ran away and hid.

After a while the tramp came back. He looked around again and then started over the fence. When he got in, he didn't happen to see Jack, the bull dog, and when Jack saw the tramp there was something stiring. Jack caught hold of the tramp's leg and the tramp kicked him with his other. Jack let go and rolled over. Then the tramp ran away and I guess he never will come back again.

Roy Olson H8"

FUR TRADERS

In the early days of the nineteenth century the forests were full of wild animals whose furs were valuable. Many men made their living by trapping animals and selling their furs. The men would take long journeys into the wilderness. When they returned they would have stores of rich furs. Zena Leonard was one of these trappers. In the year of 1831 he started on a five year journey, hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains. While he was on this journey he wrote a story of what he did. This story was printed and sold to his friends. When he left St. Louis he had a company of seventy men. The first winter the company pitched camp in a grove of cottonwoods, hoping they would be able to keep their horses alive on bark. When the snow began to fall they could not find other food so the bark was stripped from the trees; but to their surprise, they found that the camp had been made between bitter cottonwoods. The horses died of starvation.

Later a few started to make an overland trip to Sante Fe, as they called it. The company had run out of food and they ate beaver skins which they were going to bring to market. After nine days of traveling, they saw some animals, but these could not be distinguished because they were almost blind from the snow. One of the men fired a shot but missed the animal. He fired a second shot and he killed a buffalo. In this way their lives were saved.

The profit which Zena Leonard made was eleven hundred dollars.

Joe Rinella H7'

A JOLLY BACHELOR

The first thing one may notice about this man is his dark curly hair. One would conclude that worried wrinkles have never dared to play upon his forehead, for it is so smooth. His two blue eyes are forever twinkling merrily. A smile is always playing around his mouth. He is fat and jolly and is always telling jokes. Perhaps, he is a bachelor, for his necktie is on backwards, his coat is all crumpled and his trousers are dusty. But this does not seem to impress him very much, for he is continually smiling and does not pay the least attention to his clothes.

Andrew Dondo H9"

MY TRIP TO ALASKA

The S. S. Spokane left San Francisco at four o'clock in the morning for Alaska. Nothing of especial importance happened until we reached Sitka, Alaska.

Our guide, whose name was Pancho, took us to Muir Glacier. It was so beautiful that I hardly can describe it. Pancho told us that many tourists visit Muir Glacier every year and that it was the largest glacier on the continent. We stood there about a half hour, watching and admiring it.

About four o'clock in the afternoon there was a small sailing vessel, that was going out to sea to harpoon whales. We were invited to go and see them harpoon. When we were about half way to the place where we decided to go, Kelsy, the head man of the vessel, saw a whale. When mother saw the whale, she wanted to go back but Kelsy said, "No". The whale came closer and mother took hold of me. Kelsy had his harpoon ready. The whale came closer and closer and was now about six yards away. Just when Kelsy was going to harpoon him, the whale swam aside and Kelsy missed him, and the whale tipped the boat over but did no harm. Mother started to sink but the men put her in the boat. We were wet from head to foot. When we arrived at shore we went to the hotel where we stayed during our visit in Alaska. The third day was a cold and rainy day so Pancho told us many stories about Alaska., He told us that there are many gold mines in Alaska. Mother's eyes grew big when she heard about the gold mines.

The next day we decided that we should go to see the gold mines, so we went to Juneau. When we arrived at the entrance of the mine, there was a man there to guide us through. His name was Kayli. Kayli lighted a lamp and then we started to go into the mine. When we were about half way into the mine, mother without thinking where she was going, stumbled over a piece of gold and sprained her ankle. Mother told us she would never go any place again in Alaska. They gave mother the piece of gold on which she stumbled as a remembrance of her accident.

The next day the S. S. Spokane was leaving Alaska. Dad decided that we should go home before anything else should happen. We arrived in Berkeley at two o'clock in the morning.

Adelia Bloomquist L8'

THE WITCH

There was once an old lady in West Berkeley whom every one called "the witch;" she looked like one indeed. Her hair looked as though it never had seen a comb. Her lower lip hung about a half inch too low and she looked like a dog that is ready to bite. She generally wore shoes that were not mates and her dresses tripped her, for they were so long. She wore a coat that was once white but one would think that it was originally black. She had only two teeth and they were on the upper jaw, but they hung a little lower than the lowerlip, looking like those of a real witch.

Harold Kirby H9"'

A COUNTRY ROAD

The brown fields on one side of the narrow country road can be seen for miles at a distance. The sun that has finished its day's work in browning the fields, is just setting beyond the foot-hills in another direction. The few trees that stand against the sky at the top of the hill are outlined in the beautiful tints of the sun, but not for long. The sun has now vanished behind the hills now and everything is quiet except for a skylark that flies swiftly overhead and suddenly disappears behind the hills. The fresh smell of the newly mown hay is hinting that it is summer time.

The numerous rows of potatoes growing on the hillside brighten up the dull color of the fields. This is the only green patch visible.

Now the soft shadows of night are grasping everything within sight so that the pleasing scenes are changed into soft memories.

Minnie Wainright H9'

CAROL'S TRUE FRIENDS

Carol Wittington, a boy twelve years old, lived in the small town of Centerville. The thing he detested most was to go to school.

On his way to school he had to pass his favorite nook. So he stopped and sat down on a stump of a tree by a little brook. Big tears began to roll down his chubby cheeks.

He saw an old grasshopper sitting on a blade of grass looking up at him.

"Wish I could play all day as you do,"Carol said as he picked up the grasshopper and laid him on the palm of his hand.

"It's not very much fun to be picked up and squeezed by a big boy like you, or to be eaten up by a hungry chicken or duck," said the grasshopper.

A little bird was singing on a tree branch near his head.

"Pretty easy for birds; all they do is sing all day," said Carol with a frown on his face.

"Hear that bad boy," said the bird haughtily. "Easy for the old cat if she catches me; I'll say! He then gave a twist of his tail and flew away.

"I heard you;" said a big rabbit coming from behind a stump of a tree. "You boys make me tired.Nothing to do but to sit behind a desk where its safe, eat lunch all fixed nicely in a box, while I have to hunt all around with one eye for a lunch,and keep the other eye for a man with a gun. It's no fun!"

"What's all this fuss about?" said a happy-looking fish popping his head out of the water.

"A boy doesn't want to go to school," said the rabbit angrily.

"How would you like to be fried in a pan for supper?" said the fish.

"I wouldn't like it at all." said Carol quickly.

"Then pick up your books and run along to school" cried all the creatures together.

So Carol picked his books up and ran as fast as he could to the schoolhouse.

Claire Bertin L8"

THE WITCH

There was once an old lady in West Berkeley whom every one called "the witch;" she looked like one indeed. Her hair looked as though it never had seen a comb. Her lower lip hung about a half inch too low and she looked like a dog that is ready to bite. She generally wore shoes that were not mates and her dresses tripped her, for they were so long. She wore a coat that was once white but one would think that it was originally black. She had only two teeth and they were on the upper jaw, but they hung a little lower than the lowerlip, looking like those of a real witch.

Harold Kirby H9"'

A COUNTRY ROAD

The brown fields on one side of the narrow country road can be seen for miles at a distance. The sun that has finished its day's work in browning the fields, is just setting beyond the foot-hills in another direction. The few trees that stand against the sky at the top of the hill are outlined in the beautiful tints of the sun, but not for long. The sun has now vanished behind the hills now and everything is quiet except for a skylark that flies swiftly overhead and suddenly disappears behind the hills. The fresh smell of the newly mown hay is hinting that it is summer time.

The numerous rows of potatoes growing on the hillside brighten up the dull color of the fields. This is the only green patch visible.

Now the soft shadows of night are grasping everything within sight so that the pleasing scenes are changed into soft memories.

Winnie Wainright H9'

CAROL'S TRUE FRIENDS

Carol Wittington, a boy twelve years old, lived in the small town of Centerville. The thing he detested most was to go to school.

On his way to school he had to pass his favorite nook. So he stopped and sat down on a stump of a tree by a little brook. Big tears began to roll down his chubby cheeks.

He saw an old grasshopper sitting on a blade of grass looking up at him.

"Wish I could play all day as you do,"Carol said as he picked up the grasshopper and laid him on the palm of his hand.

"It's not very much fun to be picked up and squuezed by a big boy like you, or to be eaten up by a hungry chicken or duck," said the grasshopper.

A little bird was singing on a tree branch near his head.

"Pretty easy for birds; all they do is sing all day," said Carol with a frown on his face.

"Hear that bad boy," said the bird haughtily. "Easy for the old cat if she catches me; I'll say! He then gave a twist of his tail and flew away.

"I heard you;" said a big rabbit coming from behind a stump of a tree. "You boys make me tired.Nothing to do but to sit behind a desk where its safe, eat lunch all fixed nicely in a box, while I have to hunt all around with one eye for a lunch,and keep the other eye for a man with a gun. It's no fun!"

"What's all this fuss about?" said a happy-looking fish popping his head out of the water.

"A boy doesn't want to go to school," said the rabbit angrily.

"How would you like to be fried in a pan for supper?" said the fish.

"I wouldn't like it at all." said Carol quickly.

"Then pick up your books and run along to school" cried all the creatures together.

So Carol picked his books up and ran as fast as he could to the schoolhouse.

Claire Bertin L8"

THE DAY NURSERY

On Seventh Street, in West Berkeley, there is a home, which is known throughout this city as the Day Nursery. Its fine work and care of children has become known widely. This Nursery, first opened its doors to the city of Berkeley in 1908. It is managed and directed by a board of directors consisting of twenty prominent women of Berkeley.

The Nursery cares for about one hundred children a day, and about one-fourth of these are cared for by special methods.

In the department which is set aside for the little children, are amusements of all sorts, such as rocking horses, chairs, tables, houses with dolls, and many other things.

Before you enter the baby department, there comes the bed room. Here the smaller children take a nap each day. On each side of the room, which is long and narrow, are little white beds, which are kept clean and white all the while.

Not only are the children given naps, but are fed three times a day. They are fed at ten o'clock in the morning with a glass of milk and some crackers or a piece of bread, and again at four they are fed the same thing. At noon they are given a good heavy hot meal.

In the yard which is for the older children there are swings, a small merry-go-round, sand boxes, slides and many other things to amuse themselves with. They have teachers to instruct the children in playing games and to see that they don't get hurt.

On rainy days they have two rooms which are occupied by the older children, and there they play games, dance, sing, cut pictures out, and learn to write. In the afternoons, when it rains, a high school girl comes and plays the piano, and the children learn to sing and dance to the music. This they seem to take a great interest in.

This nursery is painted in blue and white. It seems to give and make more light and make things happier for the children.

It is not every child that can go to the nursery. Only those whose mothers are ill, or are working, are able to attend.

The small sum of fifteen cents a day is charged per child, and even if the mother can't afford this she pays what she can afford.

There at the nursery the mother need not fear that her child is not cared for properly, as they have all the modern ways of caring and doing for the children.

The hours are from half-past seven in the morning till half-past five in the afternoons, and on Saturday it is open a half day.

Doris Bear H8'

SCHOOL DAYS

Then days of drudgery,
Now days of fond memory.
If in the world beyond
Awaits the days so fond,
Lie days so freely spent
Oh! that I might repent
But Alas!

Oh! come again happy days
And read to me youths merry phrase.
Oh! joyful youth so free,
Gliking on life's blue sea,
Lis to the work of the wise;
But no, on through life he flies.
Alas, Alas!

As on through life you flee
Remember these scant words from me.
"Death claimeth his own;
Die not to the world unknown,
And when you breathe your last
Look back on a glorious past
And you will honored be
And the world shall remember thee."

Clarence Engelbret L8'

THE OPERETTA

The H9 class will give an operetta on the Friday before Thanksgiving. It is entitled "On Plymouth Rock." The book and lyrics are by Alice C. D. Riley and the music by Jessie L. Gaynor.

The opening scene is laid in a forest. The Puritan Maidens are grouped about Priscilla played by Ollie Ilvander with Mona Holliday as her understudy.

Desire, played by Alice Brown, praises Priscilla's skill and Elizabeth, (Sophie Loven) teases her about Captain Standish but Priscilla interrupts her, saying that the elders should look after their own affairs, not hers. Charity, (Alice Merila) tells Priscilla not to malign the elders, for Dame Goodly, played by Rose Agrusa, might hear her.

Then Mary (Norma Head says that anyone could see that it was John Alden, not Miles Standish whom Priscilla favors. Priscilla tells her to hold her tongue and laughs at the thought of John Alden. Mary and Priscilla quarrel, but they are interrupted by Charity, who says that they are thankful for everything Providence has sent them.

Mary sees the hunters coming with the game. The youths are heard whistling without. They appear on the stage and sing the Hunting Song. Both the youths and maidens dance until Dame Goodly appears. She blames Priscilla for the jollity. John Alden played by Earl Long, interrupts her and says that he is to blame but Priscilla pushes him aside and says that Dame Goodly is right. Dame Goodly and Priscilla speak about the jollity. The youths and maidens go out, leaving Dame Goodly on the stage.

Priscilla enters and asks for the orders concerning the feast. Dame Goodly rejoices that they have plenty to feed the redmen. Priscilla asks about the redmen and she answers that Governor Winslow and Captain Standish had invited them. She mourns for Old England but Priscilla soothes her. Dame Goodly says it is well for her, the future wife of the Captain, and Priscilla laughs saying that she will be a spinster and spend her life making dressing for turkeys. Dame Goodly goes out to prepare the feast.

John Alden enters carrying some flowers and seats himself while Priscilla hides. She creeps forward and blinds his eyes. Then they sing a beautiful duo called "Can You Tell Me, Sir?" They leave the stage and the youths and maidens enter, and sing a song entitled"Set the Table", followed by a dance. Priscilla and John Alden return,Dame Goodly and the dames enter and present the song "When I Was a Maid" John Alden says that the Indians are coming. Dame Goodly goes to prepare the feast and tells Priscilla to see to the turkeys. Priscilla replies that she will do so with all her heart. She is stopped by John Alden who tells her that all her heart belongs to him. But she ignores him and passes. He follows her.

The Elders come marching in followed by the maids, matrons and youths. They sing"The Song of the Elders." Miles Standish talks to Governor Winslow. The Indians are heard and King Massasoit (Byron League) enters with the Indians dancing. The Medicine Man (Frank Kuhlken) enters and the dance is repeated. Governor Winslow,played by Leo Purdue,welcomes them.The elders, matrons, and Indians seat themselves and sing "Grace Before Meat."

Quadequina (Andy Steen) motions to one of the Indians who disappears and returns with a basket of popcorn. Then the Popcorn Song is sung by Ethel Thode who leads the Popcorn Dance.

Governor Winslow pronounces bans on Priscilla and John Alden who hold hands for the game "London Bridge" played to the song, "How Many Miles is it to Babylon." At the close of the game the soldiers led by Captain Standish (Jack Hamilton) enter and execute a drill. All the characters then sing "Hail to My Country" followed by America.

This operetta promises to be one of the most successful ones that has been undertaken.

Sophie Loven H9'

The Girls' Athletics started with an interclass series of Volley Ball Games, in which each played every other class once. The Low Nines proved to be the champions, for they won all the games. The girls on this volley ball team were:

Barnett, Lucille	Newell, Gladys
Burmann, Louse	Dawson, Vera
Jorgensen, Gudrun	Sears, Antoinette
Phillips, Josephine	Piot, Albertine

Smith, Josephine

This team represented our school in the inter--school series of games. Although they worked hard while playing, Willard, Garfield, and Edison, they were beaten. The Burbank representatives scored high while playing the games.

The Pentathlon Meet, which was held at San Pablo Park on Friday, the sixth, was an exceeting event. Each school was represented by five girls of each of the following weight groups: 8o, 95, 105, 120 pounds and unlimited.

The girls' events were:

Basket Ball throw for distance.
Basket Ball throw for Goal, (Time: 30 sec.)
Potato race.

Jump and reach.
Base ball throw for strike.

The Burbank girls won second place in the meet. Of the 120 pound group, the highest score of all the schools was 668 points, which were made by Doris Bear of the Burbank School.

Among the best girls of each weight group are:

80 Pounds	Ethel Thode	Points 406
95 Pounds	Agostina Carlevara	499
105 Pounds	Inez Carbone	501
Unlimited	Elsie Stuart	513

Athletics for the fall term will finish with an inter-class series of soccer games.

Pentathlon records of all girls in the Junior High Schools were taken in September. In these records the Burbank girls showed the greatest amount of improvement over last year's records.

Josephine Smith L8"

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Burbank has not been getting into athletics as they ought to. In the Pentathlon Meet they showed a little better fight, but not as much as they might have shown. Simeon Leiva was the best runner, making the fifty yards in six seconds flat, which is very good time. Milton Peat was the highest point scorer, making 684 points. Burbank took third place but could have done better.

The following boys represented the school at the Pentathlon Meet:

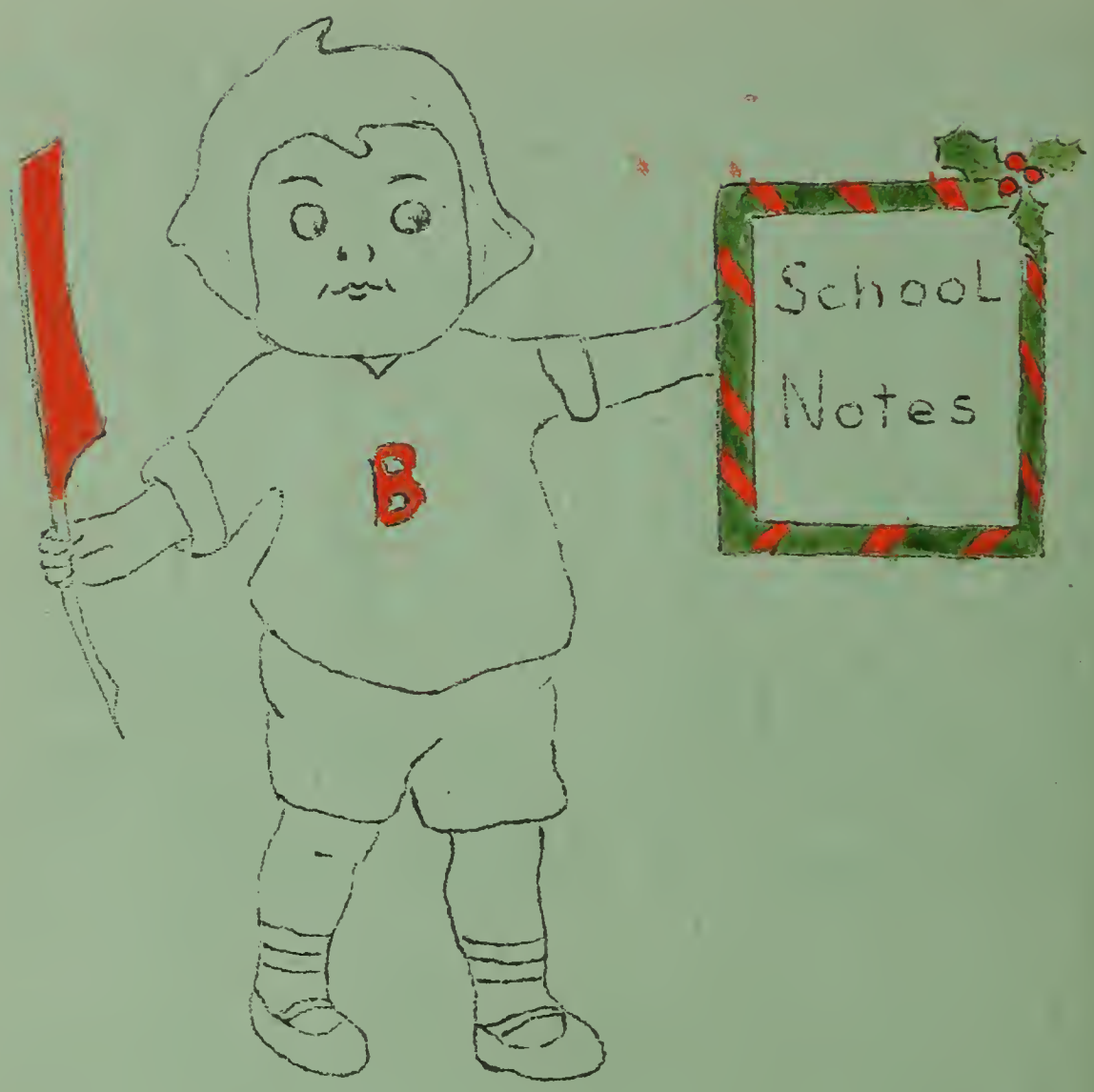
Nelson, Henry	412	
Peat, Milton	684	Unlimited
Flores, Oscar	541	
Derheim, Louis	618	
Leiva, Simeon	485	
Whiffen, Henry	551	
Ojala, Laurie	540	120
Harbich, Otto	497	
Campbell, Chas.	507	
Galan, Frank	402	105
Bolton, Ralph	459	
Bernardo, Antone	537	
Bluth, Rudolph	476	
Akagi, Toshio	578	95
Nelson, Benny	502	
Dick, Albert	351	
Lambert, Harry	163	
Bold, Eldridge	239	
Bear, William	345	
Englebret, Clar.	482	
Swanson, Ray	325	

The Soccer games came out with a draw between the H7 7and the L9. They tried to play off the tie three times but could not break the deadlock.

Pass football is still in progress. The H7 and L7 tied. The L8 forfeited to the H8 and the H9 beat the L9. The championship game will be played Nov. 3, 1922 and it looks as though the H9 will take it, as they have the stronger and better team.

Burbank had the quality to do fine work in athletics but they lost interest. If they had kept their interest, they would have scored more points in the Pentathlon Meet.

Clarence Smith H8



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President----------Alton Hooper
Vice-President----------Frank Kuhlken
Secretary-Treasurer----------Alice Roth

CLUBS

The students of Burbank School held a meeting in September and discussed the formation of various clubs. Suggestions were offered by students and faculty and later each member of the student body voted for the club which he liked best.

As a result of this vote the following clubs proved the most popular: Swimming, Hiking, Dancing, Camera, Radio, Sewing and the Glee.

The girls' Swimming club was organized with about thirty members and Elsie Stuart was elected president. They took their first swim on Sept. 22, and have since been going regularly once a week to the Y.W.C.A. in Oakland. Several new members have joined the club and the girls hope to continue their swims throughout the year. There are several good swimmers in the club and some who have learned since joining.

The girls interested in hiking met and formed "The Merry Hikers' Club" with Antoinette Nunes as President. They meet about twice a month to plan hikes. The first hike was to Grizzly Peak on Sept. 29. Fourteen girls accompanied by Miss Hvall went on this trip and all proved themselves very good hikers. On Oct. 13, nine girls hiked to the top of Redwood Peak in East Oakland. Miss Hvall again yielded to the persuasion of the girls and went with them. The only casualties of this trip were a few cases of poison oak caused by the girls' eagerness to take advantage of the decorative qualities of the beautiful foliage.

The girls' Dancing club, under the direction of Mrs. Tomsen, has been meeting once a week after school. Gladys Bolton is the President of this club. The girls are busy now planning a Halloween Party which will be the great event of the season.

The Sewing club meets once a week with Miss Fisk. Elizabeth McIndoe was elected President. Some of the girls are sewing for the Red Cross and others are making things for themselves.

The Radio Club under the direction of Mr. McDermont met and elected Herman Sohlman as President. They have had two meetings and have shown their interest by asking for a Radio room in the new building. In this way the boys can make their club practical and can learn to care for their own radio sets.

The boys' Hiking club went to Grizzly Peak on their first hike on Sept. 29. They returned via the U.C. Swimming Pool. Some of the boys then went to the football game and others went swimming at the Y.M.C.A. The second hike was from the end of the Park Boulevard car line to the Boy Scout camp; then up to the Joaquin Miller estates. Mr. Frick and Mr. Carlsen went with the boys on both these hikes. There were about fifteen boys each time. The boys are looking forward to some more interesting hikes soon.

Clennie Gard

THE CUBBY-HOLE

It is a tiny room, next to the music room, where melodies of all sorts come drifting in through the walls. The lucky one, who sits near the windows has a splendid view of our play-ground. For a moment one looks out, then in again, and views the instructor's face. Around, in front and behind, there are nothing but seats and at the sides a narrow aisle. There is a long blackboard stretching along the side, front and back of the room. On the board one usually finds questions on science and shorthand.

This room or "our cubby-hole," as we call it, is a small and agreeable room, for one has close companions on every side.

Rose Agrusa H9"

WEAVING

Weaving is a new and an interesting art to the Burbank School, by which many articles such as scarfs, and rugs can be made. Miss Fisk has hopes, that we may have a separate room for our two looms, as the sewing room is not very large when there are so many large classes. Many of the scarfs and rugs, which have been made this term, are very beautiful.

Crescent Dierks H9"

LEARNING TO COOK

If you have never cooked anything, your first lesson in this science, will delight and impress you with its sense of responsibility. How very careful one must be so as not to forget such a trifle as baking-powder or soda, and as one is mixing the ingredients in the sauce-pan one seems almost overloaded with care. How anxiously the pot is stirred and how carefully one scrutinizes the mixture to see if it is becoming thick or turning the right color, or perhaps, if making candy, if it spins a thread, or makes a soft ball. The teacher is then called upon to assure the worried pupil that her cooking is excellent or very good. Then the responsibility is over, and one may sit down to enjoy the well-earned meal.

Rose Agrusa H9"

THE STUDY OF LATIN

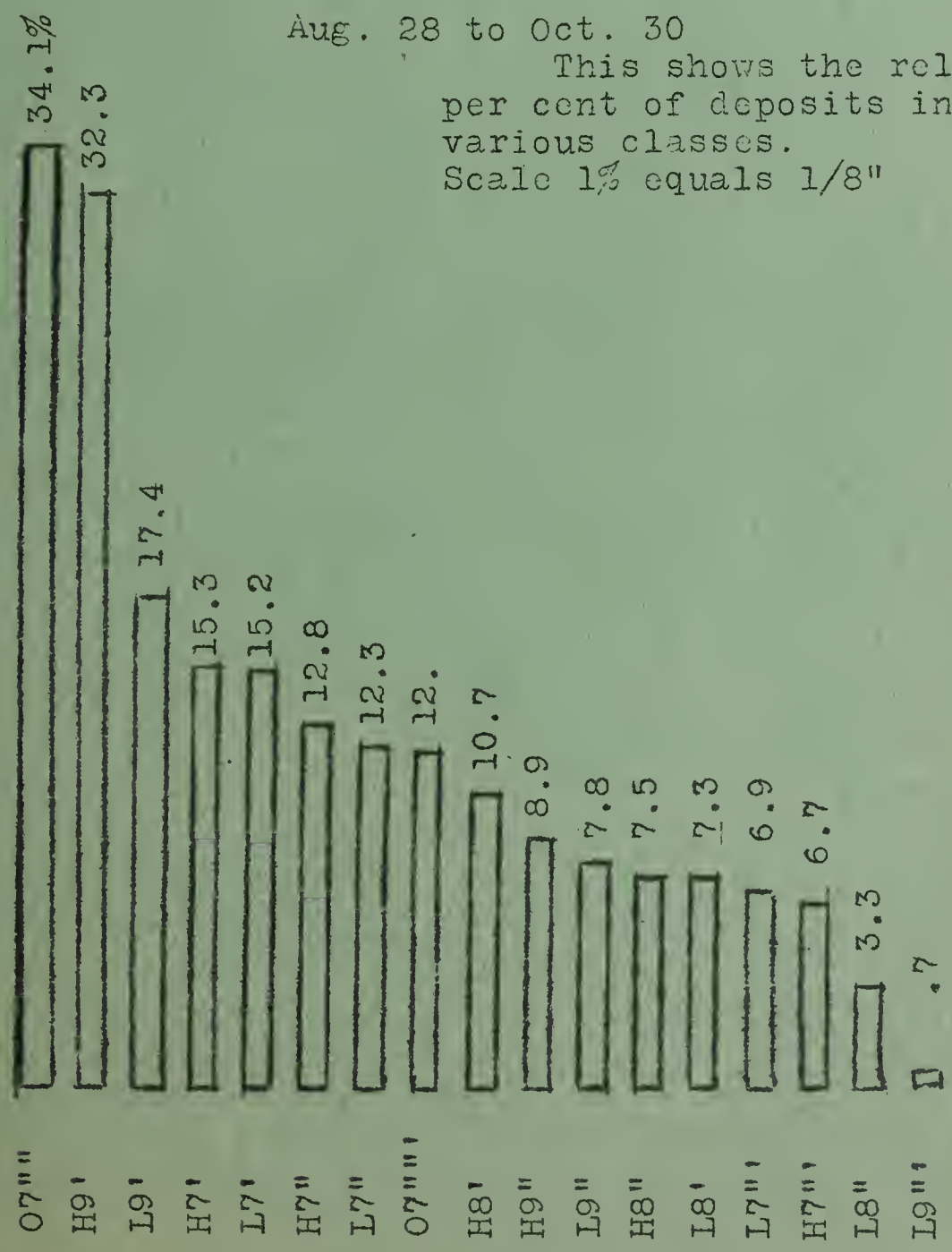
The reason that Latin is my favorite study is because it is odd. I should like it much better if it were spoken; still if it were spoken it would cease to be odd. Another reason why I like it is because you learn something new every day and it makes you laugh to hear the mistakes you make in pronouncing the words. Thirdly, this study influences you to think before you speak, for every word must be pronounced clearly or it will not be spelled correctly. Lastly, it helps you to understand the meanings of many English words.

Alice Roth H9"

SCHOOL SAVINGS DEPOSITS

Aug. 28 to Oct. 30

This shows the relative per cent of deposits in the various classes.
Scale 1% equals 1/8"



BURBANK DAHLIAS

Mr. Loura planted the beautiful dahlias that grow around the Burbank School. They are so beautiful that I can not help looking at them every morning when I come to school. They have such beautiful colors in them that they make my eyes glitter. They are always blooming nicely. Mr. Loura never forgets to water them. He is very faithful to the flowers. They look so attractive around our beautiful Burbank School that we should always be faithful to Mr. Loura, and do our part to keep the grounds neat.

Josehpine Cagno O7""

AN APPRECIATION OF MUSIC

My favorite study is music. I like to study this because it is different from anything else. It is like studying a different language or something that everybody does not know how to speak. Once one is far advanced it seems to draw one on to do more in this particular line. In a way music has helped me to be able to appreciate everything more clearly.

Earl Long H9"

THE INFLUENCE OF AN ATTRACTIVE SCHOOL

A school is judged by its appearance: It may be a large, well built stately building of fine material or it may be a small wooden structure. Yet if the yard surrounding has been neglected, and allowed to look devasted the appearance of the building has been spoiled.

The appearance of a school has a great deal to do with the attitude of those in attendance. If a school is untidy and unattractive a pupil is going to hide his connections with it, while if it is attractive in appearance, that pupil is going to be proud of it and help to keep it so.

The greatest responsibility of keeping a school attractive lies with the pupils in attendance. They must be neat and clean personally, and endeavor to keep the school building and the yard the same. To do this they must have the correct spirit usually encouraged by the teachers who also find their tasks easier when they have pleasant surroundings and clean pupils.

Laura Hicks L9'

Miss Webber: What are parallel lines?
Rudolph J.: They are two lines that run beside each other and do not go outward or inward while running.

Miss Martin: Class I have some new Algebra work to show you. It's just the same as that we did yesterday, only different.

Miss Gilbert: Children, I want you to sing some songs for the P. T. A. this afternoon.
L9' Class: May we use our books?
Miss Gilbert: Yes, you may use them--but I don't want you to look at them.

A Proud Boy: See my new Eversharp.
His chum: (Picking us his ordinary lead pencil); See my Everdull,

Miss Albee (dictating to H9"' English class): "Noah's wife refused point blank to go into the ark."
Ellen Hooper (not having such a word in her vocabulary): Do you mean put a point and leave a blank?

His Usual Occupation

Mr. Frick: Earl, were you throwing these blocks of wood around the room?
Earl Baum: No, I'm doing nothing at all.
Mr. Frick: That's what I thought you were doing.

Miss Friedman (writing some shorthand symbols on the black board) What does "P.S." mean?
Evelyn Weidinger (eagerly): Postage Stamps.

Miss Truman: What is the subject of your topic?
Leon Stacy: "The Making of Maple Sugar."
Miss Truman: This is going to be a sweet talk.

Evelyn Alden: Rose, don't say anything; but Claire Bertin's father dyed---
Rose (interrupting): What? Really?
Evelyn: Yes, dyed her purple skirt, black.

Music Teacher: Evelyn, what is a pause?
Evelyn Lestrange: Why, the feet of cats are called paws.

Mrs. Derry: Marjorie did you give me this penny with a hole in it to pay for the doughnut?
Marjorie Johnson: Yes, but the doughnut had a hole in it, too.

A New Style of Jazz

Miss Cameron: I don't like the spelling of circus on this poster.
Mrs. Wilkes: Why! "Sirkus" is the Jazz way of spelling.

Miss Cameron (to a noisy class): This class must have very long tongues.
An Observing Boy: The teachers' tongues must be longer than ours, for they talk all day.

Miss Houston: We will have a map review today. Jaconda, will you show us where Greece and Turkey are?
Jaconda Cerasoli: You don't have to point them out. Greece is in the frying pan with Turkey.

Mr. Wolfenden: What is the meaning of "stock"?
Evelyn Songey (who had made use of her ticket to the "Industrial Exposition"): Stock is a four-legged animal.

A STREET MUSICIAN

Miss Gilbert: Albert, you have a good voice.
Harry Oliviera: Well, he ought to, he sells newspapers.

YE OLDE BURBANK

Burbank School sits in Berkeley,
Bordered with a lawn so green,
And every morn at eight o'clock
There are children for blocks to be seen.

When the bell rings you will see them,
Running as fast as they can.
If they don't, you might know what would happen,
MR. PRESTON'S A MIGHTY BIG MAN!

The teachers, they are very deir
But still the children sae,
"Don't keep us after school nae maire,
For we would rather be away".

Lang, lang will they be out of school
And then you'll hear them sae,
"Oh when will I ever have such a good time
As in Ye Olde Burbank School days?

Mary Dawson H8'

THE GOTHIC ARCH REPORT

Mr. Frick: Earl, make your report to the class.
Earl Baum: Mr. Frick, I looked all through the encyclopedia for the word "Goofee Arch," and could not find it anywhere.

Josephine: Miss Fisk, may I get into the cupboard?
Miss Fisk: No, you are too large.

Miss Houston: The English assignment for tomorrow is oral reports.
William Sousa: Shall we write them tonight?

Herbert Kemp: Where did you get that black eye?
John Pakola: Miss Houston hit me.
Herbert Kemp: She must be a clubwoman.

Miss Gard: Gladys, why are you always late for class?
Gladys Newell: Well-er you see my socks are guaranteed against running.

A RIVAL TO HERCULES

F. Snugg, rushing in from Mr. Wolfenden's new class room, breathlessly asked: Oh! Mrs. Tomsen, are you going to move your room too?

The City Girl And The Farmer's Wife

Once a city girl went to her grandma's. She was going to stay only a week. So one morning her grandma said, "Go and gather the eggs, Edith, "So out she went. Then she ran into the house.

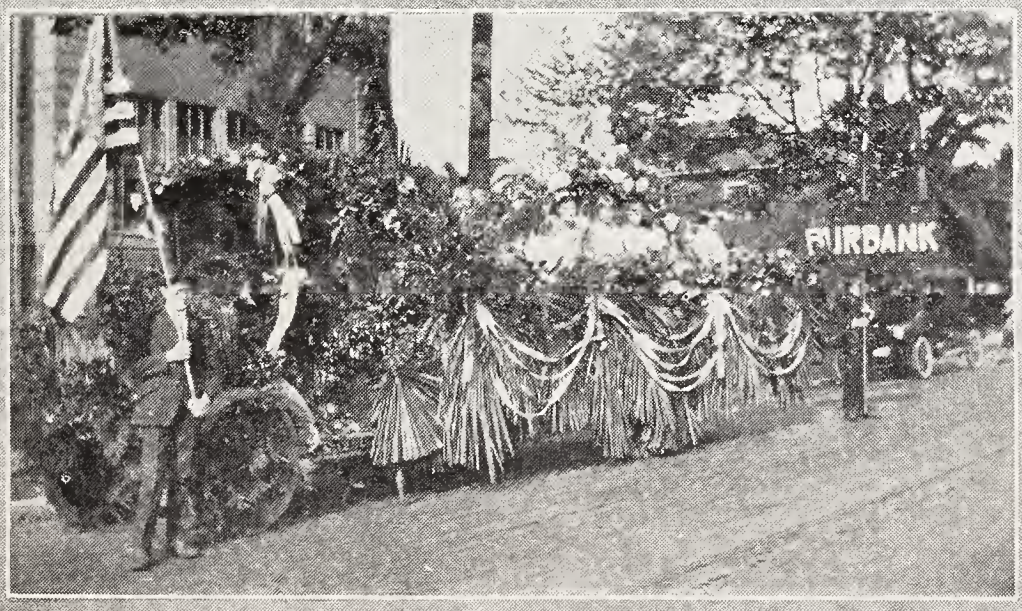
"Oh Grandma, the chickens are scratching for eggs too, and can't find any either.

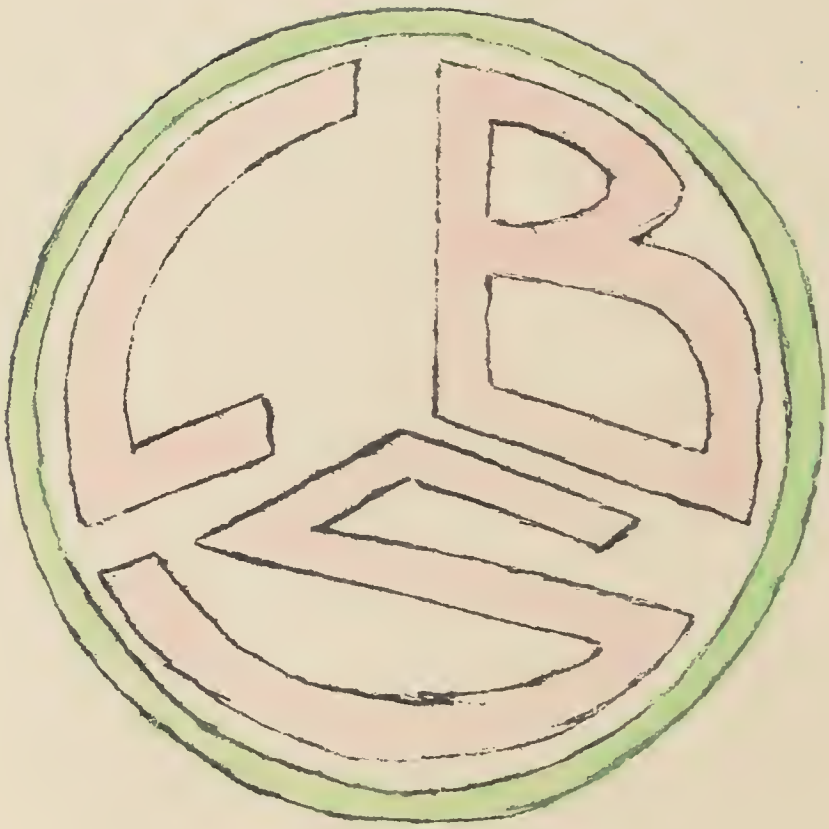
"Why Edith, the chickens are scratching for food, not for eggs," After a while she went out side. She saw a peacock for the first time. She came into the house, crying.

"Grandma, one of your chickens is blooming."

"That is not a chicken; that's a peacock," said her grandma.

Doris Hadlen H7"


FAIRBANK


LBS

WIZARD

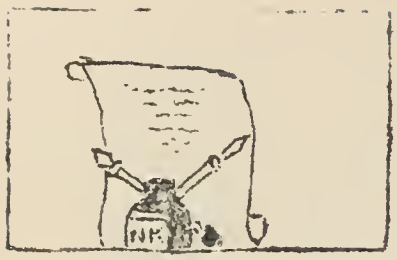
Published semi-annually by the students
of the Burbank Junior High School
Berkeley, California
June, 1923

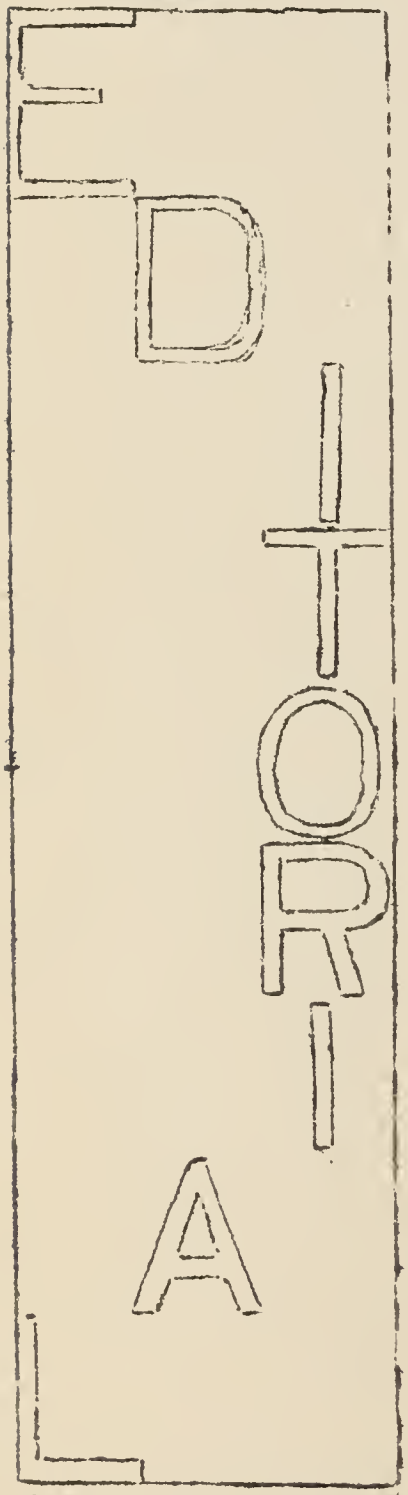
Volume 8 Number 1

This Wizard is dedicated to those
pupils of the Burbank School who
were given the opportunity
of assuming responsibility,
and took it.

FACULTY

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Arithmetic, Civics History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlsen	Physical Education Civics
Sadie Derry	Home Economics
Katherine Fisk	Household Art
John J. Frick	Manual Art
Lucille Friedman	Arithmetic, Shorthand
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
P. Adele Gilbert	Music
Hilda Hvall	Secretary
Ruth M. Houston	English, History
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, Ancient History Latin
Albert McDermont	Science
Lucy M. Robinson	Opportunity, English
Jean E. Skimmings	English, Arithmetic History
Mary M. Tomsen	Arithmetic, Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	English, Arithmetic History
Mabel P. Webber	Drawing
Angie M. Webster	English, Arithmetic
Emma S. Wilkes	Counselor, Opportunity Arithmetic
Earl D. Williams	Manual Art Mechanical Drawing
Andrew M. Wolfenden	Business Arithmetic Bookkeeping
Earl Morton	Band
Glen Haydon	Orchestra
Joseph Walter	Violin
Blanche Ashley	Piano





THE WIZARD STAFF

Editor — John Burnham

Manager — Pasquale Bottone

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

H9' R. Stacy	W. Sheehy H8"
H9" A. Piot	S. Larson H7'
L9' D. Heyman	S. Poyry H7"
L9" M. Dawson	M. Brignolo H7"'
H9"' A. Bunzari	B. Benner L7'
H8' N. Olson	J. White L7"
H8" C. Bertin	A. Flores L7"'
L8' D. Weber	H. Lord L7""

FACULTY COUNCIL

Frances C. Albee
Ruth M. Houston
Mary M. Tomsen
Mabel P. Webber
Earl Williams

FIRE DRILLS MORE NUMEROUS!

I wonder why. To prepare us for a fire that we hope will never come; to impress upon our minds the direction in which we are to make an exit, and to increase the speed of our departure from the rooms. There is nearly always a thrill of excitement when Mr. Preston rings the bell for a fire drill. Sometimes it rings in the middle of a hard test, or perhaps the class is in a study room with everyone as quiet as study classes are. We wait to see if it is dismissal bell or not. Then someone cries, "Oh! it's a fire bell!" and we all march out, delightedly.

THE NEW LIBRARY

The West Berkeley Branch Library, that Burbank School has so long been awaiting, is being built across the street. It will be a great advantage to Burbank, to have it so near the school. Between periods the teachers can take the children over and have them look up references. The library on Seventh Street is very small and it doesn't have very many books; therefore oftentimes when you go down there for information, you can't find what you want after all. This library across the street is going to be much larger and a great convenience to the school.

ADVISORY PERIOD

Something was lacking in our school day last term. I think now that it was our advisory period. This period is held for forty minutes, (between five minutes of one and twenty-five minutes of two.) During this time the important undertaking's of the student body are discussed. The teacher makes any announcements necessary or we have a class meeting. The Wizard meetings are held during this period on Tuesdays; assemblies are also held at this time. If any child is behind in his work that is the time to make it up.

OUR ASSEMBLIES

Every Thursday afternoon in advisory period we assemble for a lecture or entertainment. The strdent body contrubutes anything worth while one week, and a lecture is given the next.

The general topic of the lectures is the "Home." The lecturers are men who are very well informed on the subject of making, planning, and furnishing homes. These lectures are very interesting as well as instructive and useful. Burbank School has been very fortunate in securing lecturers on this subject.

The plan is different from what it was when assemblies were called at all times, disturbing the daily program.

Staff

GRADUATES

Adkins, Doris
Ahlgren, Edith
Ahlgren, Ethel
Ahlgren, Frances
Attfield, Edna

Barnett, Lucille
Bateman, Jack
Bottone, Pasquale
Burmann, Louise
Burnham, John

Burt, Hazel
Cerasoli, Edmund
Dawson, Vera
Frazee, Glenn
Galotta, Rose

Hakkinen, Helmi
Hastings, Katherine
Heald, Max
Hemphill, May
Hicks, Laura

Hicks, Martha
Jankowski, Anna
Johnson, Viola
Johnson, Violet
Jorgensen, Gudrun

Kankkonen, William
Koulaieff, Alexander
Lehman, Annie
Leiva, Simeon
Lofaso, Carmelo

Lundquist, Carl

Maher, Jennet
Mailho, Emil
Martin, Olive
McGee, Louise
Newell, Eugenia

Newell, Gladys
Ojala, Arthur
Oleson, Albert
Olson, Bernice
Pfefferle, Chester

Phillips, Josephine
Piot, Albertine
Reichel, Helen
Roat, Gertrude
Rogers, Annie

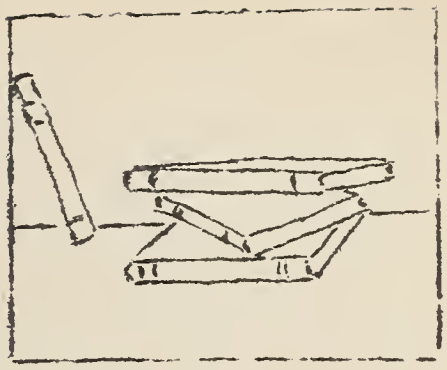
Samuels, Ida
Schmidt, George
Sears, Antoinette
Sho, Gum
Smith, Josephine

Snugg, Freda
Songey, Evelyn
Stacy, Ruth
Stein, Albert
Sullivan, Irene

Sunzeri, Antone
Sutherland, Georgina
Vorland, Florence
Weidenger, Evelyn
Wickman, Florence

Wierzbicky, John

Williams, Harry



LITERARY

MORNING IN EARLY SPRING

It was calm all around and the air was rich, pure, and sweet. The meadows were covered with daisies and buttercups which sent their rich perfumes all over. The cows were grazing here and there among the flowers and over yonder one could hear the rushing of the waters and the croaking of frogs. The sun sent its rays over the meadow and made the yellow flowers golden.

Edna Attfield H9

SUNSET

Thd sun sank from sight. The sky became radiant with gorgeour colors which came stealing through the Golden Gate. Bright orange streaked the wandering clouds and wondrous shades of pink blended into them. They raced eastward. The colors became deeper until they blended into the grey hills. The colors grew fainter, then vanished, all save the pink which turned to dark red and burst forth in a last farewell to day.

Norma Olsen H8

A SPRING MORNING

When one looks towards the eastern heavens his eye is caught by a big, round, beautiful sun. The birds are twittering and flying high in the sky, alighting on the branches, and singing to their hearts' content. The flowers are just opening their eyes and the cattle are slowly walking up the mountain, led by a little bare-foot boy who is whistling. Farther down the road is a brook, which ripples over the rocks. Everything is all in fun.

Evelyn Songey H9

FROM THE HILL TOP

The hill, a mass of green with not one tree in sight on it, broke off in perpendicular lines. Below, a little stream was flowing down gently to nowhere. The sky, a deep blue, fitted as a background, made a picturesque view. A few yards away from the stream, two or three cows, now and then, munched a mouthful of grass and roved around to see if a better mouthful could be obtained. The farm house, a great building of white, stood straight and queenly, surrounded by fast creeping vines. A few feet away from it was a cattle house, a broad and white building. Everything was in a sombre silence, except for the few ringing little voices of the birds. Thus this sight was fitted for a mid-summer's day.

Albertine Piot H9

A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

Bobby wanted to go to Fairyland. In fact he was so anxious to go that he did not know what to do. One morning he got up early and started for school. On the way he thought he would go over to the small river near-by as he had plenty of time before school. As he neared the river his eyes fairly popped out with wonder--for there on the bank of the river were about fifty fairies dancing.

One of the fairies saw Bobby and went over to him and said, "What is your name?"

"My name is Bobby", said Bobby.

"My name is Moonlight."

"Would you like to go to Fairyland?", said the Fairy.

"Yes", said Bobby, his eyes fairly dancing. So off they flew to Fairyland. Moonlight took Bobby all around. She showed him the fairies which painted the flowers. She pointed out to him the fairies that put the honey dew in flowers, the ones that painted the sunset. She showed him where the fairies made their dresses and last of all she showed him the queen of the fairies, who was a lovely little creature, dressed in pink with a coral crown. The queen said she would give Bobby three wishes. Just then some one called,

"Bobby! Bobby! wake up its time for school."

Alas it was all a dream.

Crystal Smith H7

I KNEW PERFECTLY WELL MOTHER WOULD SOON FIND OUT

What could be prettier than Mother's wonderful old brooch pin handed down through generations?

Mother did not wear it except on special occasions as she was afraid she might lose it or something might happen to it, but she always left it on her dresser in a very pretty pin cushion.

Mother told me she was going to town and told me to lie down in her room and take a nap. I did so but when I woke up I spied that longed-for brooch.

I put my hand on it. How pleasant it felt! I finally got it in my hand. Mother never would let me touch, it but she was gone now. I put it on my dress; oh, how handsome it was!

I was parading up and down the dining room admiring myself when I heard Mother's footsteps on the back doorsteps. Oh, what could I do? If I ran Mother would hear me. I made up my mind to sit down and pretend I was reading and cover the pin up with my ruffly dress. Mother came in and greeted me; then went upstairs to change her clothes.

When she came down her face was troubled and tears started in her eyes as she cried, "Oh! my brooch, my brooch is gone. Have you seen it?"

"No", I said, getting red in the face.

A wild search was made for the brooch by Mother. She told me to help her. So I got up and went upstairs. I thought I would get a chance to slip it back in the cushion and I did, as Mother was down stairs. I was in her room pretending to hunt when I heard her come up.

At once she saw the brooch in the cushion. She turned on me in a flash. "You've had that brooch. Haven't you?"

"Why Mother--y-you must have overlooked-it," I said helplessly.

"No," she said, "That is not where it was before. I fear I shall have to punish you severely. You have disobeyed and told falsehoods. You shall meet your father at the door and tell him everything about this and also your teacher. Now--if you do this thing or anything like this again it shall be very hard for you."

I was so sorry that I cried and begged Mother not to make me tell father and teacher. But "no" was the answer.

Mother was wise, very, very wise, I see it now.

If she had not punished me I would have done it again, but when you see me doing that again after the punishment I had, I want you to tell me quickly.

Eulah Hook H7

A MYTH

Once the sun god Apollo loved a beautiful maiden named Tharcia. But the maiden did not love Apollo. He tried time and time again to win her favor but it was all in vain, for she scorned him. He thought that she should not scorn him, because he was a god and she was a mortal. Tharcia always wore fluffy white robes, and she had very fair hair, which always hung losse over her shoulders. A very delicate maiden was she.

One day Apollo tried to come near enough to her to catch her and take her to mount Olympus. But alas! she was scorched to death by the heat of the rays from Apollo. Apollo was so grieved at her death that he asked all the gods to help him send something down to earth each year so the people would not forget Tharcia. So each year fluffy white flakes of snow fall down to earth in memory of Tharcia.

Georgina Sutherland H9

HERCULES AND THE SACRED CATS

Hercules, once traveling in a distant country, unknown to men, came upon a large group of cats in a small enclosure. These cats could speak the same as man, and were sacred to Jupiter. The enclosure in which they were was made of willow trees.

Hercules pursued the cats until they all took to the trees. Just as Hercules was about to strike one of them, the cats cried for Jupiter to change their forms. Immediately they were changed to pussy willows.

Every spring Hercules comes back unseen, and all the cats take to the trees. After Hercules leaves, they drop off and sink into the ground until the return of Hercules.

John Burnham H9

A PUPPY'S ADVENTURES

Spot was the name of a very lively fox terrior pup, that was not quite three months old, but very playful and never contented unless he was in mischief. One of his favorite tricks was to slip in the clothes closet and chew contentedly at a pair of patent leather shoes. He, however, had been cured of this fault when by chance he was locked in the clothes closet for the most of the day. It was only after howling until his jaws ached that he was let out by the maid who hastened his exit with a broom handle.

One day, as he was stretched puppy fashion before the fire place, he overheard his mistress say that they were going on a summer vacation to a farm that was owned by their relatives.

The house was at once in an uproar while Spot watched their proceedings with rapt attention.

At last Mrs. Robinson announced that everything was packed to suit her. The suit cases were piled high in the corner of the hall and all went and sat down in the easy chairs and talked of the trip they were going to make. Meanwhile Spot walked slowly into the house and surveyed the pile of suit cases at a distance. At last his curiosity got the best of him and he went up and sniffed at the suit cases. Finally, growing bolder, he managed to scramble to the top of the suit cases and in endeavoring to look over the edge his foot slipped. He whirled quickly and made a desperate lunge to regain his footing but only succeeded in bringing the whole pile of satchels on top of him. With a terrifying yelp he scrambled from underneath the satchels, dashed through the doorway and, knocking over a flower pot in his haste, scurried under the side of the house and lay there nursing his bumps.

After much work the suit cases were piled up again by the maid and the talking was resumed.

Early next morning all hands were busy loading the grips and bundles onto the automobile. Spot was caught and put into a crate, much to his dismay, and on trying to get out, skinned his nose sorrowfully on the wood. After this he sat down and gave it up. After much sweating and puffing on the part of Mr. Robinson, who was rather heavy set, the things were packed and loaded onto the car and with a wave of their hand to the neighbors they started on their

journey.

They soon left the smooth highway and ran onto the country road. Here the going was rough and Spot was knocked from one side of his crate to the other. Then followed a puncture which scared Spot out of his wits. After a half hour of work in the broiling hot sun the journey was continued, and they arrived without any other misfortunes.

As soon as Spot was released from his crate he dashed to a near-by creek and filled his stomach with the cool refreshing liquid, and finding a shady spot on the front lawn, slept and dozed for the rest of the day.

Early next morning he was up and wandering around the woods nearby. He had not gone far before he espied a rabbit. Now this was the first rabbit that he had ever seen and he stopped and looked at it. The rabbit having a natural fear of all dogs did not wait to be introduced but took to his heels and fled. Spot at once gathered courage and started after the rabbit. Then the fun began. The rabbit in endeavoring to elude its pursuer, ran into some brush and became cornered. The rabbit then resorted to other means for protection and as Spot came up and made a lunge for the rabbit the cottontail turned around and gave Spot a resounding whack on his nose. He was completely bowled over and before he could regain his feet the rabbit disappeared in the underbrush.

Spot was very crest-fallen and came home and went under the house, only coming out for his meals.

He, however, became tired of this and came from under the house and explored around the house. As he sauntered into the back yard he came upon a bundle of cloths. Being angry with himself for letting the rabbit get away so easily, he took his revenge on the clothes. He plunged into the bundle and with growls and barks he proceeded to tear things up. At last after he had satisfied himself he marched off down the road in high spirits, and on returning later that night received a sound thrashing from Mrs. Robinson. Then with his tail between his legs he ran into the wood shed and stayed there for the rest of the evening.

The next day found him again exploring the woods. On nearing a log, Spot saw what he took to be a large black cat with a white stripe down its back. Spot, being a hater of cats, tore after this one, but to his surprise the cat never moved from its position on the

log. As Spot neared his mark, the cat with a lightning flip of his tail shot a stream of strong smelling liquid into Spot's face.

With a howl of dismay Spot turned a double somersault and buried his nose in the sand. For a while Spot was completely blinded and ran wildly around, bumping into the bushes. When his sight returned he ran for the creek with the speed that would have made a fire engine look on with envy. When he reached the creek he dived in, covering his face in water; when he at last started home, all the dogs, big or little, gave him a wide berth, and he was not permitted to come near the family for a week.

After this adventure he remained docile for the rest of the stay at the farm.

William Lawrence H7

MY MOTHER'S STORY

When my mother was a little girl living on a ranch, she and my Aunt went to the pasture to drive home the cows. They were both on the same horse and when they reached the end of the pasture, which was about a mile from home, they came across what they thought was a bird's nest and my mother said, "Let's break it and see what kind it is."

But my Aunt did not want to and said, "No! do not touch it, for you don't know what it is." But when mother went home, and went to bed she could not think of anything but what she had seen in the tree.

The next day she decided that she surely would find out what it was. The next afternoon when she and my Aunt went to pasture again, they went to the same place. My mother got off the horse, and my aunt finally got off, too.

My mother took a big stick, and went up to the dark brown thing in the tree. With the stick, she gave a couple of blows.

Out came all the wasps. My mother and aunt ran as fast as they could up the hill. The wasps lit on poor Dolly, the horse. Dolly ran down the hill and through the trees toward home.

When they got home poor Dolly was all covered with big lumps, where the wasps had stung her.

My mother and aunt had to herd the cows home on foot after that.

Everlyn Lestrange H8

A COUNTRY ROAD IN THE DAY AND AT NIGHT

I don't believe I have ever seen anything as pretty as the country in the daytime.

It is all in colors. The bright flowers peep out of the fresh green grass, the trunks of the trees are brown, and away up on the branches are beautiful green leaves. Then as a background for all this we have the blue sky. One more thing which adds to this pretty scene is the birds hopping about and singing.

But at night, you would never know the road. If you were walking down the same road at night it would seem this way:

The trees come together over your head as if they wanted to close you into a cave.

If you dared to look up at the sky the stars would shine through like pocket lanterns, making you feel as though robbers were in the branches and spying on you.

The flowers would be colorless. If a squirrel moved you would think someone was chasing you. If you didn't run you at least would wish for a country road in the daytime.

Mary Dawson L9

A TEA ROOM

On Friday, March 30, my aunt and I decided to go to a tea room. I had never been in a tea room before so I did not know how one looked.

We first went up in an elevator to the fifth floor and then stepped out and we had to go through a little hallway and then to the tea room. The name of this tea room was "Mary Jean's."

Everything in the room was blue and white. The curtains were blue and white gingham, the chairs and tables were blue and white, and the dishes and the dresses the girls wore were blue and white.

The floor was of hardwood but it showed a great deal of wear. There was also a glass cupboard where the blue and white dishes were kept.

Evelyn Weidinger H9

TWO RUNAWAY GIRLS

The door slammed and out ran two little girls of two. Down the street they went.

We were eating dinner at the time and didn't pay any attention to them. An hour later we began to miss them and started to hunt for them. After hunting around the house and around the block we didn't find any trace of them. We became quite worried. We then each of us started to hunt in different directions; one went up to North Berkeley, and one went west, and the other south.

After hunting for some time but not finding them, we telephoned the hospitals and police department and inquired. No little girls in coveralls had been turned in or had been hurt and brought to the hospital. Two policemen went out on the search but with no success.

It was about five o'clock when we were standing outside of our door, discussing the matter and wondering where to hunt next. A lady came by and, hearing the conversation, stopped and said, "Were you looking for two little girls in coveralls?" We told her we were. She then told us that she had just seen them on Grove Street, crying. We ran all the way down there and, surely enough, they were there.

After a good spanking they promised never to go again. Ethel lost her doll on the trip and she never forgot it. Whenever she gets angry and we won't let her do a thing she always says, "I'm going down Grove Street."

Benny Nelson H7

MY PET BIRD

Last week I caught a small sparrow and took him home and put him in a box. That night when I got home I found out that he could fly, so I let him go.

The next day I found him on the porch and he was surely hungry, because when I went near him he opened his mouth and fluttered his wings and peeped, so I went and got him some bread crumbs and fed him.

And to this morning he follows me till I feed him some crumbs or give him a drink.

Thomas McCart H8

SPRINGTIME

As people look out into the fragrant gardens in the springtime it stirs the very atmosphere of their minds. Oh, what a difference there is in the weather! Many people often wonder how the seasons of the year are able to change, but I am sure that is one of Nature's secrets.

The scenery is just wonderful to look at, and everyone is busily at work, even the fisherman on the sunny sea, who enjoys this beautiful weather, he claims, better than anyone else. But the farmer, a jolly old fellow, likes every season of the year but sometimes he wants more rain than anything else. I am sure that the children like the springtime best, for this is the time when May dances, and, the best thing of all: parties of all kinds are held, and flower festivals are held everywhere.

Marjorie Johnson H8

THE ELVES

Once upon a time there was a kingdom of Elves. The queen was very beautiful but I am sorry to say, the king had died. The Queen's name was Queen Sunshine. The Elves gave her this name because she brought sunshine into their hearts. All of the Elves liked her except one, and his name was Darkness.

Each day the Queen went out into the garden and took a nap on a certain toadstool. Darkness knew she would be there at two o'clock and he decided he would get revenge on her at that time. The Elf, Darkness, was the only one in the kingdom who knew that the Queen Sunshine had a beautiful ring on her left hand. He said he would persuade her to give him either the ring or her life. It was two o'clock and time for the Queen's nap and she went to sleep as usual, all unconscious of her danger. Darkness was just on his way to her when a guard killed him because no one was to disturb her then.

When the Queen awoke the ring felt queer, meaning that some one had died in the kingdom. She lived happier than ever because Darkness was dead.

Marjorie Loveland H7

A WALK ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD

I was spending my vacation in a little country place in Nevada. It was a beautiful morning; the sun shone brightly over the prairies. When I finished my breakfast, I decided to take a walk, so I followed a road that was near the house.

The road was lined with trees, and the scenery had a very beautiful outline. Deep in my heart I had a happy feeling.

As I was walking down the road, I saw many children playing to their hearts' content. How I longed to be at the age of a youngster, who can romp around the fields and play!

The sun was very hot and I thought I should enjoy my walk more, if I sat down and rested a while. I got under the shade of an oak tree and saw a little squirrel running about on the branches. The squirrel seemed to be playing hide-and-go-seek with himself. I sat down on a large rock. As I was thinking of the squirrel, he came down from the tree and looked at me as if to say, "Hello." He came closer and acted very friendly towards me. He even came near enough for me to touch him and I longed to play with him. But suddenly he jumped up and disappeared into a bush nearby.

I got up and started my walk once more. Everything about me was tranquil and silent. Soon I heard the murmuring of a stream. The sunshine about me filled me with happiness, and the hills and trees were like fairy palaces.

Adelia Bloomquist L9

THE FOREST

The forest has a green carpet. The meadow is green also. But the sea is blue. One day as two little boys were going by they saw some flowers. One of them said, "Oh look! boys, see the pretty little flowers." But the other boy said, "Do not pick them, John. Please leave them there. Then the meadow will look prettier." So they agreed not to pick the flowers.

Margaret Enos 07

SPRINGTIME

The man who wrote, "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June," must have been in California when he wrote it, because I don't see where else the rare day could be. Although I am sure he wasn't in California when he wrote it, it just hits the spot for wonderful climate. I just can guess why he said "June". He said it because the wonderful spring climate in the East doesn't begin until June. I wouldn't say "June" in California. I can safely say, "Oh, what is so rare as a day in spring." Although we have some small April Fool showers in the early spring it just comes along to clear up the air and water the farmer's fields.

I wonder if every one appreciates the California climate. There is every reason why they should and none why they shouldn't. The grass is as green as can be and the wild flowers are trying to get the best of the tall grass. The lawns grow twice as fast as they should, (to satisfy me) but I can't help saying, "Oh what is so rare as a day in spring."

Waino Landell H8

WHY IT RAINS

One day two little clouds were playing in the meadows of heaven. They were two frisky little clouds, very wild and very playful. They decided to play tag so they chased each other around for a while until one little cloud hit his head against his companions and began to cry.

Down on the earth the farmers were weeping for joy because of the rain. There had been a long dry spell and when it began to rain it saved the farmer's crops. In a large city there was a little girl who didn't feel happy because of the rain. She must have guessed the rain were the tears of two little hurt clouds.

Beatrice Hiteman H8

GAINING AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE COUNTRY

One summer when I was visiting a friend in the country I decided to take a short walk with Rover, my big St. Bernard dog. It was a beautiful afternoon. The birds were flying from tree to tree and singing to their babies. The bees were also very busy, humming and gathering honey from the flowers. The air was clear and the sky blue. Rover and I stepped into the narrow, dusty road and we had begun our afternoon walk.

No one was in sight but we could hear the tramping of horses' hoofs and the barking of a dog. Rover pricked up his ears and listened, but soon let them fall and started to run along and wag his tail. The horse came nearer and nearer and I saw an old man in a wagon, taking his afternoon ride to town. Soon the sound of the horses' hoofs died away. The day was rather warm but the country road was lined with large trees and fern which kept the road cool and also beautiful. On the hillside the cattle and sheep were grazing and enjoying the afternoon sun. Everything was peaceful and quiet; even the dogs were satisfied. After walking about a mile and enjoying the scenery, Rover and I thought we should take a rest so, finding a large rock underneath an oak tree, we sat down. As this was my first time in the country I was quite amazed at the hills and roads and most of all the people.

While I sat there dreaming a country boy came up the road. He was about fifteen years old and very tall and slender. He was barefooted and his clothes were very shabby; he wore blue overalls which had a red patch on one of the knees. His hat of yellow straw was very old with a great wide brim. His shirt was ragged and faded. As he passed me he tipped his hat and said, "Good afternoon". I thought it strange that he should speak to me when he had never seen me before, but I learned then, that country people are all friends.

Doris Bolton L9

A TRUE BEAR STORY

Now, it was in the good old days in New York when the pioneers had just begun to clear the country. In those days bears were as common as automobiles are now.

It was on one of these bright sunny days that my grandma and my aunt started to make a call on one of their neighbors, but this neighbor didn't live next door. She lived about five miles across deep woods. Grandma was going to take Papa with them. He was just a little tad then, just five years old.

They were chatting along peacefully when Grandma clutched auntie's arm and whispered, "Look there!" Auntie looked and she saw a huge black bear sitting beside the road looking at them.

Now, you must remember that this was in the olden days, when ladies wore long skirts and couldn't run very fast. But these ladies certainly ran. They didn't stop to look to see whether the bear was coming or not, but ran until they came to a log cabin. They went in and locked the door.

But never you mind about old Bruin. He was just behind them, for it was just his dinner time.

Now, all bears have good sense and this one certainly used his. The cabin roof was low so he climbed up on the roof with the intention of coming down the chimney.

Grandma waited until she heard him coming down; then she grabbed Papa and ran outside, locked the door, and left poor Bruin a captive!

Carolyn Strong L9

A SPRING DAY IN THE PARK

In a small town on the outskirts of New York lived the Brown family. There were four children in the family, John, Tom, Dorothy and Alice. This town was nothing but a country village. Therefore, they had a pony and wagon. One spring morning when the sun was shining brightly, the children asked their mother if they might go for a ride. She consented and packed up their lunches. At ten in the morning they left home and the mother waved them good-bye. Everyone wanted to go to New York as only John, the oldest, had been there.

In another hour they were in New York. They asked a man where the best place was to spend the day. He directed them to a park. When they arrived everything looked very beautiful, as it was spring. The flowers and bushes and trees were all in bloom. They selected a place to eat their lunch. It was under a big oak tree that was probably a few hundred years old. When they ate they also gave the pony something to eat. Then they played games until the sun began to go down. It was a beautiful sight to see it disappear into the blue water. Then they packed up and started home, after having a happy day.

Walter Hill H7

TROUBLES OF THE YOUNGEST

I often wonder to myself if I did things just as my little sister does; I guess I did.

Edythe has just started school (that is what she calls it); really it is kindergarten.

The tables, chairs, and other things are all new to her. She does not stop to think that we used things of that sort when we went, so she tells us all about them.

My mother often says that she talks from the time she gets up until she goes to bed.

The second day she went to school she came home with a picture which she shoved before my face. I looked at it and said, "Oh! that's the prettiest----."

"It's a bird, Mary. See! See!" After she explained where the feet and head were, I could see it was a bird.

At dinner when we are all together Edythe does most of her talking: "We have such cute little lockers, We all line up before we go out; there is a new boy in our room." and so forth until some one stops her.

And by this time her dinner is frozen cold.

Mary Dawson L9

A WINTER DAY'S FROLIC

One of my happiest childhood days that I can remember is a winter day's frolic. We were still living at our old house in Foot Thomas, Kentucky, when this joyful frolic happened. But before I begin to tell you about it I must first describe our grounds adjoining the house.

We had many an acre, part garden, part orchard, and the last part a field for playing. This land was on a hillside with the house at the foot of the hill. So in winter when the snow had fallen we could enjoy many sleigh rides like the one I am going to tell you.

Our elders left to go to the New Port side, so my brother and I were left to guard the house with orders not to go far away. Left idle, we thought it would be fun to make a sled to go out, so in a few moments we had accomplished the task. It was a very crude looking one, but we were proud of it.

This particular day the snow was about three feet deep and good to make snow folks out of as it was not "melty" as we express it in the South. Arriving at the orchard that was about five squares away we got on our ice sled and were soon speeding down the hill faster than a bird flying, or so we thought.

My brother was having a hard time to steer and keep me from falling off. So when he turned his head to see if I was safe we crashed into a young maple tree growing beside the house. We were not hurt, though badly frightened, but alas for the tree! It had been broken--my best tree.

This particular tree I had taken pride in and nursed it from a seedling. I could have cried and cried, but when the sled was taken off it swayed back into place. So instead of weeping sad tears I wept glad tears. I believe I shall never forget this picture, for it was deeply impressed on my mind.

Ellen Savolainen H8

A FISHING EXPERIENCE

One day back east, my friend and I went fishing for trout at a place called "Trout River." When we were there I found a place where I thought there were fish, but I was badly mistaken, for the fish seemed to be all over at my friend's fishing place. So I was disgusted and went to another place where I got a few small trout, but not enough, for my friend was pulling out fish almost as fast as he could.

I thought of a plan that succeeded. First, I took my two fishing lines and joined them together and put on two dozen hooks about a foot apart. After I had baited them, I stretched the lines from one bank to the other. Then I sat down and ate my lunch, for it was dinner time. After dinner I pulled out the line and there were twelve fish on it. I had one more than my friend, who thought my plan was good but was jealous because I had caught one more fish than he had.

Just then the rain began to fall down fast, so we packed our fish and lines and started for home, all the time keeping under as many trees as possible so as not to get too wet. However, when we reached home we were wet through, but very happy at the day's catch of fish.

Eino Salo H7

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

It is fun for me to go to the country because when I go I stay for a week. I call it fun because for breakfast my uncle fries six eggs for me and I have coffee and cake. I call it fun because I play with the dogs and the cats, and about five o'clock I go to my uncle's houseboat and feed his big chickens with big chicken feed and I feed the little chickens with little chicken feed.

When we started for the country it was half past eleven and when we got there it was half past twelve. The place I went to is Alviso. It is very hot up there. My uncle has sixty-five big chickens and twenty little chickens.

Lincoln Olsen H8

SPRING

Springtime's here,
Full of cheer,
Come little birdies,
Come over here.

Seconda Schmidt 07

SPRING

Spring is coming,
Spring is here,
The birds are singing,
For spring is near.

The breeze is warmer,
The sky is blue,
The trees are budding
Again anew.

Children are running,
Smiling their best,
For the long dreary winter
Is now laid to rest.

Mary Rover 07

A SPRING WALK

Walking one spring day in the hills,
I heard the little brooklet's rills;
I saw the flowers look at the sun
And to each little patch I'd run.
The flowers were blowing in the breeze;
It whistled by brooks and whistled by trees.
I saw the clouds a-floating high,
Out in the beautiful, dark, blue sky.
The birds were singing a merry song
And I whistled a tune as I walked along.

Irma Ahlborn H7

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING

I walked up and down the hills,
And Spring's flowers gave me many
thrills.
I saw a poppy here
And a baby blue eye there
And wild flowers growing everywhere.
Some were orange and some were pink
And some looked as if dyed with ink.
Those flowers are the very thing
To welcome in our beautiful Spring.

Marie Cowan H7

STORM CLOUDS

Oh! You terrible storm clouds away up on high,
You are so rude to hide from us the sky.
You seem to make your Mother Earth below,
An ever endless gloomy sight;
And at times make day as dark as night.
But you are in another sense very good,
When you bring the farmers their happiness in food.
You awake the beautiful flowers from their beds,
And encourage them to nod their pretty heads.

Florence Vorland H9

SPRINGTIME

In the orchard, trees are white.
Apple blossoms! Such a sight!
Little blossoms grow and grow,
Swinging, swaying, to and fro.
And the birds are in the trees,
Singing merrily in the breeze,
Wishing they were blossoms, too.
They are all aglow with pleasure,
Wishing it were springtime ever.
Spring is such a lovely time,
When everything is in its prime!

Ida Samuels H9

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Little George Washington never told a lie,
When his father asked who cut the cherry tree
George said, "I."
He wasn't very old when he learned to be true,
And when he did learn he was true, too.
When he grew up many battles did he fight
Until at last he became president,
Which was no more than right.

Pauline Trefz L7

THE MAGICAL SHOWERS

Down the rain came with a flap.
And now and then one could hear a pitter-pat
Dropping on the window pane,
Which afterwards would leave a stain;
Or perhaps it would drop on a flower of wax,
Which soon would push itself up like a flash,
And sways its heavy head,
Raising itself out of the earthy bed.

Edna Attfield H9

THE WIZARD

All the people will like our book,
They can do no better than look.
I bet you just couldn't guess the name,
It's just brimming full of fame.
Wizard is our heading,
And subscriptions we are getting.
In it are poems, jokes, literature, and
notes of school.
Take the book and sit on a stool.
We worked on it 'till our heads were numb.
We wrote till sores were on our thumbs.
Now we've finished our book,
And everyone may have a look.

Lillian Anderson L7

DRAMATICS

TOLD IN A CHINESE GARDEN

It is the usual custom of the Ninth Grade Graduating Class of the Burbank School to present a play each term. This year the H9' class is presenting a play entitled "Told In a Chinese Garden" by Constance Wilcox. It is a play pageant in one act. The scene is laid in a Chinese garden, as the name implies, and the time is a summer afternoon.

The costumes are being made in the sewing classes, the settings are being arranged by the art Department and the manual arts Department is designing a sedan chair for the Princess Li-Ti. Preceding the play there will be given a Chinese dance, "The Dance of the Lanterns". The following girls will take part; Irene Sullivan, Doris Adkins, Helmi Hankinen, Eugenia Newell, Louise McGee, Rose Galotta, Hazel Burt, Ruth Stacy, Viola Johnson, Bernyce Olsen, Vera Dawson, Georgina Sutherland, and Florence Wickman.

THE CAST OF THE PLAY

Tai-Lo, a Chinese gardener on the estate-
Albert Olson
Poa-Ting-Fang, Li-Ti's husband-to-be----
Wm. Kankkonen
Wang-Chu-Mo, Father of Li-Ti--John Burnham
Li-Ti, Daughter of Wang-Chu-Mo--
Gladys Newell
Lang-Tai-Tai, Governess to Li-Ti--
Olive Martin
Ling-Tai-Tai, Governess to Li-Ti--
Jannet Maher
Man----------Max Heald
Guard----------Pasquale Bottone
Scribe----------Laura Hicks
Bearers---------Carmelo Lofaso, Harry Williams, Jack Bateman, Emil Mailho.
Runner----------Edmund Cerasoli
Umbrella Boy-------Emil Mailho.

Laura Hicks--Rose Galotta H9

NOON PLAYS

The L7' class presented "The Headless Horseman." It was given at noontime. All that saw it enjoyed it very much.

We all liked the "Arrow-Maker's Daughter" given by the H7'.

PATRIOTIC PLAYS

The "Little Rebel" was an interesting play given by the eighth grade at the Washington's Birthday Program. Everyone was worried over the message the little girl was carrying. We worried for nothing because, as usual, everything turned out right in the end.

The low eighth grade's "Scenes from Civil War Times" was characteristically given at the Lincoln Day Program.

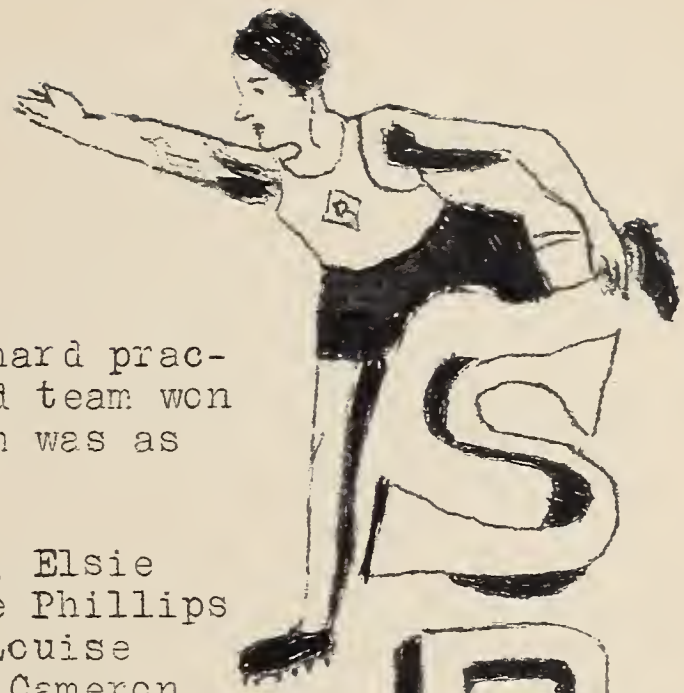
THE WASH TUB

The "Wash Tub" was a one-act comedy presented by the L9" class. The story was about a henpecked man, who thought he was leading a miserable life; of course, his mother-in-law and wife were the cause of it all.

It is needless to say that everyone liked it. Wash Tub talk was heard for a week afterward.

Mary Dawson L9

SPORTS



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year, as usual, the girls' basket ball games ran by weight groups: 95lb., 105 lb., 115 lb., and Unlimited.

After good work and hard practice the Burbank Unlimited team won all their games. The team was as follows:

Forwards- Gudrun Jorgensen, Elsie Stuart, Josephine Phillips
Guards- Albertine Piot, Louise Burmann, Ardalia Cameron
Centers- Antoinette Sears (Capt.), Antoinette Nunes, Ida Ramboke, Madeline Ramboke

Scores--Burbank	17	Willard	15
"	13	Garfield	9
"	20	Edison	17

Following the basket ball games, practice for indoor baseball began. The inter-class games have already been played and the H9" team came out the winner. The H9" team were:

Antoinette Sears (Capt.), Gudrun Jorgensen, Albertine Piot, Louise Burmann, Josephine Phillips, Josephine Smith, May Hemphill, Amelia White and Ida Samuels.

The Junior High School Track Meet is to be held on May 11, 1923, and we hope that Burbank will get first place. Last year the meet took place on June 9, 1922, at the California Field. The Burbank girls took first place in the following:

Standing Broad Jump--95 lb. class
Agostina Carlevara-7 ft. 1½ in.
Basket Ball Distance Throw-95 lb.
Margaret Gagliardi-57 ft. 2 in.
100 yd Dash--120 lb. class
Antoinette Sears-13-2/5 sec.

Basket Ball Distance Throw-120 lb. class
Doris Bear 70ft. 2in.

Other Burbank girls who won points were:

Eugenia Newell-second place-80 lb.-Basket Ball Throw
Alice Carlson-third place
Else Andereggen-fourth place-80 lb.-Baseball Throw
Inez Carbone-third place-95 lb.-Standing Broad Jump
Martha Himberg-second place
Jean Brechin-fourth-place
June Castillo-fourth place-95 lb.-Baseball Throw
Marguerite Yool-second place-105 lb.-75 yd. Dash
Aili Saari-second place-105 lb.-Baseball Throw
Ethel Barker-fourth place-105 lb.-Baseball Throw
Elsie Stuart) tie for fourth place-125 lb.
Eleanor Sisterna) Standing Broad Jump
Antoinette Nunes-second place) Unlimited 100
Albertine Piot-third place) yd. Dash

Ellen Hooper tied for first place in the Unlimited Baseball Throw.

Albertine Piot H9

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The athletics for this term have been basketball, baseball, and track. The Burbank School had one team which won the championship in basketball and another which lost the championship by one point.

The 105 lb. basketball team won the championship, taking three games. The 95 lb. team lost one game by one point, thus losing the championship.

These are all winners of their B's:

105 lb. Team	95 lb. Team
Bernado, A.	Carbone, J.
Beckert, H.	Rocha, A.
Bluth, R.	Olsen, A.
Lofaso, C.	Landell, W.
Sunzeri, A.	Nelson, B.
Olsen, I.	Meyer, E. --Bold, E.
Galan, F.	Fuller, A. --Akagi, T.

The 115 lb. team lost all their games because they were overpowered by all the teams with whom they played.

Although the unlimited team fought hard to win they also lost all their games on account of being overweighed by every team they came up against.

115 lb. Team	Unlimited Team
Schmidt, G.	Bateman, J.
Scapparo, J.	Bottone, P.
Welsh, W.	Ray, H.
Kankkonen, W.	Rahhause, N.
Curley, J.	Alessandro, J.
Bisbiglia, J.	Admundsen, C.
	Flores, F.

In baseball the Burbank School again showed up with a fast team. This team carried off the trophy. This trophy must be won for three consecutive years by one school in order that it may be kept permanently. When ever the Burbank School plays against another school, the opposing side is sure of a good game, that is one that is played fairly.

In baseball Burbank won four out of six games.

These are all winners of their B's:

Bernardo, A. S. S. & Capt.	Ray, H. C'field
Bateman, J. First Base	Scapparo, J. Sub.
Beckert, H. Second Base	Wierzbicky, J. R.field.
Krasovich, A. Third Base	Capt. Galan, F. Catcher
Young, W. Catcher	Schimdt, G. Pitcher
Bluth, R. L. Field	Lofaso, C. Sub.
Sunseri, A. Pitcher	Stein, A. Sub.

RESULTS OF GAMES

Burbank 6	Willard 4	Burbank 13	Edison 3
Burbank 4	Edison 3	Burbank 11	Richmond 1
Burbank 6	Garfield 7	Burbank 5	Richmond 1
Burbank 15	Willard 0	Burbank 13	St. Joseph 7
Burbank 8	Garfield 9		

The track meet this year will be held at the California Oval. The events will be: dash, high jump, running broad jump, and the basket ball throw. Burbank has a very good chance of making good records, judging from the number of pupils who have enrolled for for the meet.

Pasquale Bottone H9

President--Henry Whiffen
Vice-President--Albert Oleson
Second Vice-President--Gladys Newell
Secretary-Treasurer--Martha Hicks

SCHOOL NOTES

H9'	Sullivan, I.	L8"	Monti, J.
H9"	Smith, J.	H7'	Socker, G.
H9"'	Bluth, R.	H7"	Baxter, W
L9'	Bisbiglia, J.	H7"'	Nelson, B.
L9"	Jackson, M.	L7'	Trefz, P.
L9"'	Bluth, R.	L7"	Cooley, M.
H8'	Lateana, J.	L7"'	Silverfoote, M.
H8"	Ray, H.	O7""	Martin, C.
L8'	Knights, A.	O7""'	Balcom, C.
		O7""'	Jones, G.

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

It is your business, your parents' and the state's business. It is your own busiress, because if you make fours in school it is your own fault. You are either not trying your best or the work is too hard for you. If it is too hard for you, you don't belong in this division and should go into a lower division.

It is your parents' business because they are trying to keep you in school, and you are not obeying their rules, nor respecting their wishes. They are trying to prepare you for your future.

It is the state's business because it furnishes your books and if you have to stay in one grade for a year or so, you are just taking the books that you are using away from other students who want to learn.

Besides, it is everyone's business, for the children of to-day are the men and women of tomorrow. Therefore, everyone should be prepared for the future.

Howard Mann L8

COÖPERATION AND THE STUDENT BODY

In the Burbank school we have a student body organization which consists of the presidents from the different classes, a student body president, vice president, and a secretary and treasurer. The students of the school elect the Student Body officers each semester. All these officers are from the high ninth grade. The different classes elect their own class president to represent them at the student council meeting. It is his or her duty to keep the class in order when the teacher is out of the room, and see that everything is attended to in case of the teacher's absence. He is obliged to bring in a report to his class of what happened and what was said in the student council meeting.

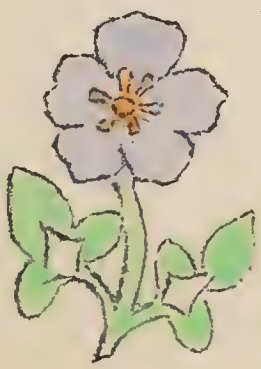
We consider this a very good system of student body government. During this semester the students incorporated, wrote, and ratified a constitution. In it are the laws of the school and what every citizen therein is expected to do towards improving the Burbank ideals.

We have an assembly of all the pupils every Thursday in advisory period. Here we have lectures and other things that concern or interest the school. On March 22, the student council arranged the program. I think it was very interesting because it was the work of the students themselves.

Among our school activities we have the different clubs. The clubs were started last semester. We have a Camera Club, a Glee Club, a Hiking Club, a Swimming Club, and others. The President of these clubs attend the student council meeting and make a report of what their club is doing.

The student body government has helped the pupils of the Burbank School in many ways; it has taught them cooperation, fellowship, and responsibility, and we hope someday to enlarge our constitution and work for the interest of others as well as ourselves.

Lucille Miller L8



MR. GILKEY'S LECTURE

On February 13, Mr. Gilkey talked to us on "Home Gardening." He explained to us how a lonely and dreary-looking house could be made bright and cheery.

By planting flowers and shrubs around a house it is given a bright appearance. Trees and lawns help a great deal, too.

Mr. Gilkey drew a picture on the blackboard of a very lonely house. Then he began planting flowers, shrubs, lawn, and trees. It made an altogether different house out of it. Mr. Gilkey said that there would be less chance of our getting scoldings in pretty attractive houses than in ugly ones.

Mr. Gilkey worked for Mr. Burbank for two years. He also planned our garden at Burbank School.

Mary Dawson L9

HOUSE PLANNING

"House Planning" was the general topic of the lecture given by Mr. Fowler Mallet, architect. This was another of the series of lectures on the home.

Mr. Mallet told us about the moldings of the rooms; not to have them too large, so that they will not be dirt catchers. If you have large moldings around the rooms of your home, the dust that is blown to the ceilings will settle on the moldings, and you will soon learn that they are germ breeders. The cupboards should come from the ceiling down to the floor, so as not to accumulate any dust where one can not reach.

There should be at least two windows in each bedroom that you can open so as to let the bedrooms air.

All living rooms should have a large fireplace, not alone for ventilation but for comfort also.

The porches should be made large enough for a chair or hammock to encourage out-of-door living during the warm days.

The Staff

OUR WORK IN MUSIC

Every class has songs that they must spend some time in studying. So Miss Gilbert has suggested that we spend the first twenty minutes on them. The last twenty minutes is spent in singing "Old time" songs or "Nonsense" songs. We also listen to the phonograph at that time.

A Glee Club has been started. So far only a few girls have come to sing.

At present we are all very busy preparing for the concert to be held at the Greek Theater.

Miss Gilbert has asked some girls to sing at the fair in May. The girls will sing about twenty or thirty minutes. Part of this time will be devoted to olden time songs, for people all like to hear old songs.

There is a chance for the boys and girls, too, of Burbank School to take violin or piano lessons at a low cost. Burbank's Band and Orchestra are doing good work. The leaders are Mr. Hayden of the Orchestra and Mr. Morton of the Band.

Mary Dawson L9

WHY WE STUDY GENERAL SCIENCE

We study science to make ourselves able to understand every-day machines; to know how a radio or wireless set works and how to operate one, so we can make repairs in a door-bell or find the trouble in the electric system in our homes; to fore-cast the weather or to name the stars; to know flowers and trees by name; to help ourselves in knowing how to keep our homes and bodies clean; to know what to do in case of emergency. Science gives us an idea of what doctors, electricians, engineers, and wireless operators do. Finally, we are able to enjoy life and to understand the world about us through our study of General Science.

Enerd Forsell H7

THE MUSEUM

Burbank School received a splendid gift from Mrs. Anderson. It consists of a collection of mammal and bird skins from Mr. Anderson's collection. This is the second donation toward a museum for our school. Berkeley Schools are using one hundred and fifty slides, due to the generosity of Mrs. Anderson. We wish to express our thanks to her for the gift to Burbank.

Richard Shepard H7

NEW WORK FROM THE SHOPS

The boys over at the shops are getting a great deal of valuable experience out of their varied shop work. Mr. Frick instructs the electric, woodwork, metal, and cement shop. Mr. Williams instructs the wicker and mechanical drawing.

The class which has been taking the cement course are making a number of things to improve the school. They have been making benches for the school yard and are making a cement sidewalk from the door leading upstairs to the north end of the building.

The woodwork shop has made a place to store the lumber; they have made lockers and benches, as well as repaired benches; and they have erected many partitions. They also made a blue print cabinet and casing for the wicker trough.

Some boys who worked in the shops helped Mr. Williams to fix his automobile. They took the engine out of the car and straightened the frame and axle and put the machine together again.

The wicker class have made a fernery for the teachers' lunch room and are also making two wicker tables for the same room.

The H9 drawing class made plans and blue prints for alterations on the school building that will be completed this summer.

The boys in the electric class have installed a radio set in the shop; also wired and installed a bell in the shop.

As Red Cross work many shoes have been collected and repaired for the poor.

The boys in the Sheet Metal Shop have made drip pans, sheet iron waste baskets, mail boxes, soap dishes, and fernery pans.

Stanley Larson H7

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

The aim in this course as presented in the 9th grade is to teach the girls the underlying principles of the cookery of carbohydrates, proteins, and fats, and of meal planning and meal service.

The cooking department has been quite busy this term; The L9 girls cook the teachers' lunch every day. This is possible only by taking turns, four girls one day, and four girls the next. The other girls cook the regular lesson.

Breakfasts and luncheons are given once in a while. The girls draw lots for cooks, guests, hosts, and hostesses.

There are written lessons given every day, in the same two periods in which the girls cook.

The canning of vegetables is one of the results which will be displayed at the fair. Posters which demonstrate the right kinds of food to eat will also be shown.

Altogether, the work is very interesting.

Elsie Heyman L9

CLOTHING

In sewing this year there has been some progress. Many dainty and attractive garments have been constructed.

As Social Service Work there have also been made a number of articles.

At the present time, the girls are striving to arrange an exhibit for the fair. We hope to make these garments so well that they will surpass the work of other schools of Berkeley.

The ninth grades have taken up the study of the textiles, as well as the construction of garments. This study includes the history of clothing, the origin of textile fibers, the making of cloth, and the economics of clothing. They have also learned a great deal about the uses of the different textiles and the kind of clothing for the various types of girls.

Norma Olson H8

MISS UPJOHN'S WORK

Miss Upjohn's work has been on exhibition in our Assembly Hall. These are various sketchings of foreign children who are Red Cross Juniors; they are of different nationalities and have very odd costumes.

The pictures are quite life-like and the coloring is very bright and pretty. There is a picture of a Grecian orchard, pictures of Belgians and a particularly striking picture is a little Italian street vender; the expression on the face is quite remarkable. A picture of a boy with a vase-like jug on his back is really the best composition of the lot. A little Dutch boy is a sketching that is not colored and yet looks very natural.

It hardly seems possible that some of these children with their wan, pinched faces and tattered clothes could be members of the Junior Red Cross. It is evident that their enthusiasm in the organization far excels that of the American children. They seem eager in the work that is being done for the Red Cross and their odd tricks in making things makes them very valuable members. Miss Upjohn has pictured to us, these little children, in far-away lands.

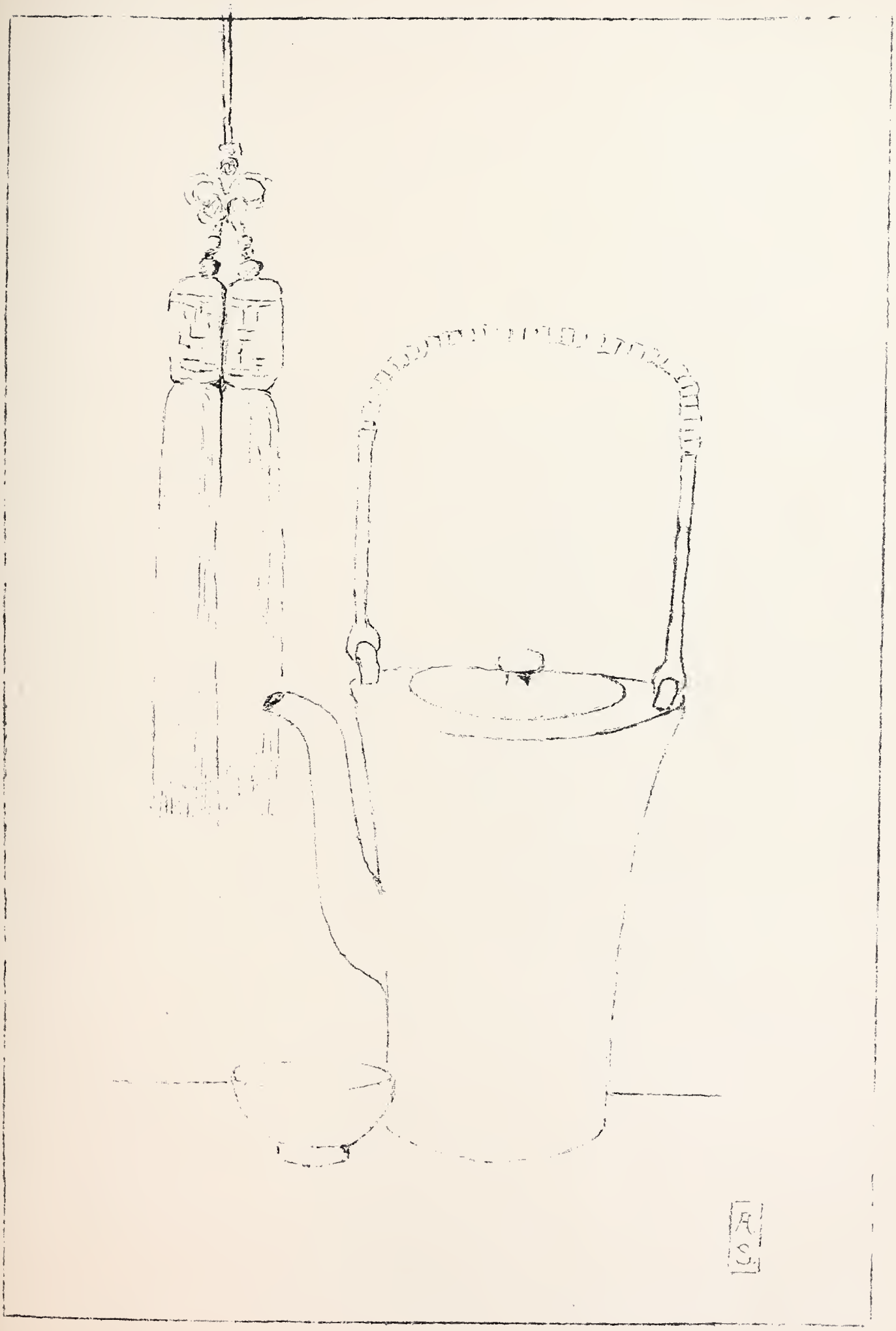
Phyliss Burnett H9

THE CAMERA CLUB

In our school we have a camera club, with twenty-four members in it. Every Tuesday is our meeting day. We elected as president, Earl Shore, William Baxter as treasurer, and John Carbone for secretary. Miss Robinson is our adviser. We have dues, $.10 a minth, to raise money to buy an album. We have a talk about cameras every meeting. One of these speakers was Mr. McDermont. The tenth meeting we took pictures of the members of the club, and of Mr. Preston and others of the school. We have taken a great many pictures and we have put some of them in the Wizard. We bring all the pictures to the club, even the spoiled ones, because we criticize them and so we learn to take good pictures.

We hope we shall continue the Camera Club next year, and have more members.

John Carbone H7



OF COURSE NOT--NO SLANG THEN

Mrs. Derry: When our ancestors were living they did not have any sugar. If they wanted anything sweet they would go to the bee hives to get honey.

F. Maher: Did they ever get stung?

AN EDITOR'S OPINION

E. Heyman: We must have a spring atmosphere in the Wizard this time.

THE INFLUENCE OF ONE'S READING

Miss Albee (drilling on punctuation rules): Why should one use a comma to separate those words in a series?

A. Piot (dreaming of her Photo Play Magazine): Those are words in a "serial.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE ENTHUSIAST

Mrs. Tomsen (to her L7 arithmetic class): Name the seasons of the year.

B. Johnson: Mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt.

COULD SHE DO IT?

Mr. Wolfenden: Evelyn, sit down and don't bother Ida.

E. Songey: Well, I haven't anything else to do.

Mr. Wolfenden: Well, sit down and do that.

IMPRESSED WITH HIS LAST DENTAL APPOINTMENT

Mrs. Bagnall (to H9' English class): Pasquale, who were the survivors of the flood sent by Jupiter to destroy the wicked inhabitants of the earth?
P. Bottone (hesitating--then triumphant): Why Deucalion and----------Pyorrhoea.

Miss Albee (to Chester as he places something in his mouth): Is it gum again, Chester?
C. Pfefferle: No, Miss Albee, I had some thread in my hand and when you called on me to recite I put it into my mouth to get it out of the way.

F. Flores: Don't you know that to write on the board is against the rules?
R. Swanson: I thought it was against the board.

Mr. Frick: Use an odd number of stakes.
H. Ray: -------?
Mr. Frick: Well, what is an odd number?
H. Ray: One that is different.

A QUEER AIM

B. Hitoman: Father, will you take me down to the City Hall today? I want to get some pamphlets for the Civics Class.
Mr. Hitoman: Why all the enthusiasm?
B. Hitoman: The pupil who makes the best record in the class gets to go to San Quentin.

H. Ray: How do you like Miss Martin for a Latin teacher?
A. Olson: Oh! she's never satisfied. Just as soon as I learn one thing she wants me to learn something else.

J. Lateana: Whenever I take a "hike" on my wheel I always get a puncture or something.

M. Dinelli: Why does a clock run?
Mr. McDermont: It doesn't run; it stands still.

Mr. Williams: At last my voice has been appreciated; a Swedish lady has asked me to sing for the king of Sweden.
Miss Webber: Why? Does she think, your voice is better than anyone else's in Berkeley?
Mr. Williams: The entire Orpheus Club is hired and, of course, I'm the first tenor.
Mrs. Bagnall: Too bad! that Swedish lady has been found to be insane by the Berkeley police.
Miss Webber: Well, I thought something must be wrong.

EARNEST STUDENT?

N. De La Roi: I spent nine hours on my English last night.
Miss Friedman: How did you do it?
Naomi: I put it under my pillow and slept on it.

NINTH GRADE WISDOM

F. Fuhrman: Do they ring two bells for monitor?
Gladys Newell: No, they ring one bell twice.

Miss Houston (at lunch): I wonder why Mr. Carlsen comes in late everyday to lunch?
Mr. Frick: He has to stop and marcelle his hair.

EDDIE'S IDEA OF WORK

Mrs. Skimmings: Eddie, did you do your homework?
E. Smith: Yes, all except the answers.

G. Roat (being posed beside J. Smith in H9' class picture): Will it spoil the picture to have two red heads together?
Miss Albee (comforting her) This is not color photography. Your vivid coloring will escape notice this time.

AT THE CLOSE OF A DAY OF WORRY

Miss Webber: Class take all the paper out of the basket and put in your desks.

Miss Fisk: Turn off that flat iron! Can't you hear it burning?

Miss Friedman: What seems to be the matter with you, Gerald? You are always eating candy.
G. Gray: Consumption, I guess.

A STUDY OF SYNONYMS

Miss Gilbert: (after playing "To a Wild Rose" on victrola): Did any one recognize this record?
M. Silverfoot: I know Miss Gilbert; it's "To a Mad Rose".

Mr. Mc Dermot: Willie, how may ribs have you?
W. Baxter: I don't know, I'm so ticklish; I have never stopped to count them.

SELF-CONFIDENCE

Miss Webber: (to Alexander who was returning a mended chair to the art room) That is very nicely mended, Alexander.
A. Koulieff: Yes ma'am, I did it myself.

Miss Houston: Who was Daniel Boone?
A. Alameda: That was a discovery.

IS CHESTER A SOCIALIST?

Mr. Pokota: Is a trust for public or individual welfare?
Pfefferle: Must be for individual because it's not for the public.

A SCIENTIFIC APPLICATION

Mr. Mc Dermont: Why do gunners open their mouths when shooting guns?
C. Johnson: Because the air goes in one ear and out the other.
Mr. Mc Dermont: That's the same as it is in Science. It goes in one ear and out the other.

Miss Webster: Louis, were you not here yesterday when I explained this problem?
L. Durheim: I was absent yesterday but I was here the day before: (Lincoln's Birthday)
Miss Webster: Well I was absent that day.

A BRIGHT CIVICS STUDENT

Miss Houston: What does the term suffrage mean?
L. Olsen: The term suffrage is a city or state where the people are suffering.

ADVICE TO THE UNLIMITED

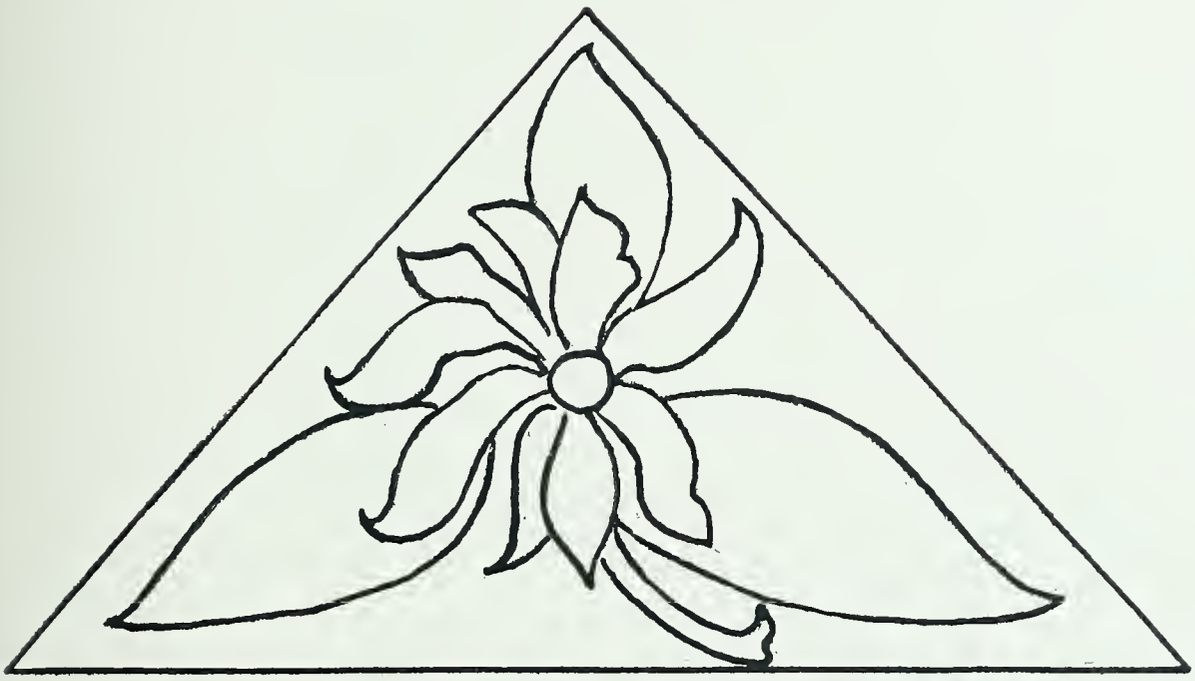
Miss Albee (observing E. Benner absently biting his English Book): Don't chew you book, but try to digest it mentally.

DEPRIVED OF EYESIGHT

(A quotation from the compostion of T. Bloomquist) "I decided I would look around the house a little. I laid my eyes on the windows and they were all broken with rocks which some boys must have done."

FINIS

WINNARD



LUTHER BURBANK JUNIOR-HI-SCHOOL 1923

Volume 9 Number 2

Christmas

Foreword

"Dear Old Burbank" is a happy thought that comes to the children who have attended the school and gone on, for they remember the principal, the patient teachers, and the many real school chums who were always eager to help one another. As each year closes the school finds itself growing larger in many ways. There are new buildings, modern methods of working, and, the most important of all, a larger number of students who will later on possess the fond memory of "Dear Old Burbank".

Mary Dawson H9

Faculty

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin J. Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Civics, English, History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlsen	Physical Education
Sadie E. Derry	Home Economics
Katherine Fisk	Household Arts
John J. Frick	Manual Art
Clennie Gard	Physical Education
P. Adele Gilbert	Music
Ruth M. Houston	English, History
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, Ancient History, Latin
Albert L. McDermont	Science
Lucy M. Robinson	English, Arithmetic
Carrie L. Smith	Business Arithmetic, Science
Jean E. Skimmings	English, Arithmetic, History
Mabel P. Webber	Drawing
Angie M. Webster	Arithmetic, Drawing, English
Emma L. Wilkes	Counselor, Arithmetic, English
Earl D. Williams	Manual Art, Mechanical Drawing
Andrew M. Wolfenden	Bookkeeping, Shorthand
Victor Schott	Violin, Orchestra
Belle Ross	Piano
Alexanda Ingram	Band

Graduates

Akagi, Toshio
Amondsen, Clifford
Anderson, Leland
Bee, Gladys
Bettilyon, Amile
Biglow, Rollin
Bisbiglia, Joseph
Bloomquist, Adelia
Bolton, Doris
Borgeson, Wilhelm
Bottone, Pasquale
Burt, Hazel
Carlson, Alice
Dawson, Mary
DeMay, Theresa
Denley, Grace
De Vight, Victor
Fardig, Mildred
Goravitz, Joseph
Hastings, Kathrine
Head, Velma
Hemphill, Isabel
Heyman, Elsie
Jackson, Mary
Johansen, Rudolph
Jorgensen, Gudrun
Jyrinka, Walter
Kuzniarski, Edward
Lavezzola, George
Maki, Kaarlo
McDermott, Alice
McDermott, James
McGee, Louise
McMenomy, Ruth
Morton, Clyde
Olson, Roy
Parks, Walter
Phillips, Josephine
Rengel, Clement
Rinne, Alex
Rocha, Albert
Rogers, Annie
Rosales, Mary
Silva, Minnie
Sisterna, Eleanor
Sohlman, Ralph
Songey, Evelyn
Smith, Clarence
Strong, Carolyn
Thomas, Paul
Vorland, Florence
Welch, William
White, Amelia

The Cottonwood Tree

On the margin of a small lake in the heart of the Rocky Mountains there stands a tall cottonwood tree. In the spring it is very beautiful with its new leaves and branches. This tree is unusually tall and stately. Its highest twig is at least seventy-five feet from the ground.

In the autumn the leaves of the tree are of many colors. They are like fairy airships as they come sailing down from the branches.

When winter comes the trees are bare and are covered with snow. The lake is frozen over and when you look across this white desert and see this lonley tree it looks like a huge ghost. The north wind whistles through its branches and makes a moaning sound that no one lingering by at a late hour would care to hear

Harley Long L7

Lake Tahoe in Autumn

Autumn brings beauty to Lake Tahoe. Along the shores, trees are masses of red and gold. Shrubbery of all shades of brown clusters here and there. Large oaks throw dark shadows over the lake's glassy surface.

Further on there are maple trees decked out in their richest colors. Little brown and gray chipmunks scamper up and down the trunks of the trees, picking up the acorns that lie scattered over the ground. An empty bird's nest lies buried in leaves and many more neglected ones lie in bare branches. There is no sign of green, save for a few swamp reeds in the lake. All the plants try to outdo each other in richness of color and beauty.

Eula Burnham L7

By the Sea

As I sat dreaming, on a large rock by the side of the glistening sea, looking listlessly into its azure depths, I saw a huge fish glide toward me. He darted in and out of the little caverns worn by the restless waves, then raising his head above the water and drinking of the refreshing air, swished away into the mysterious depths of the ocean.

What marvelous sights he must see in his chambers among the shells and seaweeds. He lives in perfect splendor with the many other gorgeously colored fish of the deep. Like a king he is with his jewels and floating palaces.

One would think him happy and free, but here, as everywhere, the powerful crush the weak. The strong live in the beautiful haunts, while the weak drift with the tide.

Norma Olson L9

The Little Temple of Twenty Bells

IN THE little town of Minden there was a temple with twenty bells in it. These bells had the sweetest music in the world in them. The oldest person in Minden could not remember when this little temple was built and the bells installed. It was the favorite story of Minden that the bells were protected by magic; it was said that in the far north there was a little rock where every year a single bird came to sharpen its beak. When the rock was thus worn away the little temple of twenty bells would be no more.

One night the keeper of the little temple dreamed that he saw the bird come to the rock of which was left only a few grains. He saw him sharpen his beak and the few grains left become fewer. The next night he dreamed the same thing and so on for three successive nights. The next day was the Sabbath and when the people arose to go to church they found the little temple nowhere in sight.

The favorite story of the new generation of Minden now is how the little temple of twenty bells disappeared.

Crystal Smith L8

Morning

At seven o'clock the dew sparkled on the needles of the pines and on the grass. A heavy mist hung over the silence of the trees. The spider-web that hung from the branch to a small pine needle was covered with dew.

The little creek that ran by us was laughing merrily. The little pebbles were losing their foothold. The green ferns were over our heads in the shades along the creek with the dew dripping downward from their points. The sun was shining, but it had not pierced through the shadows. Birds were busy singing, squirrels were quarreling, but the babbling of the creek was the most rhythmical song of all.

Mildred Fardig H9

Our Grocer

Every time I see our grocer he makes me laugh. I don't think I have ever seen him without a cigar in his mouth; about half the time it isn't lit. I think he uses it for chewing tobacco. He has brown hair, which is always standing up on end.

He is bow-legged and I think he has only one suit, because he always has on a hiking suit, and the only hiking he ever does is around the store, trying to climb as high as his prices. But I don't think he will be able to do that just yet.

He has dull, blue eyes which he uses pretty well, because if he sees some one take a raisin, he is after him in a second. He is always staring about him.

Sometimes if he is watching what is going on, he is liable to give you the wrong thing.

He looks so funny, chewing away on his cigar, that the looks of him make me laugh.

Irene Wilson L7

The Football Game

SATURDAY was a dismal, foggy day and it was the day of the big game, about which everybody seemed so excited. I was returning with my mother from the city on a Southern Pacific ferry which was so crowded that we dared not move for fear some one would tread on our toes. Everybody looked lovely. The women wore beautiful colors of red and white with the small letter S on them, if they were for Stanford, and the ones for California wore blue and almost golden flowers, with a yellow C on the blue.

When I reached home I was so eager to go I could hardly eat my dinner and do the dishes in time.

A friend came over and she said she would like to go with me. I dressed in my hiking and scout suit because I thought it would be jolly to hike up there. But to my disappointment the mother of the friend said she couldn't go, so I hiked up there alone, which made the way seem longer.

I knew when I was near because I saw blocks and blocks of street cars, waiting to take their human cargo to their destination. Seeing a few people going I thought the game must be about over and I climbed the stairs where there were thousands sitting and some one said the game was about half over. The doorkeeper was tussling with an unruly man and didn't see me. They put him out and I took his place.

It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen, and the most enthusiastic crowd. After the game, when California claimed the victory and marched single file in the form of a bear with its mouth open swallowing Stanford, it was wonderful to see. When it was over it was quite late and I had not taken any car fare, so I walked home, satisfied with the events of the afternoon.

Louise McGee H9

Just A Thanksgiving Thought

To whom does it belong, to young or old?
  I think, after all, it belongs to the young.
Haven't the old digested fun many times fold
  While the young into the fun are yet to be flung.

To the turkeys and the pies and stomach-aches, oh!
  Why is Father Time poking his way ahead?
If I were he, nobody would find me so slow,
  But nothing is fast for youth; they wait instead.

Waino Landell L9

Early Morning in the Woods

ONE SUMMER morning while we were on a camping trip, my brother took his rifle and went hunting and I went with him. There was no wind and not a leaf stirred. The only sound that broke the silence was the twittering of the birds. The ground and grass were wet with dew. Squirrels ran up the trees and gophers ran into their holes when we came near them. Suddenly when we went around the turn of the path we saw a deer, drinking from the lake about 500 feet from us. But when it saw us it pricked up its ears and listened and looked for a moment, then it leaped into the woods. We did not see anything more until we started back to camp. Then we saw a rabbit eating clover on the path. We crept up close to it, very quietly. It stopped eating and listened. But when nothing happened it started eating again. My brother shot the rabbit but only wounded it and it ran away. We ran after it. It went into the densest parts and we got scratched and bruised following it. Then the rabbit stopped, after it thought it was safe, and my brother shot it. This time it was killed. Then after we ate and rested, we took the rabbit and started for camp.

Anne Lehto L9

Over There

Don't you think we can spare one day
  To remember the boys that have gone away?
Away from us never to return again,
  Only in phantom shapes cold and grim.
This memory clings about me
  As they sleep across the sea,
And I can hear the lonely prayer
  As though sent to me by God:
That they are lonely over there
  Beneath the foreign sod.

Carolyn Strong H9

The Berkeley Hills at Sunset

A glance toward the Berkeley hills just at the time the sun is setting gives a beautiful sight. There is a purplish haze at the top of the hill which mingles with the deep blue of the sky, its background. The lower part of the hill has a dull gray and green appearance. The sun casts its last bright rays on the windows of many of the houses, which reflect back to us dazzling yellow and orange flames, that are trying to ward off nightfall.

Mary Dawson H9

The Kitchen at Christmas Time

THE DAY before Christmas Eve the kitchen table was piled high with food and a large goose attracted our eyes as he entered the room. We children had a helping hand in pulling the quills from the goose and in picking over cranberries. The two mothers then made the dressing for the goose and cooked the cranberries. We children strung popcorn and decorated the Christmas tree.

The kitchen was hot and stuffy with good odors mixed. There was bustling and running about. The clatter of spoons, knives and forks could be heard all through the house. During the cooking the cooks kept chattering, and if some one tried to listen, he would wonder what language was talked, because it would be so fast.

At the end of the day almost all the cooking had been done and placed on a side table for inspection. The cooks stood near with hands akimbo, watching to see that no one would taste anything until the right time. Their faces were light with the proud happy smiles. On Christmas everybody thought the dinner extra good and that made the cooks even prouder.

Ellen Savolainen L9

Christmas Memories

I hoped and wished that I might be
A little boy like I used to be,
And know that Santa Claus was near;
And hear his footsteps dear;
And then I wished that I could see;
If he was bringing me a Christmas tree;
But I must leave behind the yesterdays
When I was a boy of such small ways.

Franklin Nielson H7

"Lefty"

It was a very hot day during the summer vacation. I was sitting down on the ground by the edge of the road when who should come trudging along but "Lefty."

"Lefty" is not his real name, but the "kids" of the neighborhood call him that because he gives such good wallops with his left fist.

There's one thing about him that attracts nearly everyone's attention; it's his eyes. They are large and sparkling and as blue as the sky. If he heard me saying this he might give me a whack on my nose. He's Irish but he has blonde hair which stands straight on the top of his head.

There's one thing about him that I nearly forgot to tell you: that his real name is Jack Montrose. But don't nickname him "Rosy" because he's so tanned and covered with freckles that there's nothing about him that looks like a rose.

Elizabeth Kultala L7

A Winter in Minneapolis

It is hard to say which season of the year is liked best, summer or winter, but the snow is certainly hailed with joy, by the young people at least.

In several large parks in Minneapolis the people have established big slides for the children with sleds. A policeman always stands at the top of the slide to see that there is no pushing.

The greatest event of the season is the winter carnival at a neighboring city, St. Paul. Thousands of people go to these carnivals. Here skiing exhibitions are given, and there are skating and sleighing parties and big snowball fights in which all participate. Many times a dance is given on the ice and the dancers wear ice skates. A winter in the East is something never to be forgotten.

Grace Denley H9

The Peddler

Bainbridge Island is an island in the state of Washington situated about ten miles from the city of Seattle. It is a small island and is not up-to-date in modern life. There they never hear or see any such people as murderers or robbers, unless they wish to read about them in the Seattle paper, and, of course, peddlers are not common.

One day a peddler came to the island from Seattle, thinking he could do big business, since not many peddlers came to that vicinity. He sold all different kinds of material for dresses and aprons, all kinds of laces, handkerchiefs, ribbons, and other small articles. He had a folding table, and at every second or third corner he would blow his horn to attract the attention of the women, and then put his goods on display on his table. The children, not being used to seeing peddlers, thought him very interesting and followed him all over. Sometimes he had a dozen children tagging behind him, laughing and begging him to blow his horn and unpack his table.

Violet Jacobsen L9

Christmas Eve

Outside the snow was falling,
Making everything look white.
There were no birdies calling,
For it was a wintry night.

Inside the fire was sparkling,
The Christmas tree stood straight.
Now, who do you think was coming:
Why Santa! but he'd be late.

The children toddled off to bed,
Looking so sad and forlorn,
'Cause Santa might bring a sleigh for Ned,
But they couldn't tell 'till morn.

They dreamed of many toys,
That Santa brings good girls and boys.
They did not hear old Santa knocking,
Nor see him fill each little stocking.

Mary Dawson H9

The Berkeley Fire

THE HUNGRY flames leaped and swept angrily forward, destroying everything in their path. Like a fierce dragon, the fire swiftly crept before the darkened hills. Up, up it went as if it would touch the heavens. The wind blew madly and seemed to want to outdo the flames in its strength. What was happening? Was our beautiful university to be completely destroyed by powerful flames?

The wind finally gave up and blew no more to the south. At last the fire slowly disappeared until nothing but the glowing embers remained of what were once beautiful homes. It seemed like a great arena, lit up at night for some wonderful festival. Later the gradually fading light had been wiped out and left a large devastated region, resembling a huge graveyard with its columns and chimneys, which looked like tombstones and monuments.

Katherine Hastings H9

The Fairies

When I was in Oregon City with my aunt and uncle on their ranch we would sit by the fireplace in the evening and they would tell me stories of fairies and witches. We would not light the lamps until quite late, but would depend on the light from the fireplace.

Have you ever watched the flames as they leap up the chimney from an open fireplace? The smoke, mingled with the flames, looks like fairies dancing and playing together. Then up the chimney they go, full of life and glee. Then you hear a humming and singing and swishing sound like their voices and the rustling of their gowns.

You forget where you are and long to fly away with them to some distant fairyland.

Dorothy Barrowman L7

A Wild Duck

One day I was walking along the shore of the lake and I saw something in between the rocks, moving. I picked it up and found that it was a duck that had been shot by some hunter, and had a broken wing. I took it home and put it in a box and gave it something to eat, but it would not eat. The next day I went out to feed it, and it ate everything I gave it because it was very hungry. That day I put a big tub of water by its box. It would not go in unless I threw something to eat in it. My mother did not like the duck very much so she told me to get rid of it. I did not want to kill it so I took it to Lake Merritt and left it among the other ducks and it liked it very much.

Ralph Sohlman H9

My Day Dream

ONE DAY as I was going home from school, I passed a brook. Feeling very tired, I sat down. My eyes were soon set on a water lily. Watching it very carefully I saw it grow into a fairy and its petals change to wings. Slowly it moved and before long there stood a fairy beside me! She had flitted lightly across the brook.

She was soon up by me and asked if I would like to go with her. I readily consented, for I had often wanted to see real fairies. I was worried because I didn't know how I could get across the lake, but she soon changed me. I told her about my shabby dress but she said it would be fixed. She waved her wand, and there I stood in a pretty dress! We went through many doors and then we met a little man. The fairy told me his name was "Wingsy." They named him that because he was one that sold the wings.

The fairy put a pair on me and we bade the man good-bye. Soon we came to a wall which surrounded the spot where the Queen lived. My fairy told me to give a big jump. I did so, and soon we were flying high over the wall and then we dropped down on the other side. My guide then took me to the Queen. But, I could only look at her, because two hours had passed and that was as long as I could stay. We went back the same way we had come and met "Wingsy" again and returned the wings. He invited me to come whenever I could. I was just walking across the brook when I felt myself suddenly sinking. I woke up to find I had slipped from the log and was rolling toward the water. Jumping up, I started home to tell my mother about my day dream.

Isabell Ysunga L8

Armistice Day

When the day of our armistice comes back again,
A prayer of thanksgiving to Him we shall send.
But, though our hearts lighten for the day of joys,
There is yet a tear in our eye for the brave boys,
Who, when their country called, stepped to the gap,
And, dying, brought us forward another lap.
Victory! victory! what joy the word brings!
But still our deep sorrow pathetically clings.

Clyde Morton H9

The Autumn Wind

The wind was blowing gleefully and a tree that was standing by was the only thing he could play with. The wind would blow hard and a few leaves would fall off of the tree; this would make the wind laugh and want to blow all the more. But the tree was crying and said that the wind was heartless to take her dress off. Then the leaves were blown about as if they were made to dance. The wind did not play long, for it seemed as if Mother Nature were calling him to come away. All that could be seen on the tree was bare bark and on the ground was her pretty gown. The wind had picked all her golden leaves off.

Elenor Sisterna H9

An Old Fashioned Garden

IT WAS a bright summer morning. The sun had just come out to kiss away the dew. Everything was still. A rustle of silk and an old lady with silver hair appeared. She was dressed in white silk, and as she came down the path the flowers seemed to nod and smile. She stopped on her way to whisper a word to the stately hollyhocks that were nodding in their red and white glory. Next she came to the forget-me-nots where she paused again and looked down into their star-like eyes, which were as blue as her own.

The little lady lifted her eyes and gazed at her wonderful old garden. Over in one corner was a bower, the pride of her heart, over which pink and white roses were climbing in frantic efforts to reach the sky. In the very center of the garden was a brook, babbling over the rocks, singing merrily to the modest violets and ferns which were bending over the water's edge. Her eyes now wandered to the vain hyacinths, admiring their pink and white petals, then to the marigolds with golden heads nestled in their leaves. Her gaze then rested on the pin-cushions standing guard over the timid marigolds.

The old lady's eyes again sought the forget-me-nots. They were the most beautiful of all—and she murmured softly, "Forget-me-not."

Evelyn Shelby L7

Two Wild Canaries

It was a cold morning and it had been raining the night before. As I walked down the sidewalk past some bushes I heard a noise, as though some one had shaken the leaves. I stopped short and listened for a while and I heard the same noise followed by a "peep-peep." I walked over to the bush and there I found two little wild canaries, shivering so much that they were shaking. I picked them up and took them home and put them in a cage. Then I fed them some bird seed, which we happened to have in the house. They were afraid and would not eat for the first few days, but after a while they seemed to get used to the cage and began singing and eating. They are happy because all the day long they sit and sing as if they were out in the wilds.

Edwin Carlson L9

A Storm

Along the shore of a rock bound coast, the waves swept high and the roar from the ocean was terrific. Every wave was hooded with the white foam. Neptune seemed to be very angry. Far in the ocean a ship was tossing. Sometimes one would believe it was swallowed by the mighty ocean. The sky was dark and gloomy. It was the beginning of a terrible storm. The rain came down in torrents, which seemed as if the heavens had opened. The wind blew. Soon after, everything became calm. Along the shore the waves washed with more peace than before and very little wind was up. The sun shone and on the banks where the trees grew the birds sang. Everything was in peace and contentment.

Annie Rogers H9

A Secret Passage

WHEN WE were living on the ranch, my brother and some boys had a den built under the ground. We girls knew that they had a secret passage but were never able to find it. If we went the way we had seen the boys going we would only find the door locked and would have to go back again. We were very curious as most girls are, so we always kept looking for the passage and looking for the boys to come out of some place near it, but they were too wise and always came out by the main entrance.

One day we hid in the wood-shed and waited for them. They finally came, after we waited for what seemed to us to be an hour, but, of course, it was only about fifteen minutes.

By the rabbit house there was an umbrella tree and near the tree there was some bamboo which you could not see through as it was so thick. They went in through this bamboo and disappeared. We were thoroughly satisfied and went in the house again.

One Sunday my brother went out and left the key in his overalls. As I had the job of washing the dirty overalls, I had to empty everything from the pockets. And what should I come across but the key! I ran out of the house with the girls right behind and over through the bamboo, and to our surprise there was a door. We unlocked it and went in. As it was dark in the passage we were rather timid. When we got down there we found a lamp which we lit.

We found many things which had disappeared from the house. They had the cards which Papa and I played with, and everything imaginable.

After being thoroughly satisfied we went up again, locking it safely and went back and I hung the key up in his room and he never knew the difference.

I forgot to say that I helped build this cave and brother said I might go in any time, but when it was finished I never was in it until we found this secret passage.

Boys will be boys, and so will girls. Elizabeth McIndoe L9

A Funny Drive

One day when our family was at Mill Valley with some friends, we thought we would get a horse and go out riding. When we started out we thought that they had rented us a funny looking beast. My brother said it was so high we should have to take a ladder to get onto its back; indeed, that was the way it looked, it was so tall.

At last we got started. My mother said she would drive the horse and she did. My mother drove it quite a way until we came to a hill and then the horse began to slip down the hill. We were all frightened at this and called to a man across the street to come and help us. But he took so long that we thought the horse would be half-way down before he reached us.

My mother asked him to drive it down the hill while we all walked down in single file. We used to laugh to think of how we rented the horse, and then let the man ride free. When he got to the bottom of the hill we got in again, but my mother would not drive it this time, so she let her friend drive it instead. We went on all right for a while until suddenly her little boy fell right between the wheels of the carriage. He was not hurt, only badly frightened. When we reached town and were rid of the horse we all declared that we would not want it again.

Laura Thomson H8

BURBANK NEWS

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MR. EDWARDS' SPEECH

Mr. Edwards of Berkeley High School talked to us about choosing a vocaton. We had movies showing the making of a storage battery. While the picture was being shown he explained to the assembly the different parts of a battery. He chose to talk about the battery because it is an industry. There is a big demand for storage batteries, as there are seven million cars in the United States. All modern cars have a storage battery for lighting and starting automobiles. And batteries are also used in many other ways.

Another trade that Mr. Edwards considers important is that of auto mechanic. As there are many cars they need repairing sometime or another.

Leland Anderson H9

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES

The Reverend Mr. Larkin gave an interesting talk on "Astronomy." He said that a camera, if exposed long enough, can take pictures of things that you can never see, even with the aid of a telescope. All the stars are really suns, though they are very much bigger than our sun. The milky way is composed of millions of stars.

We saw pictures of the moon. On the moon are many mountains and signs of eruptions. The wonderful pictures we saw were a great help in understanding the lecture.

Adele Rengel H7

PROFESSOR HERMS' TALK

Professor Herms gave a very interesting talk to the Burbank School November 22.

The talker gave us an inside view of science as a vocation. There are many scientific positions in the line of chemistry, geometry, botany, zoology, pharmacy, bacteriology, etc.

The whole purpose of science is to discover the truth about some mystery, and pry into secrets of the universe.

He closed his talk by stating that he expected someone in the group of Burbank School would sometime become a great scientist, to rank with Luther Burbank.

Ellen Savolainen L9

WHERE TO GO FROM HERE

Professor Hildebrand of the University of California gave an interesting lecture to the children of Burbank School on "Choosing Your Vocation." He teaches not for the money he is earning, but for the reason that he likes that kind of work.

His advice to us was to find the thing we liked to do better than anything else, then study about it and, when the time comes to do our work, we shall be able to do it well. Doing work you like is like playing a game all through life. He said it was very hard for school children of our age to decide just what we want to be. He advises us to build our castles while we are young, then as we grow older we shall be able to see whether they are real or only bubbles.

Mary Dawson H9

THE L9 DEBATE

The L9 class had a debate on the question: Resolved that a youth of today has a better opportunity of advancement than the youth of yesterday. The debate was held in Educational Week and served as an educational program. The negative team, composed of girls, was Florence Ramsey, Lucienne Delabriandais, and Ella Anton. The affirmative team, composed of girls also, was Norma Olson, Mary Vinn, and Marjorie Johnson. The debate proved to be close, with both sides having a number of good points, but the negative finally won. The period was well spent and everyone received a warm hand.

Waino Landell L9

THE DAIRY SHOW

On November 9, the L9 girls went with Mrs. Derry to the Dairy Show. It was very interesting. There were many varieties of cheese. Several maps showed deaths caused from raw milk through typhoid fever. The pasteurized milk caused no death. There were Holstein and Jersey cows. We also learned the modern equipment for milking cows, pasteurizing milk, bottling milk, and putting the tops on the bottles. The whole process was without the hands touching them.

Ellen Savolainen L9

A SECOND BABE RUTH

J. Asaro (presenting a book report): He run away.

Miss Albee: That is incorrect.

Joe (forgetting that it was his English that was up at bat): It wasn't a home run.

LOW EIGHTH PLAY

The play called "When a Junior Meets a Junior in a History Book," was given by the L8[1] on the twentieth of November.

There were twelve characters, and one scene. The admission was two cents, and the amount we obtained from the play was two dollars. The money was used to help fill the boxes for the Japanese children.

Lillian Linden L8

THE ARMISTICE DAY LECTURE

On November 9, Captain Van Leer of the American Legion addressed us on the subject of Armistice day. He explained the reasons for which we went into the war and how we fought; of the terrible battles and the courage of our soldiers as they gave their lives that our nation might live. On the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, when the fighting soldiers received word of peace, they rejoiced in rest. He said that the world needed educated men and women to prevent wars. It is the duty of the children of the world to prepare to solve the future problems of the world, of war and other things.

Elsie Heyman H9

OUR PLAN FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

The ninth grade civics class decided this term to do one thing that would help the school. The pupils were asked what they would like to do. The pupils decided that it would be a good problem to try to get the name of our school displayed on the building.

Before we could go any further we had to get Mr. Preston's permission. A committee of three was selected: Victor Devight, Mary Jackson and Ruth Hentzel. After talking with Mr. Preston they were given his permission.

We found the problem too hard to carry out by ourselves, so we decided to ask the ninth grades to help us. We called the ninth grades together and some speeches were made by Doris Bolton, Herbert Anderson, Howard Mann, and Victor Devight. They agreed to help us.

But we could not go any further without the permission of the Board of Education. We then wrote a letter, asking for permission to have the name put on the school. We were granted the permission.

We had a committee investigate how much the letters would cost and the size of them. The letters are to be eight to twelve inches high and gold in color, so they may be seen from a distance. The name will be placed between the main entrance and the teachers'

entrance and will read: "Burbank Junior High School." The place, size and color of the letters were selected by a committee which was selected by Mr. Preston, consisting of Miss Webster, Miss Webber, and Mr. Williams.

The money to buy the letters will be made by the ninth grades.

I know our plans will be a success and will be a benefit to the school.

Herbert Anderson L9

NERVOUSNESS

One may have nerves of steel while out in ordinary life and would think nothing of walking on a thin board on the top of a high building or sitting in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm and calmly doing business. But, if one has to address a battery of a thousand eyes for the first time then he knows nervousness.

He sits upon the stage and tries to look natural, but he feels far from comfortable and knows that he looks that way, too. His heart beats with sickening rapidity, his breath is jerky, and his face turns a pasty white or else a feverish red. He tries to go over his speech, but to his horror, he cannot remember a word of it!

After ages of anticipation he rises ready to make a horrible failure. He gets in the right position for a failure and opens his mouth to show that he is game anyway, but suddenly the words flow forth easily and clearly, he knows just what he is going to say, and his nervousness has vanished.

Thus, the most nerveless man falls a victim to expectation and becomes nervous over a small task that is a pleasure to do.

Clyde Morton H9

MISBEHAVIOR IN SCHOOL

Gum-chewing in the assembly is one of the rudest forms of crude manners and when we have a speaker or guest at Burbank and he looks down and sees some girls and boys whispering and chewing gum, it cannot be a very pleasant sight and surely he will not feel encouraged to come again. It also shows discourtesy toward our neighbors who may be sitting near and would rather hear a speaker than whispering and giggling.

Another thing that must be stopped in Burbank is the running in the halls. A person running in the halls must find it rather hard to dodge others who are hurrying to class-rooms and he usually bumps into two or three before reaching his own room. Everyone would get to his or her classroom more quickly if everyone would walk and not run.

Grace Denley H9

VACATION

As we approach the great day that marks the beginning of our vacation, we seem to feel that the minutes never went so slowly and that the days are intolerably long. Each day we count the remaining days as they slowly diminish.

At last comes the glorious day and we prepare for an eternity of fun. What a sense of unutterable relief comes over us as we realize that now our time is our own!

The first day is a day of bliss and we rejoice in our new freedom. Then comes the next day and the next, and soon the days are fairly flying with a sickening rapidity and we feel a sensation of terror when we realize that only a few more days separate us from our imprisonment.

Then the last day arrives and we try to make it a long day, but it flies away faster than the day before vacation ever went.

Deep down in our hearts we feel a desire for work and the keen enjoyment of competing with our companions. We come to school the next day, fresh and ready to give battle and really glad to be back.

Clyde Morton H9

OUR PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

I think it would be safe to say that Burbank's Parent-Teachers' Association is becoming a great success. There are more new members and the parents seem to be more interested. I believe because Mr. Preston has had the backing up of the parents that that is the reason the new shops and the new library have been obtained. Now, that these things have been gotten, why not get more things in the same manner? The thing that is needed now is a cafeteria. Children who bring lunches should have foods that are hot and a cafeteria would be cheap enough for all the children.

Probably if the children wanted a swimming pool that could be secured, and other things also.

—Leland Anderson, H9.

HIS REPUTATION ESTABLISHED

Mr. McDermott (observing Mr. Frick starting to take a violin lesson): I wouldn't trust him with a violin, he is apt to use a saw for a bow.

Mrs. Tomsen (greeting H. Whiffen, an alumnus, who had joined the navy, but was on a furlough): Are you on a ship now?

H. Whiffen: No, not just at present.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club reorganized in August. It now has twenty-five members. The club meets twice a month.

The club not only takes pictures, but the members study how to take better photos, to understand their cameras, and develop better pictures. The club is taking pictures of the school's activities.

We are also selling some of our own pictures, post-card size, at the bazaar.

We had a very successful candy sale at the low seventh's play, to make money to buy an album for our pictures.

Next term we are hoping for a darkroom to develop our pictures.

Frances Maher L8

THE HIKE TO DIMOND CANYON

The first hike of the season was to Dimond Canyon. The group consisted of five boys, Mr. Carlsen, Mr. Frick, and myself. We met at the school one Saturday morning with lunches. From here we went to Shattuck avenue where we met Mr. Frick. At one of the stores "weenies" and rolls were bought.

We took the College car and soon were transferred to the Rockridge car. This car seemed like the "Toonerville Trolley" as it was a "one-man car." When we got off the "one-man car" we had about a four-mile stretch ahead of us to walk. When we had walked quite a way we saw plums hanging right over the fence. When Mr. Carlsen and Mr. Frick were not looking we raided. We kept walking, with the boys in the lead, and raiding plum trees right along. Most of these plum trees were growing by themselves and probably the owner's houses had burned.

While walking along we saw a lady standing on her front porch and she called to us and said, "If you boys want some plums help yourselves." We thanked her and we surely did pick those plums! We filled pockets, bags, and all.

At last we arrived toward our destination. We ate our lunches and roasted the "weenies." Some snap shots were taken while we ate the hot dogs.

When the luncheon was over we had a very nice swim. This is a boy scout camp and they have a fine pool. Everybody was in the water. Mr. Frick seemed to be doing the mud crawl, or something like that.

Before long we had to leave, because some of the boys had paper routes. It was the end of a perfect day.

Leland Anderson H9

Yes, we have no homework today!

CLASS SPIRIT

If you have been unfortunate enough to be deprived of the privilege of attending school, it seems very strange to you to see some person sacrificing his valuable time. To a class member who is of the right sort, his or her duty to the class is very real.

If a school has a bad reputation, the class should work together for a better one. If the class is dragged down by one person, then the class should eliminate him.

Probably the most disgusting slacker is the one that would rather get out of school early than practice for a play or for some sport.,

Class spirit is a wonderful thing. It breeds loyalty and co-operation and when the class works together, there is nothing that can hold it back.

Clyde Morton H9

OUR PROGRESS IN DANCING

At last the boys are getting a chance to dance. Already some of them have learned. Of course, they couldn't help it, with such "peppy" music. And the girls are lovely about teaching them, even risking their toes doing so But it really is worth it, for the boys are so enthusiastic. It is astonishing to notice their promptness at the noon dances; most of the boys are fifteen minutes early.

Elsie Heyman H9

AN INTERESTING QUESTION

About six weeks ago Miss Webster asked the pupils in her L8² Class how they would like to have a window box. They all said they would like one and some of the girls said they would bring plants and the boys said they would fix the shelf. When they spoke to Mr. Williams about it, he sent Miss Webster, much to her surprise and disgust, a slip about a foot long for her to fill out. She wrote in every space she could see and handed it to the secretary. Now six weeks have gone by and where is the shelf? The interesting thing is to see if we ever get it or not.

Willie Baxter L8

SURELY NOT OUR MUSIC TEACHER!

Mrs. Tomsen (hunting for a vigorous jazz record to accompany the typing lesson): Who has taken my "Babbling Brook"?

M. Dinelli: Maybe Miss Gilbert has it?

OUR OPERETTA

The annual operetta which the High Ninth is giving is called the "Bells of Beaujolais." The action of the play is on an imaginary island off the coast of Normandy, the principal town of which is Beaufleur. The people, who are in need of money, are ruled by the Duke Augustus, who is also short of change.

The people are made hopeful by the arrival of a rich American party, consisting of Mr. Bender, his sister; Mrs. Jessup, her two nieces, Phyllis and Belle, and two young men, Larry and Tony.

The Duke soon falls in love with Mrs. Jessup, who, however, does not return his love. Bender shows a great deal of attention to the Duke's fiance, Countess Marie. Larry and Tony likewise show a great interest in Yvonne and Suzette, two pretty village girls.

In order to get the boys back and relieve the situation, the two girls, at a garden party at the castle, dress as Yvonne and Suzette, the Countess as Aunt Sarah, and Aunt Sarah as the Countess.

Bender, mistaking Aunt Sarah for the Countess, is tricked and the Duke, mistaking the Countess for Aunt Sarah, is tricked into pledging himself to her. The boys win forgiveness and all ends practically as it started.

The solos and choruses for the play are very good and most of the songs have been learned.

Pasquale Bottone, who takes the part of Bender, has especially distinguished himself with a very good baritone voice. The others also are interesting in expression and appearance.

The cast is as follows:

Duke Augustus, lord of the isle..... Clyde Morton

Countess Marie, his fiance ..... Lucille Mazzini

Mr. Bender, a self-satisfied soul..... Pasquale Bottone

Aunt Sarah, a stern lady.....Hazel Burt

Belle, who with Phyllis, makes the plan ..... Elsie Heyman

Phyllis, who also makes the plan..... Mary Dawson

Tony, who is quite unfaithful..... Paul Thomas

Larry, also fickle.....Joseph Bisbiglia

Harkins, Mr. Bender's valet..... Clifford Amundsen

Suzette, who has charm..... Louise McGee

Yvonne, who also attracts ..... Grace Denley

Pierre, Yvonne's lover..... George Lavezzola

Chicot, Suzette's lover ..... Alex Rinne

The operetta will be given on the night of December 14th.

Clyde Morton H9

THE PLAYS GIVEN BY HIGH EIGHTH CLASS

The two divisions of the high eighth class, under the direction of Miss Male and Miss Albee, had been studying the poem, "Snow-Bound," written by John Greenleaf Whittier, and decided that by giving plays the facts being realized, would be easier to carry on. Not only did they find this true, but it proved also a pleasant way in which to study.

Each pupil in Miss Male's class made up his own part.

Miss Albee's class wrote conversations between the characters who are described in the poem. From these the best were taken and put together by Miss Albee.

The two plays presented the same characters but very different characterizations were given so there was a great contrast in the plays. Many congratulated the cast.

Ruth Iverson H8

THE SCHOOL SIDEWALK

The cement sidewalk in front of the shops has been completed. It took a term and a half to complete it, but the boys under Mr. Frick have made quite a success. They made from four to eight cubic feet each time they worked. Near the end of the walk the boys made ten cubic feet when they were quite experienced. It was quite a satisfactory job.

The credit is going to Mr. Frick for his instruction in the facts of cement mixing, that is how to mix sand, gravel, and cement and make concrete. The formula for this is four parts sand and gravel to one part of cement. For the top the formula is one part sand to one part cement.

This job done by the boys of the Burbank School has saved the Board of Education a little sum, but that is not the main point. The boys who worked on this sidewalk received the real experience of working on a cement sidewalk.

Pasquale Battone H9

A RIDDLE

Will hard tempers develop tender heads? Ask D. McMenomy.

"EVANGELINE"

The play of "Evangeline" was given by the Low 8^1 in the month of September. The admission was ten cents. We obtained $40.00, which was used for magazines.

The directors were Vivian Williamson, Marion Dexheimer, and Norma Lateana. The cast of characters was: Evangeline, Evangeline Raymond; Gabriel, Donald Smith: Basil, William Lawerence; Benedict, Frank Marshal; Father Felician, Stanley Larson. There were also many other characters. It was a success.

Marion Dexheimer L8

FOR OUR BAZAAR

The 07^4 Class wanted to make something pretty and useful for the bazaar. We decided to embroider a dozen glass towels. Our teacher bought the towels and we brought the money to pay for them. We also brought colored thread from home. Now we are making the towels. We hope they will all be sold. We think that they will make good Christmas presents.

Edith Rover 07

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS FOR THE SOLDIERS

All the pupils in Burbank School that take drawing with Miss Weber, have been making small decorations for Hallowe'en for the wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Palo Alto.

The boys were very much pleased with these gifts, so the children are making place cards for Thanksgiving to send to them also.

Myrtle Matson L8

WHAT OUR CLASS IS DOING IN ENGLISH

The high seven one English class is doing pretty good work in English, especially in English literature and composition. We also have some accurate speliers in our class, which brings our average up fairly well.

Our principal work right now and the subject we are most deeply interested in is the wonderful story of "Evangeline." We have been all the more interested in it since we saw the play given by the eighth grade. We are studying, reading, and enjoying "Evangeline." We are writing descriptions of the different characters of the poem. Some of the beautiful lines of "Evangeline" we love to memorize.

Another thing we are interested in is the planning and dramatization of plays. Our class is very fond of dramatization and we can perform rather well.

We presented a play called "Alice in Grammarland," which some of you have seen. It was rather short, but we have heard nevertheless that it has given our class a good reputation.

Franklin Nielson H7

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Of course there is. Who else could be so jolly, and give all kinds of nice things at Christmas? No one but Santa Claus! and he makes all those prizes in his wonder-workshop.

Perhaps some foolish, silly person doesn't believe in Santa Claus. Just let him go his own way, the dreary thing! But the rest of us do, and always will.

Elsie Heyman H9

J. Carbone: The Germans are the best police dogs.

THE IDEA! IN SCHOOL!

Miss Gilbert (announcing the next record on the Victrola): You will now hear the "Damnation of Faust."

ONLY A RATTLING TALE

Myrtle Matson (looking at the snake's rattles in the science room) Is the snake's poison in its rattle?

S. Larson (with superior knowledge): No, it's in its head.

POWDER OR HATS?

F. Farber (in history $H7^3$) The English crossed to Concord to capture the millinery (military) supplies.

Miss Gilbert (to $L9^2$ class): Don't depend upon me to sing with you, for I might croak—

E. Savolainen (interrupting) Is singing with us as deadly as that?

Miss G. (placidly continuing): like a frog.

Robert Swenson wants B-u-r-b-a-n-k added to Ayres' spelling list.

THE GIRLS' PENTATHLON MEET

On the twenty-eighth day of September, the junior high schools of Berkeley held their annual pantathalon meet at the San Pablo Park. There were five weight groups: 85, 95, 105, 115 pounds and the unlimited groups, out of which five girls were chosen to represent each group. The twenty-five girls who represented our school were:

85 LB.	Points
Doris Capellino	389
Elsie Andereggen	271
Evelyn Shelby	266
Signe Berthelsen	237
Isabel Ysunza	209
Total	1372

95 LB.	Points
Eloise Cameron	300½
Rosino Carlino	297½
Agnes Lehtonen	274½
Violet Olsen	242½
Geraldine Pascoe	224½
Total	1339½

105 LB.	Points
June Castillo	382
Agostina Carlevara	354
Jessie White	292
Julia Alexander	261
Irma Querio	242
Total	1531

115 LB.	Points
Mary Oliveira	317⅓
Frances Clarke	262⅔
Ruby Lundgren	258
Elizabeth McIndoe	274
May Silva	190½
Total	1302½

UNLIMITED	Points
Julia Derricks	423⅔
Madeline Rambke	413⅔
Josephine Phillips	376
Amelia White	363
Elsie Stuart	270¼
Total	1846 7/12

Of the twenty-five girls who represented our school in the pentathalon, there are only four girls who have their letters: June Castillo, Julia Derricks, Madeline Rambke, and Josephine Phillips.

The events of the pentathlon were the traveling rings, basketball throw for goal, (30 seconds), basketball throw for distance, baseball throw for strikes and the standing broad jump.

By score the Burbank School girls came second: Willard, 10,485⅚, Burbank, 9,111 7/12; Garfield, 8,168½. But as a school we came last: Garfield, 22,283½; Willard, 21,689½; Burbank, 17,952½.

Alice Carlson H9

INTERCLASS VOLLEY BALL

The games played were:

H9 vs. L9.

H8 vs. L8.

H7 vs. L7.

The L9 and L8 teams won in the interclass games and represented our school by playing against the other high schools.

The members of the H9 team were: Elsie Stuart, (captain); June Castllo, Signe Berthleson, Agostina Carlevara, Jean Brechin, Frances Clark, Bertha Howe, Antoinette Nunes, Beatrice Hiteman, Florence Ramsey (substitute) Annette Johnson (substitute).

The members of the L8 team were: May Fuller (captain); Gladys Bolton, Mildred Wehrmann, Siama Poyry, Julia Alexander, Julia Dierk Frances Mayer, Rosina Caorlina, Evangeline Raymond.

The Burbank L9 team won the game against Willard. The game against Edison was lost because Edison has a much faster team than we have. We had a close game with Garfield and were tied, all through the game until the end and they beat us by one or two points.

The Burbank L8 team lost all their games.

Velma Head H9

SIDE SHOWS IN ROOM THREE

The school may be interested in discovering how to develop actors for future operettas. Paul Thomas has converted the boys' locker room into a rehearsal room for his dramatic art. Any castoff costumes can be utilized.

Mrs. Skimmings (to H7³ class): Why did the United States buy Alaska?

J. Samuels: So they could have the ice.

WHY RUB IT IN?

A. Lehto (presenting an oral report in L9² English class, which contains only four boys): In Washington the fire patrol work is being given to women almost entirely, for they are found to be more conscientious than men.

BOYS' PENTATHLON FACTS

The meet proved to be very successful. Although the Burbank team did not win, she made a fine fight. The boys did well in everything but the rings. Pasquale Bottone was the high point man for the boys' team. He gathered up 640⅔ points, beating every other boy in the unlimited class in Berkeley. As a result Pasquale gets his "B." The Burbank boys equaled the boys of the other schools in everything but the rings. It seems as if the boys had not had enough practice in priming themselves for it.

Garfield won the meet with 22,283⅓ points, Willard second with 21,689½ points, and Burbank third with 17,952½. Edison did not enter the meet.

Volley Ball

A large group of boys turned out for volley ball practice this term and a good team was made up of these boys. Burbank did not win a game in the series of games she played, but she showed a great deal of fight and made every game she played uncertain until the finish. The boys' first game was with Edison and she lost a hard fought game there. The last two games were in Burbank and these two games were the tightest, Burbank losing them, however, because she was too small for the big boys from Willard and Garfield.

The eighth and ninth grade teams played some good games in practice and showed that Burbank can "volley-ball" if she has the players.

Waino Landell L9

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The athletics in our school have shown great development as demonstrated by the games which are now in season.

The soccer teams of the ninth and eighth grades have shown themselves to be almost equal, for out of four games three ties have resulted with one victory for the ninth grade. The games have been very fast and marked with many brilliant plays. Flores is the star of the eighth, and Smith is one of the stars on the ninth.

Pass ball is also being played, but there are no interclass games. The players have shown great promise.

Basketball, another popular game, does not start until after Christmas.

Clyde Morton H9

THE CONQUEST OF SPORTDOM

There are many who have conquered their main desire in the sport world,—Mr. George Ruth and Mr. Cobb and numerous others such as Mr. Muller. Have these men done any good to civilization? Have they advanced our political progress, our social progress or our material progress? The baseball scandals that are always in movement are taking up the time of the courts. Doesn't this same thing alter our material progress? I guess it somewhat helps along our social progress, but the odds are against it.

All of the boys nowadays seem to think that when they are big, like Mr. Muller, they'll put themselves "on the map." Why shouldn't they. They have a right to be honored as well as Mr. Muller and Mr. Ruth. To be honored isn't the only thing they're after. Football and baseball are fine games and they enjoy playing them. Maybe they seem to realize that youth must be served. Sports are the only real dinner, and honor the only real desert that can be served to youth. Mr. Ruth still agrees, and he doesn't seem to want to stop eating youth's dinner.

Waino Landell L9

TOO MUCH WIT FOR MARION

Miss Albee (trying to urge the $L9_2$ class to collect jokes for the Wizard): Isn't anything funny ever said in your class?

M. Dinelli: Oh! yes Mr. Wolfenden says so many funny things that it would keep us busy writing in shorthand to take them all down.

ALL AT 6'S AND 7'S OVER THREE 2'S

J. Fontana (trying to distinguish between the uses of to, two, and too): Miss Webster, I don't know what t-o is.

A. Songey (displaying his knowledge): One and one.

Autographs

WIZARD

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The spring 1924 Volume of the Wizard

is dedicated to

Phoebe Adele Gilbert,

a teacher who gives her students

unfailing kindness and cheerful help,

and in whose heart spring always reigns.

The Divine Institution of the Church

is dedicated to

Teresa Anne Gilbert,

a teacher who gives her students

marvellous blessings and cheerful help,

and in whose heart Christ always reigns.

FACULTY

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	English, Civics, History
Mary E Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlsen	Civics, Physical Education
Sadie E. Derry	Foods
Katharine Fisk	Clothing
John J. Frick	Manual Arts
Lucile Friedman	Arithmetic, General Science
Clennie Gard	Physical Education (on leave)
P. Adele Gilbert	Music
Ruth Houston	English, History
Alexander Ingram	Band
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, History, Latin
Imelda Martin	Secretary
Albert McDermont	General Science
Edith Morse	Physical Education
Lucy M. Robinson	Opportunity, English
Belle Ross	Piano
Victor Schott	Orchestra
Jean E. Skimmings	Arithmetic, English, History
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, English, History
Mabel P. Webber	Art
M. Angie Webster	Arithmetic, English, Art
Emma S. Wilkes	Counselor, Opportunity
Earl Williams	Manual Arts
A. M. Wolfenden	Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping

A MESSAGE FROM MR. PRESTON

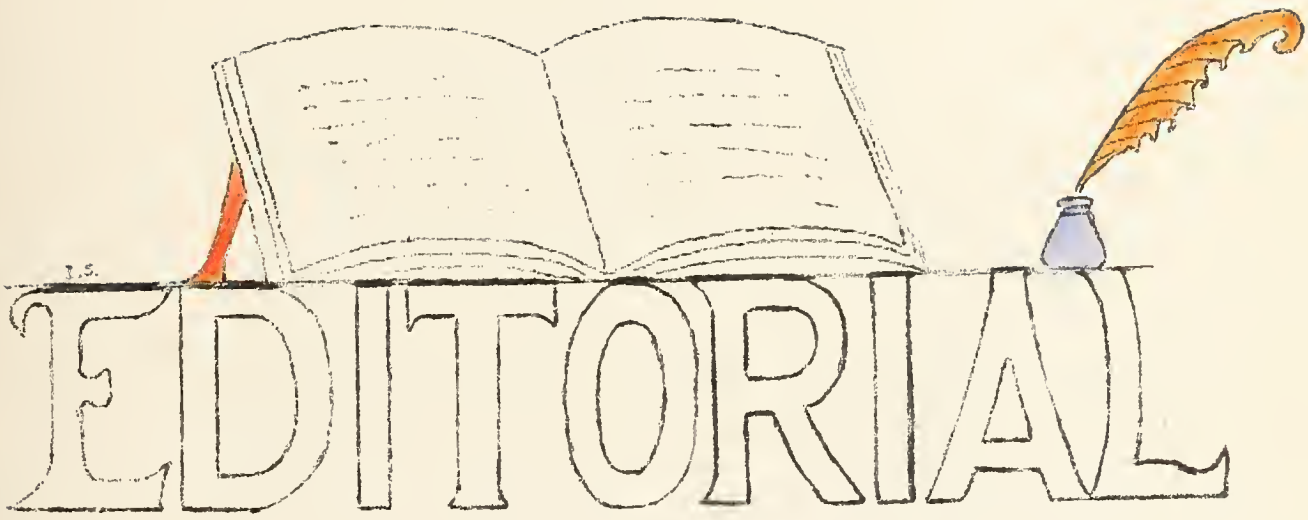
OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENSHIP

If one were to ask what is the most outstanding necessity in the training of our young citizens he would be answered obedience. Obedience to law. Voluntary obedience springs from an appreciation of the ideals of democracy, and an understanding of its aims, a willingness to participate as far as ability and training permits, a desire to cooperate with all the social forces that are working for the benefit of the commonwealth. This is obedience with vision.

You are American citizens. Being citizens whether by birth or naturalization you are entitled to certain rights and privileges. Rights and privileges always have their complementary exactions or duties. Those who accept the rights and privileges of American citizens and then fail to meet their obligations to their country are as unworthy of our respect as the individual who would in the full enjoyment of his powers accept bounty from others.

Laws in a sovereign state are the written expression of the will of the majority. They are the standard of government. A great many factors contribute to their determination. We must accept in a measure at least the theory that there has been a progression up through the ages to the equality spoken of in the Declaration of Independence which is an ideal we are trying to reach in our national life.

Your character is expressed in the performance of your duties as a citizen. Citizenship is character in action. As members of the student body you have undertaken certain responsibilities and duties. You have obligated yourselves to preserve order in the Assembly Hall and in your class rooms. Your representatives have had the regulation of traffic throughout the term. You have erected a memorial to those of our boys who died in the great war, that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty. With what pride I may say "Well done!"



THE WIZARD STAFF

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Business Manager----------Evelyn Lestrange

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H9'' Ellen Savolainen
H9''' Joseph Rinella
L9' Ruth Iverson
L9'' Katherine Asaro
H8' Lillian Linden
H8'' Julia Fontana
H8''' Richard Sheehy
L8' Lorraine Hallett
L8'' Earl Nelson
L8''' Richard Sheehy
H7' Evelyn Shelby
H7'' Raymond Edwards
H7''' August Miguel
L7' Evelyn Fisher
L7'' Thomas Christiana
O7'''' Rose Valentino

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Frances C. Albee
Ruth Houston
Mary M. Tomsen
Mabel P. Webber

WHY DO WE HAVE A SCHOOL NURSE?

Why do we have school nurses? Has this question ever occurred to you? Their aim is to make the boys and girls of Burbank physically fit so they can attend the school more regularly and thereby become useful citizens.

Statistics show that children with defective teeth and eyes and diseased tonsils do not attend school as regularly as the children who have no defects. Children who are not up to standard in weight and health are more apt to contract diseases. The school nurses not only find these defects, but they see that they are corrected.

When a pupil is absent, a nurse goes to his home and advises the mother how to take care of him. In this way, through proper care, the pupil returns to school more quickly.

Miss Alice Burton is in charge of the Burbank nursing unit and she has two assistants, Mrs. Cavala and Mrs. Sieman. Too much praise can not be given to these nurses for the enthusiasm and earnestness which they have manifested in their work. They have certainly helped in the building up of the health of the Burbank pupils.

Waino Landell H9

WAS YOUR CLASS LOYAL

There were two hundred eighty-nine subscribers for the Wizard this term. The H9', the H9", and the H9"' classes showed the right spirit subscribing one hundred per cent. Why can't all the classes be loyal to the school magazine?

It is essentially a school project. The literary work is done by the English classes, the art work by the drawing classes and the typing and mimeographing represent the work of the H9 typing classes.

Next termit is to be hoped that the entire student body will be one-hundred per cent subscribers.

Ellen Savolainen H9

THE COOPERATION BETWEEN SCHOOL AND LIBRARY

The west Berkeley Branch Library which was opened August 13, 1924 has proven to be a great success and of decided benefit to the Burbank Jr. High School.

The librarians, Miss Anna McNamee and Mr. J. S. Sykes, have been cooperating with the Burbank teachers in securing books of the highest type which are particularly adaptable to school work. There are now over 4,000 books of travel, history, science etc, and 1,489 current magazines on the shelves.

The pupils have availed themselves of the opportunity offered. The highest number of books circulated in one month was 4,529, the highest number of magazines was 1,359. From 60 to 70% of the pupils use the library as a study room after school hours. Some of the classes go to the library during their study periods and prepare their history and English reports.

The librarians are pleased that they have been able to serve our school and hope that next term there will be a larger number of the pupils who make use of the library material.

Evelyn Lestrange H9

"WHAT MAKES A GOOD AMERICAN"

A good American is a patriotic man or woman, one who is interested in the development and cooperation of the United States. One that obeys the laws and keeps himself clean in speech and body and whatever his business is "keeps to it." Take advantage of what you are getting from the United States.

A school boy should take advantage of all his opportunities and learn as much as possible. Prepare yourself to be a good citizen and vote properly. Know the man you vote for and vote for a good Vice-President.

Know what is going on in the nations. Make yourself healthy and strong so as not to be a protege of other people.

Leon Stacy H8

HE THAT IS GOOD IN MAKING EXCUSES IS SELDOM GOOD FOR ANYTHING ELSE

Excuses, excuses for everything that goes wrong.

One can't make good excuses unless he keeps in practice.

Well, if you keep in practice you must have something to practice on.

"Oh! I forgot to bring my music." Or "I didn't have time to come over." Or "Someone took my pen and I couldn't write the composition."

In the first case, train your mind not to forget and also try to be interested in what is important that you shouldn't forget.

In the second, you have given your promise and you should find time to keep it. In the third, get another pen. You have to pay out for a new one, one time or another so why not when it is most needed.

Everyday a person finds so many things that he or she must make excuses for.

Of course there is a reason for doing anything that is truly necessary. To forget is not necessary and to exercise your body is necessary.

An excuse is just a way to get by without punishment.

Cultivate your mind not to do things that will need an excuse. Don't forget.

Would Washington have won the war if he had forgotten to get soldiers? No.

"Why didn't you win the war?" someone might ask.

"I forgot that we would need ammunition." could be the answer. Wouldn't the person look foolish in the eyes of you?"

We would have a better world if so many people weren't spending their time making excuses for unnecessary happenings.

Vivien Williamson H8

GREAT HOPES MAKES GREAT MEN

According to the history, we can easily recognize the fact that great hopes make great men. If a man has neither hope nor vision, it will not be a mistake to say that he is a man without a future. Without anticipation or illusion what can we do in life? The one and

only great purpose of going to school is to acquire knowledge and gain the realization of longing which we aim to accomplish.

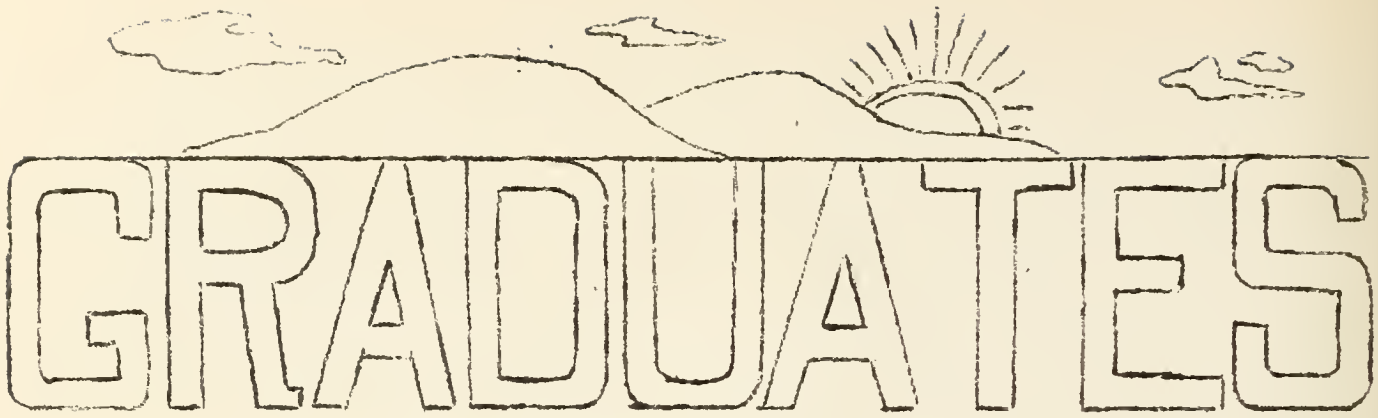
There are many great men who struggled with poverty, and suffering just because they had the great hope of being great men and they fought bravely toward the end. We can not think of being great men without having a vision of success. Although we have vision, we can't be great men if we do not concentrate our effort toward the accomplishment of that desire. Then we can be the men that we wish to be.

Yoshimi Makino H8

MAKING OUR SCHOOL ROOM BEAUTIFUL

To make a school room bright and pleasant it must be kept clean. Instead of the oiled floors, we could have hardwood. The oil keeps the dust down but it never looks clean. We could have a flower box made so the flower pots and jars wouldn't show. The box, if painted a different color from the object it is rested against, would bring more color into the room. Pictures are very important. If expensive pictures couldn't be bought, cheaper prints could. If it is convenient a library table with a table runner and book ends would help improve the room. In corners pedestals with ferns could stand. A flag with a flag stand is needed most of all. All these things put together, I think will make a pretty room.

Ruth Hentzell H9



Henry Alden
Clifford Amondsen
Herbert Anderson
Rollin Biglow
Annie Bjaranson
Jean Brechin
Edwin Carlson
Frances Clarke
Lucienne Delabriandais
Theresa DeMay
Marian Dinelli
Gladys Fisher
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George Lavezzola
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Edwin Rocha
Mary Rosales
Ellen Savolainen
May Silva
Eleanor Sisterna
Elsie Stuart
Robert Swensson
Flora Texas
Paul Thomas
Mary Vinm
Emma Weber
William Welch

GRADUATES

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SPRING IS HERE

Winter has gone. Madame Spring with all her children, the birds, flowers, trees, butterflies and oh so many others, has come to the little valley between the two great mountains.

Beside a little farm house runs a small brook. The fish in it are merrily playing at hide-and-seek between the pebbles and rocks which sparkle like diamonds, when the clear water gently glides over them.

The tall, lofty poplar tree is once again in its frock of green. It sways back and forth as the cool wind blows.

The bees are happily buzzing as they gather honey from the flowers who are nodding their heads as if to say, "Everybody be happy! Spring is here!

Eliada Iversen H7

SPRING ON THE HILLSIDE

It is spring on the hillside,
And the grass is all green,
The flowers are blooming,
The prettiest ever seen.

The birds are all happy,
And are making their nests
In the trees gently swaying;
We all love spring best.

Otto Geisenhofer L7

TRYING TO DRIVE A BALKY HORSE

On my uncle's ranch there are many horses. He has many good ones but more than half of them are balky. My uncle likes balky horses about as well as he does snakes.

One day in the good old summer vacation we were hauling hay, with a balky horse on the wagon. When we got a large-sized load on we started for the haystack.

We had to cross a wide ditch and we often got stuck; then we would get another team which would help pull us out. The wagon had a lopsided load on and we had to get on the light side.

When we came to the ditch, the horse started down and up as nicely as could be expected but when his tugs tightened up and he found he had to pull a load out of the ditch, he stopped and would go no further.

My uncle was not in a playful mood and jumped down and hit the horse with the flat end of the fork. The horse started twisting until it broke the reach.

Over went the load and the horse broke the tugs and away it ran. My uncle ran after it with murder in his heart and a club in his hands.

All but one of us jumped to safety. She was swallowed up in the hay. When we dug her out she had fainted, "Not hurt but badly scared."

My uncle hitched the horse up and let it stand harnessed for two days.

I know that that horse never balked afterwards. Later he broke his leg so they had to shoot him.

Clarence Bjaranson L9

THE TREES IN SPRING

In the spring the flowers and trees in our yard begin to bud.

All the people that come pass our house stop to look at our beautiful quince and plum trees. Sometimes they ask if we will sell a branch of the blossoms. But we tell them, "No, we do not want to destroy our trees."

Madeline Marsicano H7

SPRINGTIME

Welcome, sweet spring time, we're glad you're here.
The birds are your heralds from far and near.
The cuckoo voices his gladness in song,
And the harebell blossoms the path-way along.

Again I tread the wooded hill.
And hear the humming bird's joyous trill.
The field mouse peeps from his tiny hole
For lovely Spring is calling her roll.

The bees too, waken the Lady; Spring's call.
From their long winter sleep, begun last fall.
Truly, it seems like a new world now
When the birds and flow'rlets all make their bow.

Lily Leino H8

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS

The birds came fluttering down from the sky,
Softly and lightly did they fly,
All feeling happy to leave the south;
And everyone with a tune in its mouth.
Spring had come so they had their fun;
They knew that spring had already begun.

Sylvia Gronman H9

THE LAZY MILL

Staunchly along the wayside it stands,
Untouched by the water or human hands,

And over it large morning glories twine;
Near the south side the ivy climbs.

Under the eaves mother birds hide their nests,
Where their young ones may live in peace and happiness.

And only small sounds does it utter,
For its work is done and nothing else matters.

Annie Bjaranson H9

GOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE

Sunrise is said to be beautiful but I think sunset is far more wonderful. It was in the beginning of California's Indian summer when one evening I thought I'd sit by my window and watch the sun set. In one spot above the bay the sky looked like a flaming torch with a ball of fire in its center. It shone as if a thousand embers were glowing there. Then as I sat there I saw a stream of light coming from the sun and fall across the bay. I imagined that this was the golden path God made for the fairies to dance across. Above all this, I looked up in the sky and there I saw the colors of the rainbow, gold, red, dark blue, pale blue, lavender and white with a tint of gold. The beautiful clouds were all aglow and looked like many fairy mountains up there. All this with the growing darkness made only a picture that God alone could make.

Lorraine Hallett L8

A LESSON

When I was but a little girl I was inquisitive and also very mischievous. I was four years old at this time.

My aunt at the age of ten years had a very beautiful doll, which interested me very much. This doll had very red cheeks. I was always asking my mother questions about the doll's rosy cheeks. She was always busy and would tell me to ask my aunt.

One day my aunt's friend came to visit her. My aunt was in such a hurry that she left the doll on a chair and ran out to play. It had always been my delight to play with this doll. When I saw what my aunt had done I made a bed and got a damp rag. I played that the doll had a high fever. In order to check the fever I put the rag on her face. After a while I took the rag off and to my surprise the red cheeks had disappeared. Soon after I felt some one shaking me. When I woke up who should I see but my aunt. I was so frightened that I grew pale. My aunt seeing this, told me never to do that again. I followed her advice.

Frances Ballard H7

AT NIGHT

Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
High in the air,
Lady Moon, Lady Moon,
You are very fair.

When the Night's nearing,
You seem to say,
"Children be listening
It's the end of the day."

And after a while
In dreamland I'll be,
And one little smile
I will give to thee.

When morning is nearing
She must hide away,
The sun wants a clearing
In the starting of the day.

Nancy Piazza H7

A POND IN SPRINGTIME

The pond was half-hidden in the bushes and shrubs. The water, touched by the morning sun, sparkled and rippled. The pond smiled up at the blossoming plum trees as they let their petals fall on it. The overspreading trees swayed in the breeze.

The birds were awake and singing at their work, stopping now and then to take a sip of water. They seemed to enjoy the warm sun and their home in the blossoming trees.

To one side of the pond was a broad meadow cornered with a mass of flowers of many colors. Here the cows were eating their morning meal. To the other side was the thick mass of trees covered with blossoms. Looking straight ahead over the pond, one could see the distant mountains with a bit of snow on the tip tops.

May Silva H9

MY PET DOG

One day my brother-in-law brought a dog from the Hawaiian Islands and gave it to me. The sailors stuck gum on the dog and I had a job to get it off.

While I was getting it off, the dog seemed so happy that I decided to call him "Happy."

A few years later the dog was hit by an automobile and couldn't walk for two weeks. After that he didn't want to go near an automobile.

I taught the dog to pull a little wagon with a little boy in it.

Later Happy was killed by a reckless driver. The driver wanted to replace the dog but I told him that no other dog could take his place.

Ellis J. Matson H7

MEMORIES

Many times since I have lived in Berkeley, I have wished that a "Good Fairy" would come along, and grant me this wish: That I could again be in Massachusetts, the Land of Snow! There on Saturdays and after school, I could find plenty to do; skating, sliding, and skiing. Snow-shoeing may be all right, but one thing I know, that it lacks the joy of speed, which one enjoys in skiing. Why, in going down a hill on skiis, one actually flies! There, in our ten acres of land, I found plenty of room for all of these sports, and also found room for many other girls and boys. We made a skii track, from the top of the hill down to the "valley." After the track was frozen over, we would dare each other to skii down first.

One time, after telling the rest of the children not to follow me, I started down the hill. When I was half way down, I heard somebody following me on his skiies, much faster than I was going, so when I was but a little distance from the bottom he landed right on top of me, and besides breaking one of my skii poles, I had plenty of snow down my neck. Nevertheless, I shall never forget the fun that I have had in New England at winter-time.

Lily Heino H8

MATTIE

(A True Story)

It was a year ago that I received her, a big, fat, lamb, given me by Dr. Flynn, a veterinary doctor, our neighbor, and a very good friend of mine. I hardly knew what to do when I was told that she was mine. She started to follow me right from the beginning, as her former owner had also been a little girl, and she mistook me for the other girl. Whenever other girls came to play hide-and-seek with me, Mattie would always follow me, and if I chanced to hide in a closet, she would stay right beside the door, so that I would always be found. It was fun in the winter to hide behind the snowbanks, and then be found by her.

When Mattie was kept in her stall on winter days, Dr. Flynn's little dog, Peggy would always visit Mattie. First Peggy would look into Mattie's ear, then she would lick her nose. This last was the good-night "kiss." It was greatly amusing to watch her do it.

In the summer my mother taught Mattie to stand on her hind legs, for her piece of sugar. Mattie would follow me up steep stairs, to the attic on the third floor, and down again, without any difficulty. One great fault with her was that she was very fussy with her food, as she would eat only the choicest of grass. She had very great strength. Sometimes, on leading her by her rope, to her feeding place, she would get frightened at something, and start to run, dragging me after her.

Just before we left for California, I gave Mattie to my little cousin. It was a sad moment to see her go, and, although I did not cry, Mattie did, baa-ing very loudly, seeming to know that she was to be taken from her home.

Lily Leino H8

A GOLDEN BUTTERCUP

Once upon a time there was a little girl. She went out to pick some flowers. As she was walking along she saw something shining. She said to herself, "I am going to see what it is." When she got there, it was a golden buttercup. It was the first one in March.

Angeline Biagi 07

AN EXCITING MOMENT

One day a boy friend of mine came over to my house to stay for a while. I told him to come down stairs into my radio room, and hear some music over the radio. I led him downstairs to my room; then I tuned in the set. I received some music from Sacramento. A few moments later, I heard some faint signals approaching over the still, silent air. I could not tune it in any louder. Then the station in Sacramento shut down for a few minutes. Then I got this station from far away a little bit louder. Both of us waited, still and patient. Then the music from far away stopped. The air was silent for a few seconds. My heart was beating like a hammer. Then a coarse voice approached. The operator said, "The Calgary Herald, in Calgary, Canada." I was stunned for a while. Then both of us at one time repeated what had been just announced, as if one of us had not heard it. We were delighted far beyond expression to hear a concert from such a distance.

Carl Holback H8

AH MOI

Ah Moi was the name of a Chinese boy about ten years old. But the boys in the neighborhood called him "that pigtail Chink." He often helped to wash dishes at Mrs. Speer's who would give him a dime each time he did so. Ah Moi had long shiny black hair, and wore it braided tightly in a que, dangling from the back of his head. That is why the American boys called him Pigtail. They were determined to cut off Ah Moi's pigtail. He could only talk a little English but he was a brave little chap and he let the boys know that he was not

afraid of them. The boys saw that it would not be an easy task for them to get that pigtail off.

One day Ah Moi's father sent him to the grocery for some soap. He wore a little blue cap fitting tightly on his head. From beneath dangled the pigtail with a yellow ribbon. Four American boys saw Ah Moi alone and ran after him. He ran fast but the boys ran faster. They caught him, held him tight and with a sharp knife cut off the pigtail. Ah Moi was the angriest little Chinaman, he scratched, fought and bit, But when the boys had gone, he shook his sides, laughing and jabbering away in Chinese at a high rate.

The next day Ah Moi and his father left the town. As they walked to the station they met the four boys who cut off the Chinese boy's que. Ah Moi stopped took off his cap, pulled out a pin and down dropped a splendid pigtail all braided with red ribbon. Then he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. Wasn't it a good joke on those bad boys? Ah Moi's father had for months fastened his little boy's real que tightly around his head under his cap, and the one the boys cut off was only a false one after all. No wonder Ah Moi laughed.

Evangeline Raymond H8

I KNOW A LITTLE ISLAND

I know a little island,
Set in the summer sea,
Wave-washed and green and mossy,
As green as green can be.

Around it sails great sorrows,
So far it is from care,
That only fleets of joy and laughter
May ever anchor there.

Stay, lovely little island,
Still in the summer sea,
Wave-washed and green and mossy,
As green as green can be!

Mary Oliveira H8

FINDING A CHICKEN

My father has about seventy-five black hens. They all have long combs and most all are prize hens. I feed them every morning before school and every afternoon after school. Every morning when I get up, I hear the hens in the yard cackling, telling me that they want to eat, and want it quickly, too.

One day after school I got a can of scratch feed and went into the chicken house to feed them. Among the black chickens, I saw a white hen all dirty and shabby looking and she was eating and chasing the others away as if she had lived there for years.

I went into our house and told my father to come out and see the visitor in the chicken yard. I showed him the hen. She was walking around in the chicken yard as if she had won many a prize.

As my father took her out of the chicken yard, she started to cackle, trying to tell him that she would be satisfied to stay where she was. He put her outside of the chicken yard, however, and left her to take her own course of getting out of the yard. Instead of running like most hens she took her time with dignity, scolding all the time.

Grover Rosentreter L9

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE

I was sitting on the roof of the cow barn and having a fine time. It was a large and spacious barn and I was enjoying sliding down the roof and scrambling up again, regardless of the fact that my gingham dress was turning to a sooty black.

When I was coming down about the fourth or fifth time I forgot tostop at a certain spot on the roof which I had marked so as to avoid sliding over the edge of the roof. Down I came, flying, with my pig tails after me. With a thump I landed on something hard. It started going and it certainly went. It was a big black and white spotted cow! I held on as tightly as I could, It still kept going. Wasn't I frightened!

Oh, how my arms ached! I had to let go. With one more thump I landed on the grass. I looked dizzily around. In the distance the cow could yet be seen running.

Elizabeth Kultala H7

THE MERRY LITTLE BIRDS

High! high! up in a tree,
Are pretty birdies three,
The time has come when they should fly,
Fly! fly! to the clear blue sky,
Find a mate these birdies three,
And build a nest in the cherry tree.

First come the eggs, and then!
Pretty baby birdies ten.
The mother sings them songs of joy,
And hopes they won't be as naughty as the little boy,
Who goes around with slingshot in his hand,
And kills all the little birdies that he can.

Aldara Cruz H7

THE LOST DOG

There was a little dog named Tootles who lived with his master and mistress. Their names were Tommy and Viola.

One day Tommy and Viola were going to the store. Tootles started to follow them but they told him to go back home. Tootles said he would follow them even if they would not let him. He started and kept behind them and they did not know he was not going to obey them. When Tommy and Viola came to the corner they had to cross the street. A big dog came up and began chasing Tootles. He scampered away to an alley. When he came out, he did not see the big dog or his masters. Then he was afraid since this was a strange place to him.

That night he slept under a porch. In the morning he was cold and hungry. He came around to the back porch of a house and Oh what a nice smell there was.

About that time a lady came out with a plate of bones. She did not even give them to Tootles but put them into the garbage can and said to Tootles, "Don't you bother my cat and get out of here."

Tootles went on and came to a boy in the street about the size of his master. He thought this boy was kind but he was a wicked boy. The boy tried to hurt Tootles but he jumped into the boy's face and let him go. Tootles ran as fast as he could to get away from

that bad boy. He wasn't looking where he was going and he bumped into a man who gave him a kick and said, "Watch out where you are going."

Tootles thought there certainly were some cruel people in this world. He did not know whether his ribs hurt the most or his stomach. Just as he turned the corner he saw Tommy and Viola looking for him. He ran up to them and they picked him up and carried him home and put him to bed.

Tootles said, "I will not follow anybody until I am big and strong enough to fight my own battles."

Ethel Fortune H7

A DAY IN JUNE

One day as I was strolling listlessly among the hills I thought nothing was so beautiful as this day in June. The birds were singing melodious songs and the bees were buzzing among the petals of the wild golden poppy. The sky was an azure-blue while the spring breeze was drifting a few snow white clouds. As I turned around I saw that the hills were a verdant green.

At last I saw the sun go behind the hills. The beautiful sunset gave me a thrill because its color was just like the wild golden poppy. The flowers began to nod their heads and go to sleep. Among the trees the owl was hooting. The summer breeze was shaking the limbs of the whispering pine. It was a beautiful and fascinating sight and I shall never forget that day in June.

Agnes Lehtonen H9

THE ROCK

I wish I were a little rock,
Sitting on the hill,
Doing nothing all day but just a sitting still.
I wouldn't eat,
I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't even wash,
I sit and sit a thousand years.
I wish I were a little rock!

Grace Baumgartner L7

RESTHAVEN

Winter had gone and with its going had come Mistress Spring with her train of flowers, birds, and busy bees to visit the little farmhouse at the foot of Oakleigh Hill.

It was a simple little farmhouse painted a light cream color with blue shutters and built on a green embankment. Pink roses clambered up one side of the house as if trying to win a contest with the tall trees that stood nearby. Red and white dahlias were peeping into the kitchen windows. A low yellow wall surrounded the house and garden.

Down below the wall on either side of the soft dirt road, old-fashioned red geranuims smiled a welcome to the kindfaced old man who trudged slowly up the road with a mule closely followed by a large beautiful shepherd dog.

He was looking expectantly toward the law ivy covered doorway of the house where stood a dainty, dear faced little lady waving a blue checked apron to the trio.

From afar could be seen the towering purple mountains and the blue glimmering lake.

Evelyn Shelby H7

JOY AT THE HOSPITAL

Orin Carter, who could read better than any other boy in our class, O7 was taken to the hospital. He was operated on for appendicitis. His mother was in Canada and his father was working in Nothern California.

We felt very sorry for him. We wondered what we could do for him. Someone remembered about the comic section of the newspaper. Our class gets the Chronicle every day. We had a big pile of papers in our closet. All hands got busy. We soon folded a big package of them. We wished we could see the surprise when Orin opened the package.

Mr. Carlson took it to him. He told us Orin was very happy for now he would have something interesting to read.

We are sure he let other sick people have the papers when he was through with them. Andy Gump and Skeezix will make them forget the long days in bed.

Fred Leoni O7

IF EVERY DAY WERE SPRING

If every day were spring
We would hear all voices sing.
The brook would never be still,
But would gurgle on with the busy mill.
The feathered creatures would be working, too,
Starting every day as if anew.

But alas! all joys come to an end,
So that we cannot all our time spend,
Watching birds among tangled ferns,
That creep softly to catch the worms.
They have all become tired
Of the spring days they have admired.

Rose Lofaso H9

THE LITTLE DAISY IN SPRING

Over in the field, near the road, blooms the yellow and white daisy. Buttercups, poppies and for-get-me-nots are some of her many and constant companions. The other flowers are pretty but not half as pretty as the white and golden daisy.

When the early April showers and May sunshine fall upon her soft white petals, she turns her face upwards toward the sky. Sighing and looking up in the gentle breeze, she murmurs her grateful thanks. Her round golden bosom shines and glistens in the bright sunshine.

At evening when the sun sets in the west, the daisy softly closes her petals and rests.

Regina Railo H7

A LITTLE GIRL'S QUESTIONS

I wonder where the summer goes;
And in winter, what happens to the grass that grows;
From where, I wonder, does the winter come,
Asked little Jane of seven.
What happens to the birds that sing?
Where is the rain that summer brings?
What happens to the snow in summer?
Asked little Jane of seven.

Lucile Schuster H8

SAMBO THE SERVANT

The Hall family were very wealthy. They lived in a beautiful home in Hollywood, California. They employed much help, both inside and outside of their home. One of these servants was Sambo, a negro, rather queer but a good-hearted fellow. He always wore a gray hat with a big dent in the top; a long yellow coat that looked as if it did not belong to him, blue pants that were very baggy; and bright red gloves that fitted like the paper on the wall. His shoes were so large that every one said they were number elevens. Sambo used to do all the errands around the place. But sometimes he was very stupid about them. When his mistress sent him to get a tender sirloin steak, he was always sure to get a tough one.

It was drawing near Thanksgiving and Sambo was sent to the market to get a nice turkey, one already killed and dressed. But he came homw with a live one on his back. His mistress was very much annoyed to think that he could be so heedless, so she told him that just because he didn't bring what she told him to, he would have to kill the turkey and pluck it himself, or else he would lose his job. Sambo did the cleaning with many groanings, but it was a lesson to him, and from then on he always was very careful to obey orders correctly and promptly.

Ethel Lauterbach L7

FLOWERS

Buttercups and daises
And all the lovely flowers,
Look so fresh and pretty,
After many showers.

Sure they look so pretty
Why take them away?
I think they would be thankful,
If you would let them stay.

The poppies are the loviest
Dancing in the sun,
Closing up at evening
When the day is done.

Marie White H7

OUT ON THE TRAIL

It was a Sunday, I believe, and I was out hiking in the hills with my pal, that is my dog. Over on a hill not far away it seemed there was a large tank and a few trails leading up in that direction. The dog ran ahead and I followed. The hill was steep and I lost sight of the tank, but I followed the trail, believing I was on the right trail. As I neared the top, the trees began to thin out and only shrubs were seen.

Now the trail seemed to end, but I was at the top of the hill. No water tank was in sight. I must have passed it on the way up. I looked down. Surely enough there was the tank below. I could see the highway, and the autos looked like ants running back and forth busily. I looked ahead of me, but saw nothing but the meeting of the shrubs and the heavens.

The dog was running after something very fast. As I saw him he looked like a piece of wood on an ocean, sometimes to be seen, and at other times to be covered by the roll of waves of the hill.

It was getting gloomy, not dark, but misty. I called for my dog with a loud shout and he came running out of the bushes with his ears up, as though he were satisfied with the world. We both descended the hill and hoped to visit this spot of nature again but next time we hoped to go a little farther on.

Richard Sheehy H8

THE VIOLET

Little violet, sweet and fair,
In the meadow growing;
What a pretty little face
You will soon be showing.

Underneath the leaves and moss.
Springtime comes to greet you;
Golden sunlight seeks you out
Coming down to meet you.

Mary Oliveria H8

THE BLUEBIRD

The glorious bluebird is flying on high
He nearly reaches the beautiful sky,
His color it is an azure-blue
The bright sky has the self same hue.

The bluebird sings a cheery song;
He whistles loud and he whistles long,
He flies to the very top of the trees
And over the valleys and grassy leas.

Away to the south in winter he goes
Into the sunshine away from the snow,
And there in that land he makes his nest
Amid the trees with all the rest.

Agnes Lehtonen H9

THE RAIN

The little rain drops come falling down.
Pitter patter to the ground.
It catches on the leaves to fall,
Like little forms of butter balls.

It is good to have the rain sometimes
On the window sill it rhymes.
A song of rain is falling down
Pitter patter in the town.

On the window sill it sweeps,
Way across the meadows deep
Through the fields and up the streets,
Till it makes another leap.

Marian Garevich L8

THE TANK WAS EMPTY

As we were going up the street our machine stalled, and we couldn't get it started. We took it all apart and saw that we needed oil. Finally we decide we had to get a garage man, so we pulled straws to see who would walk to town which was one-half mile away. I got

the shortest so I had to go. When I got there I had to wait for a machinist, because he was very busy. When he did come, he had all the tools that I could imagine. We both got into his car and were near our machine in no time.

The man started in working. I was sitting on the ground behind the car and happened to look at the gas tank. It was empty. We all started laughing.

The man put our machine together and towed us to the nearest gas station. We paid him and were off.

Arthur Songey H8

THE WHISPERING VOICE

The whispering voice has come,
And all the children know
That there will be lots of fun,
And the dreary weather must go.

There will be picnics on the hill side;
Johnny jump-ups we shall gather
And the ponies we shall ride.
But lots would rather

Go a swimming far away;
But this whispering voice will not
Have to tell them every day
That God this fine world has wrought.

Bertha Howe H9

SPRING

Spring is here! Spring is here!
And birds are singing in all good cheer.

Rivers are babbling over stick and stone,
And its not the time to be at home.

Flowers are lifting their beautiful heads,
Up into the sunshine from beneath their beds.

The grass in the fields has turned to lawn,
And here and there strays a lovely fawn.

Rose Cowan H7

FISHING

Once I went fishing down Middle River. There were many different kinds of fish but it was hard to catch them.

One night I went down to the river to fish for bass. I sat there a long time and finally I thought I'd go home. Just as I was pulling my line, I snagged a bass about three feet long.

I had a hard time to get it in but when at last I pulled him in he was so big that I had to stand on him so that he wouldn't jump into the water.

Albert Bayardo L7

THE BIRDS IN THE SPRING

Every year in the spring two mud-sparrows come to our house and build a nest in the overhanging part of the roof.

One bird brings the mud and the other one models the nest. When the mud plastering is done they bring pieces of grass and line the nest with it. The nest is then finished.

The mother bird now lays her eggs. She keeps them warm until they hatch. The two mates are then busy feeding the young. When they are old enough the mother teaches them to fly. In August the birds fly away in great cheer.

The nest soon gets very dry and cracks.

Robert Heydegger H7

WHEN I LIVED IN CANADA

I was a small boy when I lived on a farm in Canada. I was just six years old. I had to walk three miles to school and sometimes my uncle lent me his old mare, which traveled at a snail's pace.

The school was just a one-room building with every grade from the first to the ninth. They were in there from nine in the morning to four in the after-noon. No one went home to lunch.

After school I would go home and my uncle would tell me in which direction the cows were, so I had to

go get them. After I had brought them home and shut them up in the corral, then I was free for the rest of the day.

We had a one room shack where every one in our family slept. We did not have beds, but we had mattresses with blankets, and during the day we rolled them up and put them in one corner.

When harvest time came around, I had the most fun of all the time in the year. My uncle gave me a long stick with which I kept the horses going that were pulling the reaper. Then when the threshing machine came to our farm, I was put in the granary and as the wheat came in I had to scatter it around so it wouldn't block up the pipe.

But when I was ten years old, I came to California.

Robert Mills L8

AT HOME, CUTTING WOOD

"John, are you coming? asked Mrs. Green, John's mother.

"More wood I suppose!"

"Yes more wood."

"Ah! I don't feel like chopping wood."

"I don't care what you feel like doing, I said, 'chop wood' and that settles it."

John came down the stairs grumbling on the way. His mother gave him the hatchet and he started to chop. As he chopped his temper rose more and more. Finally he threw wood, in his anger, all over the cellar. Some of the pieces hit the door, others went through the window pane.

"John, what on earth are you doing?" called his mother.

John still went on throwing sticks.

"John! I have had all I want of this nonsense. For shame! You good for nothing lazy boy!"

John hung his head for his mother was weeping.

"Oh, to think that I have such a boy," she cried.

John tried to comfort her by promising her he wouldn't do it again.

"All right, John," she cried, "But be sure that you keep your word."

Samuel Davis L9

MY PETS, PARROT AND PIGEON

Sometimes when Polly is on a chair talking, the pigeon will walk around on the floor and Polly thinks that she can do whatever he does. Polly climbs down from the chair and struts around like the pigeon does.

When Polly is in her cage she will sing "Sweetheart goodby" a way up high, then suddenly she will go down to bass.

Polly is always glad to get outdoors because she doesn't like to stay in the house. We can only feed her sunflower seeds and corn as she gets sick if we feed her anything else. She is jealous of the pigeon because he has anything to eat that he wants. When the pigeon is outside, he scratches the ground just like a chicken.

Frances Kenny L8

THE BABBLING BROOK IN SPRING

A little brook runs softly down the meadows singing as it passes the grassy banks covered with wild flowers on each side. All through the long cold winter, Jack Frost had covered it with a thick coat of ice, but now the ice has melted and the brook goes bubbling over the little pebbles singing gaily. Many little fish are playing in the tiny water-falls in the brook.

Nearby, the happy birds are singing and building nests. Some are seen in early morning drinking from the brook. The tiny humming birds, early in the morning gather honey from the wild flowers on the brook's edge.

Vera Williamson H7

THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSET

One day I was watching the sun as it was setting in the west. The beautiful colors shone on the fleecy white clouds that were passing by and turned them pink, red, orange and violet. The water was a lovely pink toward the shore, then a little further out it was orange, and further still a deep blue. As the sun sank down, the colors went too, and the clouds were left snow-white and the water a dainty blue.

Wave O'Keefe L7

DRAMATICS

THE HIGH NINE PLAY

The play which the High Ninth gave on May 23 was, "The Knave of Hearts." The King of Hearts, King Pompdebile is to marry Lady Violetta if she succeeds in making tarts that are excellent in the opinion of the two best cooks in the kingdom.

Lady Violetta makes her tarts and bakes them. But alas! They are a failure. In despair she appeals to the Knave of Hearts. He tells her he will bring her some of his wife's tarts which he claims are very excellent. Lady Violetta is over rejoiced, and bids him go for them. Her only desire is to become Queen of Hearts.

While the Knave is away, the king who is impatient to see the tarts comes with the two cooks and Ursula, the maid of Lady Violetta. He orders the cooks to bring forth the tarts. They find that the tarts are gone. Ursula tells the king that she has seen the Knave running through the garden with them. Messengers are dispatched to search for the Knave and return shortly with him.

It is decided that he be deprived of his social position. This punishment is suggested by Lady Violetta, because she knows that he does not desire it anyway. However, after the king has tasted the tarts and finds them to be delicious he forgives the Knave and revokes his decree.

Lady Violetta becomes queen and lives happy ever after.

THE CHARACTERS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

The Manager----------Rollin Biglow
Blue Hose----------George Lavezzola
Yellow Hose----------Henry Alden
Lady Violetta----------Agnes Lehtonen
Pompdebile----------William Welch

Ursula----------Antoinette Nunes
Knave of Hearts----------Waino Landell
Chancellor----------Walter Parks
1st Herald----------Mary Vinn
2nd Herald--------Lucienne Delabriandais
Seven Pages:
Milk---------Isabelle Hemphill
Sugar----------Norma Olson
Salt----------Elsie Stuart
Butter----------Frances Clarke
Vinegar----------Jean Brechin
Pepper----------Albert Rocha
Jam----------William Patterson

THE PLANT WIZARD

One of the most colorful plays of this semester was the general science play which was given by the L8' Class on Burbank Day.

Many varieties of beautiful flowers and even some vegetables were represented. They all were very happy except the daisies, who wished for gayer dresses, the yellow dahlia, who was bemoaning the fact that although pretty she did not have a sweet perfume. The poor little golden poppy, who longed for a red dress, and even the potato who was ashamed of his severe thinness. The King and Queen of flowers felt sad at their subjects' plight and hearing of the wonderful plant wizard, they besought his aid.

In the last scene the flowers and vegetables were revelling in their new splendor; the golden poppy was gay in a rich red, the drab daisies wore dresses most gay to be seen, and the happy little dahlia flitted around sending forth her sweet perfume.

Evelyn Shelby H7

OUR MOTHERLAND

The L8" and H8' classes gave "Our Motherland" to raise money for the students of the Burbank who won scholarships in the school of Arts and Mechanical Crafts.

The play was a historical and educational production and proved to be instructive and highly entertaining. Every one gave what they considered the play was worth to them. Judging from the sum of money collected it was appreciated by all.

Eleanor Pearl H7

A CIVICS PLAY

The High 8" Civics class has written a play of four acts entitled "The Naturalization of Mr. Angeline." It will be presented some time in the latter part of May.

John Carbone H8

TEN MINUTES BY THE CLOCK

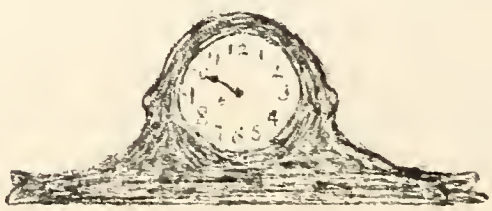
The L9' English class on May 9 presented a play entitled, "Ten Minutes by the Clock."

It is a story of a queen who is dissatisfied with the restraint of society and wishes to follow the whims of a gipsy. She tries to persuade the gipsy to take her away, but it is only in vain.

At the breakfast table, she tells the king how unhappy she is. Being exceedingly surprised, the king tells her to forget her dreams, and orders the breakfast. The queen refuses to eat the customary three minute egg, and wishes it to be boiled ten minutes. The king will not allow this and the queen leaves very dissatisfied. The egg is forgotten, and by the time the king asks for his egg it has been cooked ten minutes. He says that in spite of this, he will eat it anyway. He does so, and asks that the new recipe for cooking an egg be written in a book.

When the queen returns, the king tells her of the wonderful new discovery of cooking an egg for ten minutes. At the close of the play the queen is being served a ten minute egg.

Marjorie Johnson L9



ATHLETICS

BOY'S ATHLETICS

At the beginning of this term the boys started to work hard to produce some winning basketball teams. They fell short of the mark in winning games but gave each opposing team a hard fight. Some of the best basket-ball players were:

John Nelson	Goodloe Jones
Harold Nelson	Edwin Carlson
John Carbone	Waino Landell
Edward Meyers	Edgar Nelson

A large group of boys turned out for baseball. A great deal of fervor was shown in every game and the players deserved credit.

The line-up was as follows:

Asaro, Joseph (Capt.)	S. S.
Merciari, Fred	1st Base
Monti, Joseph	2nd Base
Edwards, Edward	3rd Base
Carlson, Edwin	Pitcher & O. F.
Labay, Adam	O. F.
Alessandro Joseph	Pitcher
Landell, Waino	O. F.
McLaughlin, Fred	O. F.
Meyers, Edward	2nd Base & O. F.

In the Spring track meet the boys did not break any records, as they did last year, but they did win the posture parade.

Waino Landell H9

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls have shown enthusiasm in basket-ball this spring. Three teams, according to weight, were selected to compete in a series of games with Garfield, Edison, and Willard.

The 105-pound team chose Gladys Bolton as their captain, the 115-pound team chose June Castillo, and the Unlimited chose Elsie Stuart.

The 115-pound team proved to be the best one. They won the game against Willard and tied in the game against Edison with a score of 18-18. The girls of this team will each receive a "B". The lineup was as follows:

Centers--Agostina Carlevara, Elizabeth McIndoe, Mildred Wehrmann

Guards---Mary Olivera, Evelyn Schomberg, Eleanor Sisterna

Forwards-Isabel Hemphill, June Castillo (Captain), Saima Poyry

At the close of the basket-ball season, the girls started their inter-class baseball games. The L9 class won all the games they played so they will receive numerals. The team was as follows:

Agostina Carlevara	Catcher
Katherine Asaro	Pitcher
Madeline Rambke (Capt.)	1st Base
Evelyn Alden	2nd Base
Viola Tampinen	3rd Base
June Castillo	2nd Pitcher
Elvi Lundgren	F. F.
Beatrice Hiteman	C. F.
Signe Berthelsen	L. F.

The wirls worked hard in preparation for the track-meet. It was to their credit that Burbank won the Posture Parade. Although the school as a whole stood fourth in the Track-meet, the girls alone stood second. Agostina Carlevara of the 115-pound team broke the standing broad-jump record, and Della Bernadou and June Castilla of the 115-pound team broke the baseball throw record. Thirty-six of the girls will receive B's for winning First, Second, or Third place.

Elizabeth McIndoe H9

SCHOOL NOTES

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President----------Herbert Anderson

Vice President----------Allen Knights

Secretary-Treasurer----------Adam Labay

CLASS REPRESENATIVES TO STUDENT COUNCIL

H9' Henry Alden

H9" Dorothy Laufenberg

H9"' Ruth Hentzel

L9' Joseph Lateana
L9"

H8' Leon Stacy

H8" Andrew Scarsi

H8"' Carl Holback

L8' Ilie Salo

L8"' Victor Brandt

H7' Regina Railo

H7" Philip Amato

H7"' Ellis Matson

L7' Toivo Ferin

L7" Margaret Copeland

L7"' Helen Lord

O7"" Eleanor Perry

O7""' Fred Miller

L8" Jessie White

A NEW STUDENT BODY PROJECT

One of the new projects of the student body this year was to work out satisfactorily the regulation of the traffic along University Avenure. The automobiles were being driven at too high rate of speed along the street. A committee was appointed to consult with Mr. Frazier who is in charge of the traffic in the city of Berkeley.

White lines were painted across University Avenue directly in front of the main entrance of the school and the pupils were told that they must cross there at noontime.

Nine ninth grade boys were selected to act as traffic officers. They were divided into three squads. One of the the three acts as captain and stands in the middle of the block, one of the other boys stands in the intersection on University and Curtis, and the other is stationed at the intersection of University and Chestnut.

When the pupils want to cross the street, the captain signals to the other traffic officers to stop the cars and they are not allowed to move until the pupils have crossed to the other side of the street safely.

Herbert Anderson H9

IMPROVEMENT IN ROOTING

The rooting at the games this year is a decided improvement over that of last year's. The boys and girls are showing more school spirit. The practice of the yells during Thursday's assemblies has taught us the different yells and how they should be given. All yells should be clear, sharp-cut and without hesitation.

I would suggest that in the future the yell leader have two assistants so that there will always be some one trained to take his place when he leaves the school.

Robert Swensson, Yell Leader

GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

At the beginning of the spring semester the girls asked Mr. Preston to allow them to form a girls' association. Mr. Preston, with the aid of the teachers, investigated the proposition and gave his permission.

A committee of three teachers, Miss Morse, Miss Truman, and Miss Friedman, was appointed and under their direction the association was organized.

The class teachers recommended girls of good standing for officers. Out of this list the following were elected: Ruth Iversen president, Ruby Lundgren vice president and Emma Weber secretary and treasurer.

The first meeting was held Friday, February eighth. Since then a meeting of the officers and eighteen class representatives has been held every Wednesday during the advisory.

The purpose of the association is to deal with questions that concern only the girls and not the entire student body. Its first work was to decide on a school uniform. It voted unanimously that all girls be asked to wear a white middy and dark skirt. It was decided that no definite date should be set when all the girls must wear the uniform.

The association has also voted on rules to improve the general conduct such as keeping the dressing rooms and lockers neat and in order. The girls are to be taught to dance properly. All these suggestions were brought to the meetings by class representatives.

Ruth Iversen H9

MR. WIELAND'S LECTURE

On January 15, 1924, Mr. Wieland, the representative of Junior Red Cross in Europe, gave the pupils of Burbank a very interesting talk on Red Cross work in Europe.

He told us of many pathetic incidents that he encountered while traveling. He stated that the foreign girl or boy who is considered well-to-do lives on brown bread and some kind of gruel. There were many little orphans who have only torn clothes and practically nothing to eat. The American children would find a great difference if they were to compare their lives with those of the children in Europe.

The American Red Cross has sent many toys, books, games, food, and clothing which has aided hundreds off these children. Mr. Wieland has taught them many of our games and to show their thanks they have written many interesting letters.

I think that most of us were affected by his speech, although we can never realize the hardships of foreign countries. We are grateful to the Red Cross and even more ready now to contribute to the support of such an organization.

Marion Dinelli H9

SHOP NEWS

A new forge costing $75.00 was placed in the shop this semester. Mr. Frick is offering a new course, "Elementry Forge Work." The pupils taking this course have made many useful tools and articles for the house.

Charts of various tools and wood joints were furnished for the classes of the woodshop by the Stanley Rule and Level Company of New Britain, Connecticut. The boys found these so very useful that they wrote letters of appreciation to the company.

August Sairanen H7

DR. ROBT. G. CLELLAND'S TALK ON WOODROW WILSON

On February 11, 1924, Dr. Robt. G. Clelland addressed the students of the Burbank Junior High School at an assembly, held as a memorial for the late ex-president Woodrow Wilson.

As he was student of Princeton University at the time when Mr. Wilson was president of the institution he was able to tell us many interesting facts about his life.

He said that Mr. Wilson had a well trained mind. He knew how and what to say on all occasions. He was a good fighter. When he fought for principle he stayed with it.

Loyalty, purity, and justice were the principles for which he stood.

At his death he asked that a very simple funeral be given him.

Marie Cowan H8

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross represenatives of the Berkeley schools meet on the third Monday of every month at the Berkeley High School, where reports on the work of the past month are given and plans for future work made.

The Junior Red Cross working as a unit carries on an important work. Through it the poor are looked after and hospitals and sanatoriums are furnished with little tokens of cheer and delicacies. The children and soldiers are especially remembered. Correspondence is carried on with children of other countries, and thus we are brought into closer contact with each other and reach a better understanding.

Our school has done its part of this great work, and has been rewarded by several letters of appreciation from the various officers of the organization. The eighth grade made a portfolio which was sent to the Philippines where it was placed in a high school and, according to Miss Hance, who is the director of the Pacific Division, that it was the best porfolio that has passed through her office.

Norma Olson H9

LINCOLN DAY EXERCISES

General W. C. Davis, who is a retired officer of the United States army, was our principal speaker at the Lincoln Day exercises.

He told us of how Lincoln strove to receive an education and how he would borrow books from the neighbors which he read over and over in the evenings by the light of the fire place. He overcame his difficulties and through his own efforts became a great leader.

He told us to make the best of our advantages. We have good schools equipped with every modern convenience, well educated teachers, and libraries where we may receive excellent information for our school work.

We were also fortunate in having with us, Mr. E. A. May, a Civil War veteran. He spoke on Lincoln, too.

The exercises were finished by the flag salute and the Gettysburg Address recited in unison by the pupils.

Mary Vinn H9

FORMER BURBANK STUDENTS ON THE ROAD TO FAME

The concert given by the Berkeley High School Orchestra, under the direction of David Rosebrook, was appreciated by the Burbank faculty and student body.

It was very pleasing to note that three of the members of the orchestra were old Burbank students.

Nathalie Encalada H8

MR EDY ADDRESSED THE STUDENT BODY

Mr. Edy, city manager of Berkeley, addressed the student body on April 3. His subject was the City Government of Berkeley. He spoke of the main problems which the city council are working on now. One is the regulation of traffic. There are too many tracks on Shattuck Avenue, and more policemen are needed to act as traffic officers.

In closing Mr. Edy discussed in detail the tax rate of Berkeley. It is $1.60 per $1.00, 35 cents of this amount go to grammar school fund, 13 cents to the library, 12 cents for bonds and $1.00 to the general fund.

Willie Nagy H8

H9"' CIVICS CLASS ERECT MEMORIAL TABLET

Near the close of the first report period, the H9"' Civics class decided to work on another school project. We thought that it would be a good idea to have a memorial for the Burbank boys who died in service during the last war. We all agreed to work for this. We appointed several committees to find the cost, how to raise the money, to decide where the memorial is to be placed, and to determine the artistic features of the project. The class committees are working with an advisory committee of the faculty.

We are planning to have a granite pedestal with a bronze tablet on it. There will be seven names on the tablet and a short inscription above them. The names will be followed by a fitting quotation. The memorial will be placed a few feet from the foot of the flag pole and will be dedicated on Memorial Day.

Our class is carrying out the project with the assistance of the school.

Harold Matson H9

AT THE END OF A BUSY DAY

Miss Houston (to a noisy class): Don't talk out when I ask a question, raise your voices instead.

Miss Morse (in gym): Point the toe of your right heel back of your left foot.

Miss Fisk (giving instructions to the H8" sewing class): Put the spool through the needle.

Mr. Preston (in assembly): Are any of you pupils absent? If so please stand up. I want to see who are absent.

Miss Webber (hurriedly): Put your folders in your paper.

Mrs. Skimmings (in history class): Let me see, I was going to tell you something, what was it?

MUST BE AN ATTRACTIVE CLERK AT MAXWELL'S

T. Lyttinen (making an announcement to the H8" Girls): If any girl doesn't care to go to Oakland to get her school uniform, Mr. Carlson will be glad to get it for her.

DANGER OF OVERWORKING

Mrs. Bagnall: What are you doing?
A. Labay: Nothing.
Mrs. Bagnall: How will you know when you are through?

SOME EXCUSE!

Mr. Carlson: Why are you so late, Allen?
A. Knight: Well a sign down here on the corner read, "School, go slowly!"

FAME AT LAST

Substitute Music Teacher: There are three general types of women singers: The soprano, mezzo soprano, and contralto. Do any of you pupils know a great woman who has a contralto voice?
V. Rassmusen: Yes ma'am, Miss Gilbert, our regular music teacher.

LUCKY FOR ONCE

M. Cooley (discovering some pitch on his coat sleeve): How will I ever get this pitch off my coat?
Miss Gilbert: Just sing a song, Merle, you usually get off the pitch.

NOT A HERCULES

Miss Robinson: Bring your work to me Angeline.
A. Biagi: I can't. It's on the blackboard.

MR. PRESTON BELIEVES IN INVESTIGATION

Mrs. Skimmings: May I have a clock?
Mr. Preston: That depends. Do you wish it for school or home?

OF WHAT WAS WILBERT THINKING

R. Alessandro: Don't yell "hey" at me. I'm no horse.
W. Maderos: I know it. I wasn't thinking of a horse.

A YOUNG EPICUREAN

Miss Robinson: What are friars?
E. Alexander: Chickens.

CRUEL!

J. Carbone: Why is there electricity in my hair?
Mr. McDermont: Because it is connected to a dry cell.

NOT HIS KIND

J. Alexander: What kind of a nut has no shell?
F. Flores: I give up.
J. Alexander (triumphantly): A doughnut of course.

THIS ONE ON US

M. J. Winfield Scott (in assembly): I went out today and saw some of you youngsters playing indoor baseball, outdoors.

A DESPERATE APPEAL

Mr. McDermont (at teachers' meeting): Is there anything you wish for the next P.T.A. meeting?
Mrs. Tomsen: Yes, a few parents.

DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY MET?

W. Welch: Hey! Parks, I'll meet you at the library at seven-thirty.
W. Parks; No! Welch, at half past seven.

SOME NECKTIE!

J. McIver (removing his bookstrap from around his neck): Well, old strap you certainly did me a good turn in Mrs. Bagnall's room this morning.

JUST THE TAIL END.

Mrs. Skimmings; Don't want the details; just the topic.
E. Arcieri: What kind of tails are those?

MUST BE RATHER EXPENSIVE

R. Heydegger: I get a hair cut every week.
M. Larsen: How long will it take you to get them all cut?

POOR TEDDY

T. Nielsen: If Mr. Preston doesn't take back what he said I'm going to leave school.
A. Miguel: Why? How's that?
T. Nielsen: He just told me I'd have to leave school.

NOT VERY POLITE

S. Davis: I read of a fellow once who didn't have any brains and yet he lived a long time.
E. Anton: Not surprising. How old are you?

AN APT PUPIL

M. Furtado: I've had woodwork for about four terms.
Mr. Williams: Well, I don't see any medals on you yet.

NO CHANCE FOR DOUBT

E. Shelby (pronouncing the spelling words for a detention class): Occupy.
R. Alessandro I don't understand the word.
E. Shelby (earnestly): Occupy! You occupy a large amount of space.

OLD STORY-OUT OF GAS

M. Pimentel (in cooking class): I wonder why this jelly won't boil?
N. Rutledge: Maybe it would if you would light the gas.

RESTLESS FOR VACATION

Mr. McDermont: What do we find in water besides sodium chloride?
R. Bolton: Fish.

MORE SPEED NEEDED

E. Alexander (hearing the school orchestra practicing): What's that? The Salvation Army?

HIS ONLY CHANCE

W. Baxter (who has ambition to become a sprinter): How can I make a good finish?
Mr. Frick: Floor polish, my boy, floor polish!

NOT IN HER CUSTOMARY

Miss Robinson: Has anyone seen Marion Dinelli?
N. Olson: She must not be in school for she is not in the hall.

WRONG KIND

E. Nelson (passing down hall at 12:05): Gee, I'm hungry.
F. Mercari: Well, don't worry. You're in a jam.

IN IT AGAIN

Mr. McDermont: Can you name a liquid that won't freeze?
T. Wilson: Hot water.

RIGHT AGAIN

J. Pakola: What is best in an accident besides presence of mind?
R. Sheehy: Absence of body.

A U T O G R A P H S

WIZARD

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of the Burbank Junior High School

Berkeley - California

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TO BEAUTY

The verdant hills, the rolling expanse of water, the trees, the flowers, and all the charms of Berkeley have inspired us to bring beauty into our school.

Burbank has always been attractive, but particularly this term have we striven for beauty.

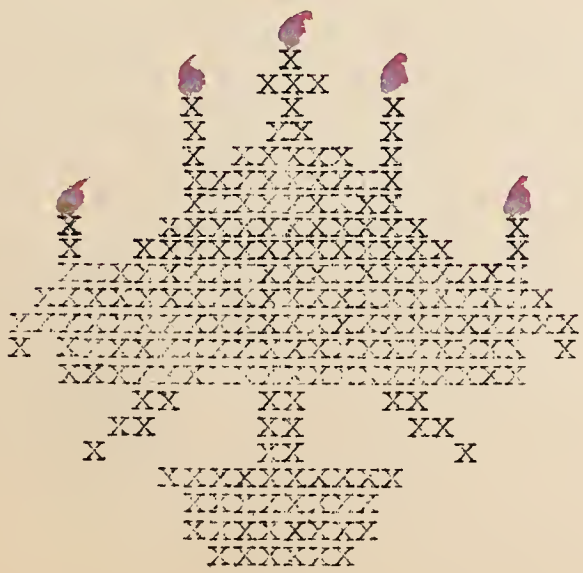
This is apparent in the luxuriant flowers and shrubs that adorn our grounds, in the appearance of dainty curtains at many windows, in the greater number of artistic pictures, and in the baskets of gorgeous flowers which have found their way into the rooms, adding cheer.

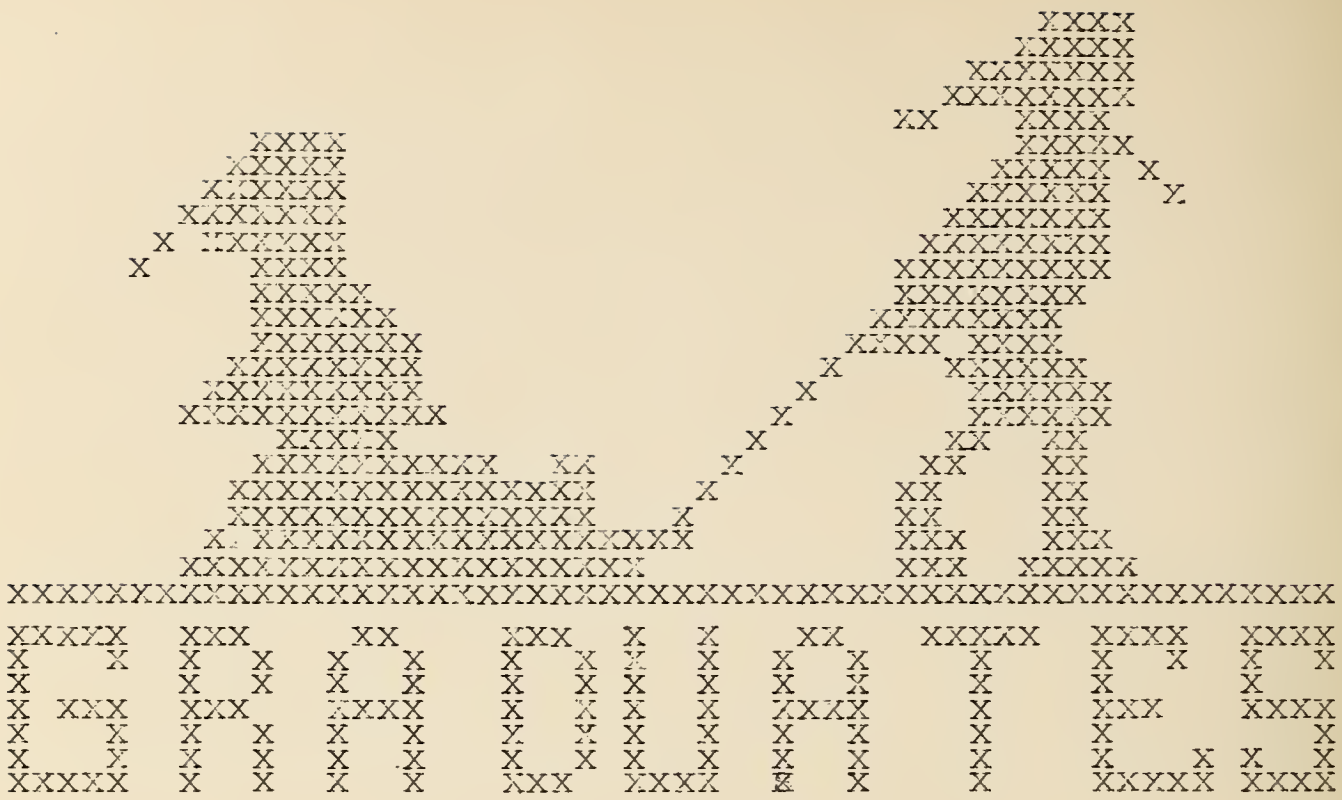
As other terms pass, new improvements will take place, ever tending to increase the beauty of our school.

Norma Olson H9

FACULTY

James T. Preston	Principal
Frances C. Albee	English
Franklin Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Civics, History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlsen	Physical Education
Sadie E. Derry	Foods
Katherine Fisk	Clothing
John J. Frick	Manual Arts
Lucile Friedman	Shorthand, Arithmetic, Science
F. Adele Gilbert	Vocal Music
Martin Hobbs	Brass, Band
Ruth Houston	English, History
Alexander Ingram	Woodwind
Soraine MacDougall	Secretary
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, History, Latin
Albert McDermont	General Science
Edith Morse	Physical Education
Lucy M. Robinson	Opportunity, English
Belle Ross	Piano
Vector Schott	Strings, Orchestra
Jean E. Skimmings	Arithmetic, English, History
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, English, History
Mabel P. Webber	Art
Angie Webster	Arithmetic, English, Art
Emma S. Wilkes	Counselor, Arithmetic, English
Earl Williams	Mechanical Drawing, Manual Arts
A. N. Wolfenden	Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping





Elsie Andereggen

Jenny Arcieri

Joseph Asaro

Katherine Asaro

Signe Berthelson

Jean Brechin

June Castillo

Floyd Doll

Carl Geschke

Edna Giblin

Mabel Hind

Beatrice Hiteman

Ruth Iversen

Marjorie Johnson

Joseph Lateana

Aili Leino

Paul Markison

Joseph Monti

Herman Nelson

Laurie Nemy

Eugene Oliveira

Norma Olsen

John Pakola

Madeleine Rambke

Edwin Rocha

Grover Rosentrater

Arvi Saari

Evelyn Schomberg

Robert Stone

Viola Tampinen

Helen Westerberg

EDITORIAL

WIZARD STAFF

Editor----------Norma Olson

Business Manager----------Grover Rosentreter

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

H9'	Jean Brechin	Charlotte Andereggen	L8"'
H9"	Carl Geschke	Ethel Lauterbach	H7'
L9'	Lorothy Hansen	Mary Costa	H7"
L9"	Richard Sheehy	Dorothy Barrowman	H7"'
L9"'	Eino Salo	Lucille Page	L7'
H8'	Dorothy Johnson	Norma Merciari	L7"
H8"	Josie Marenco	Grace Baumgartner	L7"'
L8'	Evelyn Shelby	Evelyn Price	O7""
L8"	Lorothy Gondo	Felix Flores	O7""'

FACULTY COUNCIL

Ruth Houston

Mary M. Tomsen

Frances C. Albee

Mabel P. Webber

Angie Webster

THE BERKELEY SCHOOL BOND ISSUE

Owing to the rapid increase in school attendance in Berkeley the housing accommodations are not sufficient. Many of the old buildings are in need of improvements. The Hillside School burned and must be replaced. The temproary buildings and shacks must be done away with, and more adequate buildings provided.

To meet this critical situation the Board of Education proposed to issue $2,800,000 in bonds. $1,080,000 going to the grammar schools, and $1,720,000 to the high schools.

The school children in order to arouse enthusiasm composed songs and made posters, which were placed in homes and business houses. The pupils of the different schools marched through the principal streets of the city, dressed in gay colored caps and carrying school banners and bond placards, appealing to the citizens for assistance in passing the bonds.

The bonds failed because of organized opposition, but it is to be hoped that in the near future another bond issue will be proposed and passed. What better investment can the citizens of Berkeley make than that which promotes higher citizenship?

Norma Olson H9

AS WE ARE THUS SHALL WE BE JUDGED

The student body council has been working to perfect the conduct of the pupils during the assembly period. It is at this time that our school is brought into contact with its guests. A school is judged by its behavior and the public takes us at our own valuation. By this I mean that what people say concerning us is generally no more or less than what we have shown ourselves to be.

Therefore we should be more concerned about our behavior. Even though the weather be warm, let us not slump in our seats. Refrain from talking to your neighbors and yawning even though parts of the speakers address be inaudible or uninteresting. The assembly program only lasts forty-five minutes. It is our period so let us enjoy every minute of it.

Ruth Iversen H9

THE WATER BONDS

At present the East Bay Water Company furnishes water to the city of Berkeley. Their reservoirs have very little water in them. There are two ways of collecting this water; one from the drainage and the other from underground sources. Most of the water which we are using now comes from the deep wells. Our source is low. Soon we will pump up mud and clay.

We need water. An average person uses fifty gallons of water a day. More people are coming in to the East Bay district and there will not be enough water. The East Bay Municipal Utility District is composed of nine cities. One is Berkeley. These nine cities elected five men to help us get our water supply. These directors secured three well know engineers, Arthur T. Davis, General Goethals, Mr. Mulholland, to find the best possible water supply. Mr. Davis built the three greatest dams in the world. General Goethals helped build the Panama Canal. Mr. Mulholland helped to solve the Los Angeles water problem. After studying all the best sources they selected the Mokelumne river.

The Mokelumne river, which is east of Stockton, comes from the moutains. The engineers recommended the building of two dams in the Mokelumne; one for the purpose of keeping the water for the East Bay Utility District, the other for irrigation purposes. The water from the Mokelumne is pure and will come through a conduict and a tunnel from the mountains to the Claremount reservoir. The cost of this water project will be $35,000,000.

Frances Ballard L8

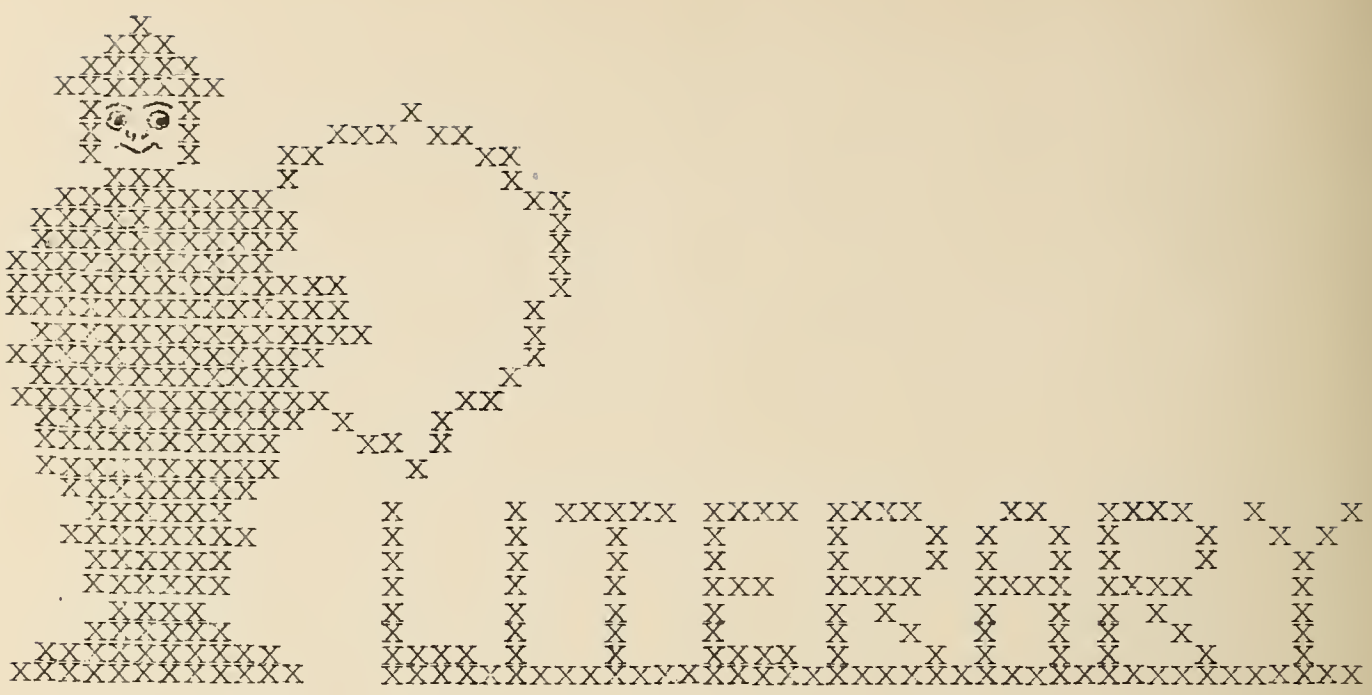
FOUR HONOR CLASSES

The Wizard staff appreciates the way the school supported it in its subscription drive this fall. There were four 100% classes, the L9', L9"', H9', H9". The faculty was also 100%. The total number of subscribers was 315. Last year there were only 275. This shows a gain of 40.

The four 100% classes and the faculty were presented with baskets filled with beautiful dahlias as a slight recognition of their loyal support of their school magazine.

The staff however will not be satisfied until the entire student body is 100%. Let's reach that goal next term.

Grover C. Rosentreter H9



AT CHRISTMAS TIME

The starry snow-flakes fluttered like timid butterflies as they fell softly to the earth. Stars not unlike daisies twinkled in the heavens and seemed to be dancing around Lady Moon. She, in her golden robes of moonbeams, radiated lustrous beauty on the white garbed earth. The golden light that she cast lighted up the silvery fir-trees who were lifting their graceful heads to the sky. The scarlet berries of the holly-berry bushes gleamed in their green network of leaves. Clumps of mistletoe clustered in the tops of the old oak trees.

In the distance sleigh bells tinkled, bidding the world a Merry Christmas.

Shelby Evelyn L8

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Make the best of each childhood day,
While we are children so young and gay.
Play the small games the children play,
Do the small tasks that are given each day.
And be content with simple things,
For that is what true happiness brings.

Franklin Nielson H8

AUTUMN

The leaves are all flying and fluttering about,
The wind is sighing low.
The birds are all going on their southward route,
So they will not be caught in the snow.

The grass which in spring was green as could be,
Is now turning its color to brown;
And in a few weeks the clear white snow,
Will be covering the cold, dark ground.

Georgia Grachis H7

MY FIRST RECOLLECTION OF SANTA CLAUS

I clearly remember my first real sight of Santa Claus; it was when I was a little tot of five years. It was all like a dream to me. The room was lighted with bright lights. The Christmas tree was covered with rare presents. There were sweetmeats in abundance. I did not know that day was Christmas but it was a day which meant candy, toys, and fun with Santa Claus. But I found out afterward that it meant something besides what I thought it was.

I can just see myself as if it were yesterday, sitting on the knee of Santa Claus, who, as I found out later, was my uncle. I may have seen Santa Claus before this, for I was five years old, but that I do not remember. I can recall this day very clearly as it brought me happiness and especially because it was my last dreamland Christmas, for after that I knew who was in the red coat behind the colored mask.

Walter Hill L9

SNOW FUN IN WINTER

Sliding and gliding down a steep hill
Into a slippery glassy ice rill,
Making and building little snow forts
Shaping snow balls of all kinds and sorts.
Plunging down the hillsides
With laughter and shrieks,
For the hillsides are slippery
With last night's sleets.
Oh, the fun we have with snow!

Rose Cowan L8

DAWN

A dull grey sky met a scarcely fainter water. As I gazed, the sky grew still fainter until a heaven of purest blue was revealed. White caps, great rolling waves, and tiny ripples appeared upon the water's surface. Slowly but surely, crept the tide, again to pelt the cliffs, rising upward from the sea.

Another glance. The sky a paler grey was turning. The morning fog was lifting. Now a faint stretch of blue, along the horizon was seen.

As again I turned to the sea, a long gull above the water's surface flew on wings of the wind. A bright ray of sunlight pierced the morning sky. Then another and another and the whole glorious sun burst into view.

There was no sound but that of lapsing waves upon the weather beaten shores. Far out upon the shining water a wharf stretched like an arm.

The tide was in. A breaker from afar, pelted the boulders and a spray of starry foam, was dashed into the air. A faint outline of distant shores I sighted. As higher lifted the fog, the hills of deep rich purple were beheld.

I turned once more, the coast's creviced walls to see. A smoke made by an early fisherman, curled lazily toward the sky. A slight refreshing breeze arose. A salty breeze across my face is driven.

As slowly I took the homeward path, the sun mounted high in the heavens, and a glorious day had begun.

Vivien Williamson L9

NOMAD OF THE STREET

Poor, little, nameless creature of the streets; picking stray bones out of the gutter, traveling from place to place and from person to person hoping some day that someone will take him home. After he has tagged along a block at your feet your finally steel your heart and cruelly say "Go home" and make a motion with your hand in the other direction while the pup sadly turns slowly walks away but the instant you turn your back he is at your heels again. You may have a good reason for disappointing him but still you feel like a pitiless old wretch for turning away the Arab, the beggar the tramp, the vagabond dog of the streets.

Enerd Forsell L9

A FAIRY ARTIST

Late in the summer there is a little artist who mixes his paints to use on the leaves when cold weather comes. He mixes them in the hollow of a mushroom and he sits on a stone with his stick stirring away with all his might. First he stirs the gold color for the yellow leaves then he makes red for the red leaves, then he stirs the other different kinds of paint.

Then when the cold weather comes he gets on his warm jacket and goes out at night and works very hard. He takes the gold paint and touches a few leaves then he uses the other colors until he has painted all the trees. When we look out we say, "Why! Autumn is here! How beautiful the trees are!"

Lena Gaus L7

MY CANARY

He is a yellow canary;
His eyes are blue and merry.
All day he sings
And flutters his wings.
In the sun his feathers glisten;
People stop nearby to listen
But he keeps on whistling;
Then pops to his swing,
Seeing people free
And wishing he could be----!

Frances Maher L9

THE PUMPKIN PIE

One day in the spring when it was warm and sunny, I thought of making a garden. My brother and I planted the seeds carefully and some little pumpkins, squash, and vegetable plants began to grow.

But soon the frost came and only the pumpkins were left. These we were saving for Thanksgiving for grandma was coming to visit us and she would make the pies.

At last Thanksgiving day came and grandma with her nice white apron was busy in the kitchen making crispy pies. I could smell them from where I was playing in the back yard. But I never got a snip until dinner, but then my grandmother gave me two big pieces of pie.

Della Bernadou L8

SPRINGTIME

A brook, gliding softly toward the green banks, gurgled and chuckled to itself, as it skipped the rocks in a little leap.

The modest, blue-eyed violet, timidly peeped up from the green trailing vines, enjoying the splendor of the spring. The leaves shone brightly and sparkled like so many stars for the dew of the early morning was still playing the game of leap-frog.

A robin, perched upon a rock, was talking to old Mr. Frog about her babies. Mr. Frog, who in a day or two would shed his old skin for a new one, was also discussing the same subject. "My baby is a wonderful child, best in the world," croaked Mr. Frog.

"No, Mr. Frog, you are wrong, because I know of a still better baby than yours," peeped the robin.

"Who is that?" asked the frog in an offended tone.

"My birdie," said the robin, "Why one of your dirty eggs isn't worth half of mine!" And flinging this insult in the astonished face of Mr. Frog he flew away to his nest. Mr. Frog croaked and jumped into the water. In a moment the ripling of the water was all that was left of Mr. Frog.

The violet had an amused look on her face and she fairly shook with laughter. Suddenly she became sober and appeared lost in meditation. The robin sang the whole day long about her babies and Mr. Frog continued to croak away about his babies also. The brook went on its rippling way toward the ocean, and the modest violet nodded and nodded itself to sleep.

Lucille Page L7

MY DOG BEAUTY

Thursday when I moved to Hearst avenue, Beauty, my little dog, was so glad she ran all around the house and scratched the floor which Daddy had just gotten through working on. She is very intelligent and she knows that every one in the house is so proud of our new home that if a person comes near our fence she will just bark and bark. My goodness! It is awful the way she does! She is so scared somebody is going to take the house away from her. When I lived in New York the houses were all crowded together and Beauty didn't have room to run around. She never had so much fun in all her life before. She is an Eskimo Spitz and is a year and one month old.

Beatrice Martin L7

THE SUNFLOWER

The tall sunflower
Looked down at the small bower;
The ant looked up to the flower.
As she crawled along
She sang a song:
"Stately and strong ye are
But hold up thy pride,
Lest thou be lead
By wiles of thy head,
For the ant shall succeed in power
If she lives not by the ways
of the sunflower."

Katherine Asaro H9

MY BERKELEY

I'll hide away in Berkeley,
For the charms of that city call,
And there I know I'll plan to stay;
I'll live where there's beauty in all.
This state is one of happiness,
And Berkeley's the town that I adore.
So there I know I'll spend my days
In my own home town forevermore.

Helen Wickman H7

MY PET

I have a pet, so dear to me;
His eyes are tender but only I can see
His heart beats true,
His tail drums a tattoo
As I fondly stroke his satin ear
And whisper so no one can hear.

He is getting feeble and old,
And mother says he must be sold.
But Ah! that cannot be
I would rather see him drowned in the sea
Than to part with my "Chow"
When he needs me now.

Esther Bittencurt L9

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

In the month of June 1915 my mother and two sisters started for California from South Dakota. In September 1914 my father joined the army and was stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, California.

I had a very nice time on the train, and when we reached Omaha we sent a telegram to my father. When we reached the Sixteenth street station at Oakland my father came running into the train. There surely was a happy time for my mother but, as for me, I was wondering who in the world he could be. The greatest surprise of all was when he kissed my mother. I looked on with big round eyes and a large open mouth. On the way home my father was so happy that he wanted to hug me but, as you can imagine, I was so afraid that every time he touched me I screamed so that all the people thought that I was being hurt. It was very hard for me to think that he was my father because I had not seen him for a very long time. Later I understood that he was really my father and the whole joke was on me.

William Burger H8

THE NIGHT

The trees were waving in the wind. The snow was falling lightly. A dim mist was settling over the world. The forest itself looked quiet and peaceful. Only the pines were the ones who had any green on. Then the wind grew stronger, the trees bowed low. The snow began to fall thicker and faster. Then in the sky appeared a star, another one, and then another. Then came the moon, a large and matchless light. The storm ceased and all was still. A thin crust of ice forms on the snow. The lake looked like a fairy window with fancy designs over it, large palaces, trees, and mountains.

An artist would have sensed the beauty of nature's handiwork. Great trees were filled with soft glistening snow. The ground looked like white marble with a thin crust of ice over it. Little stars in the sky peeped form between trees. The moon had risen high into the sky, a radiant silvery light and looked like a queen of the night.

Ressu Hyrske L7

A WOLF CRY

One cold night when the north wind blew and the icicles hung on the window panes and the snow lay thick on the ground, a sharp cry was heard near our house. We looked out of the window but could see nothing.

My father got out his rifle and lighted the old lantern which hung on the back porch. A few paces away we could make out a wolf standing over its dead mate. My father raised his rifle and shot. The wolf gave a sharp cry and fell beside the other one.

Although years have passed since this incident occurred, there was something so appealing about the way that wolf cried that I have never forgotten it.

Evelyn Schmidt L8

AFTER RABBITS

Once a friend and I decided to go on a rabbit hunt. We made ready that night to start in the morning.

At about six o'clock we were on our way to the hunting ground. The air was pure and sweet, and we felt very good thinking about the hunt we were going to have.

At seven o'clock we reached the woods and, while we were sitting down to rest, the dogs began to chase a rabbit. We dropped our burden and joined in the chase but were left far behind.

The chase was too hard so we sat down to rest. Soon we heard the dogs barking. We jumped up and began to run again, because we knew the dogs had caught the rabbit. When we reached the dogs, they had killed him. We did not want him killed, but it was too late. We chased two more rabbits after that, but did not have much luck.

I began to walk around. All at once I stepped on a bunch of straw. I jumped straight up into the air, and landed in some berry bushes. At the same time I gave a loud yell. My friend came to my rescue with a stick. We both went with sticks to see what was under the straw, making the dogs stay back. We moved the straw apart, and there, lying in a bunch of fur, were six little bunnies about a week old.

Thinking they were too young to take home, we covered them and started for home, very happy over our day's discovery.

Lee Watty H8

EVENING IN GOLDEN GATE

It is evening and as you look over the bay you see the Golden Gate. The water is still and boats float idly here and there. The sun shines in back of the island in the bay and make them stand out dark against the bright background. The water looks like gold, moving softly as the wind blows gently over it. The sea gulls are flying over the water. If you look above the Golden Gate the sky is blue with strips of gold through the blue. As the sun goes down the gold vanishes and the sky changes to the dark blue of night.

Edith Rover H7

SIMPLE SUSAN

Simple Susan intended to have a party for her doll's birthday. Her doll's birthday was to be on Saturday. But Simple Susan decided that she'd buy the ice cream on Friday morning.

So she went to a candy store and bought her ice cream. When she got home she put it in the cupboard so that she could have it handy for the party.

Saturday morning came at last. All of the guests were at the door and ringing the bell. Simple Susan went to the door and invited them in.

She put the chairs around the table, and told them to excuse her for a few minutes. She went into the kitchen to get the ice cream, and the other things which were intended for the party. She opened the cupboard and to her surprise, she saw something that reminded her of milk dripping on the floor. She went back to her guests to describe what had happened. Simple Susan ran in the room and said, "Oh I'm so sorry but my ice cream is gone."

The children all ran into the kitchen, and opened the cupboard. They gazed at each other in amazement. "Why Susan when did you get it," said one of the children.

"Yesterday," said Susan.

They all looked at each other and laughed. "Didn't you know that after ten minutes the ice cream would melt?"

"No. Would it?" said the Simple Susan.

Louise Ramos 07

THE HAUNTED CAVE

One day a friend and I went on a hike down Santa Cruz mountains. After we had walked a few hours we sat down to rest. Off in a distance we heard a queer noise. We went up and saw a big open cave. We heard the queer noise again so we went to find out what it was. We stumbled all around the cave and there we saw two big eyes blinking. One of us had a rifle and shot at the object and something went fluttering to the ground. We lit a match to see what it was and there lay the poor owl on the ground.

The cave was not haunted after all.

John Johansen L8

RUSSIAN RIVER BY MOONLIGHT

One night in the middle of July, my mother and I were canoeing on the Russian River. A beautiful moon cast its reflection on the waters of silver and gold. The wind had died down and all was calm and still.

Even the canoes glided past us noiselessly. The minnows could be seen darting here and there through the waters. The trees that grew on its beautiful banks stretched their leafy arms out making a lacy network along the edge of the river.

Irene Wilson L8

NATURE'S OWN SPOT

Nature's own spot is in Humbolt County on the Eel River. It is a cavern surrounded one one side by the Eel River and on the other side by moss-grown rocks. The opening is screened by a curtain of moss; and trout, suckers, and bass play in the pool in front of the opening. Willow trees grow on one side of the opening. Blue herons, sandpipers, cranes, and kingfishers fly over head. The screams of a cat-bird and blue-jay are heard far back among the red woods. A man is seen lying in a motor boat. A fishing rod is propped under his foot. There is a jerk on the line and the man is seen to land a large rainbow trout. Farther down the stream another man is seen angling. The echo of a falling tree sounds like a cannon shot.

Carlo Pyhaluato L8

DICK HAS A BIRD ADVENTURE

Dick had nothing to do so he thought he would go on a hike. The day was warm and breezy. He started out. He walked and walked. The birds were singing and everything seemed to be happy.

The woods were green and clean smelling. Wild flowers were everywhere. Then all of a sudden Dick heard a chirp of a baby bird, but could not see a thing. Then he heard it again, so he stopped. To his surprise he found a baby bird, cold, on the ground. The bird was lying near a tree and the nest was on a high branch.

Dick put the baby bird in his pocket and climbed the tree. He put the bird back, and climbed down again. He then waited for the mother to come back. When she came back, he went singing home as happy as he could for he had saved the bird from dying and, had helped the mother.

Martha Kappadahl H7

WHEN I TRIED TO HELP MOTHER

There was to be a football game in a few days. My mother detested having me play, for fear I might break a leg or two. I promised the fellows I'd be at the game, but afterwards I was rather doubtful. I then had to think how I could manage it. At last I thought of a plan.

The day of the game came. I put on my head gear and started off to the game.

"Richard, where are you going?" I heard.

"To the game, mother," I replied.

"Not until you help me!"

I entered the house and started drying dishes. Oh, why didn't I have a sister!

After a series of four broken cups my mother thought thatit was time for me to change my work, so I had to dust. After a great number of objections, I began to get started.

A half hour before the game I had to sweep the kitchen. When I struck the light globe with the broom and broke it, my mother came in upon the scene. With a great cry she said, "Go to that football game and don't come back until it's over!"

And from that day to this I can go to a game even before it starts.

Richard Sheehy L9

HUNTING SKUNKS WITH A FLASHLIGHT

Around Fort Seward there are a great many skunks and while I was on my vacation there, some of the skunks ventured into the camp at about five o'clock in the morning. There were many cats around camp and I guess one of them thought the skunk was a playmate, for it chased it under one of the cabins. The skunk raised such an odor that the people who were living there had to move out.

About three days after this, when some people were putting out the camp fire, a couple of them went to their cabin to get water and when they were coming back what should they spy under the rocking chair but the skunk! They flashed a light on it and it ran into the kitchen. They didn't want to shoot it for fear it would raise that unpleasant odor again and so they tried to force it out with a flashlight. Finally it ran out, but went under the house and stayed there. For four nights after that they would hear squealing under the house loud enough to be made by five skunks. The animal couldn't raise any odor under this cabin because it was so low that it couldn't get its tail up.

The people set a box trap and caught it. They left it in the box until they could go down to the river to drown it but in the meantime it gnawed its way out. Then they set the trap again and this time when they caught it, they shot through the box and killed it. But the camp smelled of skunk for several days after that.

Fred Carbine H7

A PERSONAL ADVENTURE

As I came over the brow of a small rocky hill near the town of Santa Barbara, I was suddenly surprised by a large rattle snake, coiled and ready to spring at any moving object within its reach.

I quietly stepped back, gun in hand, cocked to shoot at the least move of that death-dealing reptile. As I took aim my cousin, who had been picking wild flowers, stepped directly in my line of fire. Quickly, I lowered my gun, and gave the quail whistle which was our danger signal.

She crouched behind a large boulder and waited until she heard my shot ring out, then came running to see my trophy.

Howard Lee L7

A RACE WITH THE CYCLONE

About forty-nine years ago, a girl named Martha lived with her mother and two brothers in a town in Nebraska. Martha had a pony which was called Wildfire because it ran like the wind. It ran in every race and nearly always won. It took a very fast horse to beat Wildfire.

One day Martha started off to visit a girl friend who lived about eight miles from Martha's house. Being in no hurry Wildfire did not go very fast. When Martha reached the house, she stayed for a half hour.

As she was on her way home she saw clouds gathering in the sky, but she did not pay any attention to them then. After she had gone a little farther, many little whirlwinds sprang up about her. She began to get alarmed, so she made Wildfire go quite fast. She was about a mile from the bridge when she realized that she was in the path of a cyclone.

She knew that a cyclone would not cross the river, so she made Wildfire go faster than he had ever gone before, so fast she could hardly hold on.

The bridge was about a fourth of a mile ahead of her and the cyclone about a half mile behind her, and it was gaining. At last she reached the bridge, the cyclone right in back of her. She thought, "Wildfire make the bridge?" Wildfire gave one jump and he was across it.

She was safe at last. The wind was blowing hard on this side, but it was nothing compared to the other side. She never forgot her first experience in racing with a cyclone. She loved the pony dearer than ever now, because she was saved from the danger, perhaps from death.

Georgia Gashis L7

SUMMER AND AUTUMN

Summer with its beauties fair
Now has gone for another year.
Mother Nature worked so hard
To make the leaves of green.
Now it's Autumn's duty
To break them down again.
There is a reason
For each season,
And a duty for each one.

Georgiana Bracken H7

WINTER

Winter will soon be here,
And all the flowers will disappear.
The frost will bite your nose,
And even sting your toes.
He's a mean old man;
He bites wher'ever he can.
In the morning when you go to school
You can tell he's been around.
He leaves his trade mark every where;
He thinks he's smart, I guess.
As soon as the flowers grow again
He goes to bed to rest.

Ruth Hellsten H7

THE OLD POWER HOUSE

Barely distinguishable in the twilight stands an erect old building. It stands side by side with the tracks where death has been met by so many.

Vines seem to be having a race to see which ones can climb the faster. These vines can be seen all over the building. They seem to be looking for their chance to peep in one of the numerous windows.

Steam is being poured out to the clear evening air by the monsterous engines below. Huge pieces of machinery reflect many different colors of light through the windows. This makes the old power house look like a place of bright gems.

We look again and have turned just in time to see the interurban train rush by like a flash of lightning with its long trail of lights. The dark woods behind it gives this bright object a very beautiful effect, with the low plains which lie so peacefully before it.

Ruth Iversen H9

THE BERKELEY HILLS

The Berkeley hills are beautiful,
No matter what you say,
The trees on their slopes are wonderful,
At any time of day.

Helmi Ferin H7

THE SPOT I ENJOY THE MOST

The place I like best is Mathiew Ranch in Yerington, Nevada. Here you can see nothing but cattle and hay and ditches. One day I was going around the ranch and I came to a high place above the plain. As I looked down, the cattle looked like flowers and the hay like a desert; the ditches, when the sun set on them, looked like mirrors reflecting the colors of a rainbow. The ranch house was like a large rock set among the big cedar trees. Overhead there were some hawks, looking for prey. At night the sky looked as if it were on fire and the ranch looked lonesome and sad.

Raymond Moniz L8

MY PET RABBIT

My rabbit's name was "Snow White".
He was a lovely sight;
His tail was short,
And he leaped in sport.
His eyes were pink,
And his nose he'd wink.
His ears were long,
He did no wrong,
But when he was afraid,
Down his ears staid,
And not a bit of noise made.

Marjorie Loveland L9

MY BIRD

One day as I was walking along the street I saw a little bird and I picked it up and took it home.

My mother told me to give it some water and seed or he would die. In a few days the bird sang a song for my mother and me and I was so pleased that I let it go. He flew to the top of a tree and sang a song again. After a while he flew away and never came back again to me.

Irene Biagi 07

SUMMER IN OREGON

In Oregon the school term ends the last part of May; therefore vacations begin earlier than they do here. They have the three hottest months of the year as vacation.

Everyone goes in swimming in the month of June and that is when the real fun begins. There was always a group of us girls who left in the morning to go down to the river with our lunch. We were in the water most of the time so they called us the frog family.

Some days we would go on a hike instead of swiming. We did not have to go far to get into the hills. There was a certain place where we always liked to go, and that was by a little brook where there was a wooden wheel built right over the water. We all got in and took a ride but it was very hard to keep yourself in so you wouldn't fall out.

There was a little trail which we followed one day and at the end of it we discovered a small coal mine. None of us dared to go in the mine to investigate because we were afraid it would cave in, because we had read in the paper about so many mines exploding or caving in.

One day we went fishing and I happened to be a lucky girl, for I caught a hundred little trout that filled my bucket. As soon as we were tired of fishing we would look for a nice cool place and set the table while someone else fried the fish. If we happened to have our swimming suits we would all jump in the river again.

Aili Leino H9

THE OLD OAK

Sturdy and strong the magnificent oak
Stood by the cross road school.
Greeting the children as years went by,
Affording shade with its branches high.
Yet never a word it spoke.
It greeted them with its whispering leaves,
That waved to and fro in the gentle breeze.
Oh lovely tree of my childhood days,
Always to you my memory strays.

Ramona Eakins L7

DRAMATICS

THE MAID AND THE MIDDY

The semi-annual performance given by the graduating class, the H9 grade, was an operetta entitled "The Maid and the Middy." The occasion is the annual Boat Club of whom the captain and middies of the Dreadnaught are guests. Among the middies is a vivacious youth, Billy, who devotes himself to Valerie, a charming maid. He is about to become very popular with her when a Spanish count appears and raises a disturbance in the once peaceful club by making the charge that Billy has stolen his "Anita."

Billy avoids the count but soon the suspicions of Evans and Fitz, two officials of the club, are aroused and they pry into the mystery. By this time the races are over and a party has collected to congratulate the winner, Valerie. This affords the count an opportunity to meet and denounce Billy. Billy offers to explain the situation but he is not allowed to do so. A feeling of distrust arises on the part of his new acquaintance.

The plans made for the entertainment of Captain Dasher and the middies are interrupted and a vaudeville is arranged for the evening and carried through with success by Evans. By this time Valerie has thought over the predicament and has decided the matter can not be as serious as it appeared and shows a tendency to put more faith in Billy and to have some fun with him. She disguises herself as a Spanish senorita and deceives her friends but Billy recognizes her. Valerie offers to restore Billy to full favor if he explains the mystery of Anita. Finally he divulges the secret that Anita is a parrot. Billy is forgiven and all ends well.

THE CHARACTERS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

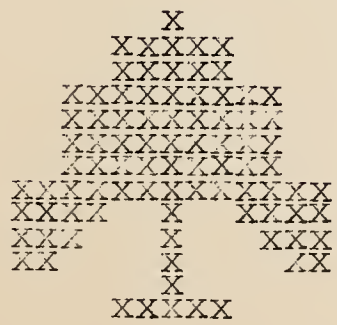
Billy--A middy; attached to the "Dreadnaught"
Floyd Doll
Dawson--A retired farmer----------Joseph Monti
The Count--A Spanish gentleman----------Joseph Lateana
Evans--Master of ceremonies; Lake Ville Boat Club.
Grover Rosentrater
Fitz--Of the house committee; L. B. C.-----Carl Geschke
Captain Dasher--In command of the Dreadnaught.
Paul Markison
Bounder--Champion oarsman of L. B. C.------Robert Stone
Young Slimson--Also of the L. B. C. "The Great Unknown."
John Pakola
Attendant--Of the L. B. C.----------Arvi Saari
Valerie Vane--A charming Maiden.-------Marjorie Johnson
Mrs. Gaily--An attractive Widow---------Katherine Asaro
Alice----------Norma Olson
Maid--Friends of Valerie.----------Viola Tampinen
Phyllis----------June Castillo
Anita--The mysterious cause of the trouble.
Accompanist----------Herman Nelson

Maids:
Madeleine Rambke
Beatrice Hiteman
Signe Berthelsen
Ruth Iversen
Jean Brechin

Middies:
Edwin Rocha
Joe Asaro
Laurie Nemy
George Markinson

Young Girls:
Mabel Hind
Elsie Andereggen
Jenny Arcieri
Helen Westerburg
Aili Leino
Edna Giblin

Young Men:
George Socker
Enerd Forsell
Donald Smith
Richard Sheehy
William Lawrence



CIVIC LEAGUE PLAY

On Thursday evening, October 30, the 07""' Class gave a short play called "Civic League." It was a part of the program given at the community meeting in the assembly.

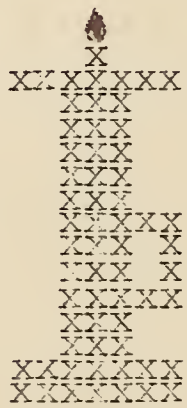
The Civic League was a group of boys who tried to keep their neighborhood clean. They were tormented by a bad boy who did everything he could think of to stop them in their work. At last they brought him before the commissioner, who decided that the bad boy should spend a night in the office. The bad boy's conscience troubled him and he dreamed of the mischief he had done. The next morning he told the commissioner that he was sorry. He wanted to join the Civic League. The Civic League parade was passing. It halted before the commissioner's office. The Civic League boys recited their plans and were joined by the bad boy.

Now their good work could grow. The city could be kept clean by just such a civic league.

THE CAST

Bad Boy----------Mario Fissore
Commissioner----------John Roach
Officer----------Allan Ross
Father----------Felix Flores
Leader of Civic League----------Alfred De Martino
Members of Civic League-----Henry Arcieri, Peter Biagi
Paul Contorno, Marvin Jacobson, John Hunt, Andrew Young
Annoyed Citizens----------Dean De Bois, Harry Hemphill
Dowell Jones, George Rambke
Director of Scenes----------Julian Miller

Marvin Jacobson 07

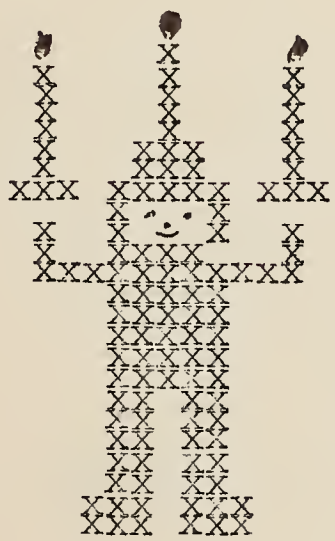


THE FIVE GHOSTS

On October 30, 1924, at the second monthly annual given by the student body a play entitled "The Five Ghosts" was presented. The scene opens with five ghosts sitting around a low burning fire. The lights are low. One of the ghosts lifts her hand, one rattles bones and another shakes chains. Then they dance around the fire and leave the stage.

Some adventurous boys come in and sit around the fire. They read a thrilling ghost story but one by one they are frightened away by the uncanny noises made by the five ghost. The girls then come in and take off their sheets, for they were just trying to play a joke on the boys.

Gladys Williams H8



THE 07"" PLAY

In August the 07"" class had a play in the assembly. All the children in the class took part in it. In the play we had a princess who was very particular. She wanted to marry the best story teller in the land.

Now there was a farmer who had three sons. Henry, John and Edward. They were to tell stories to try to win the princess. Henry and John only wanted new clothes so that they could look handsome and the princess would listen to them. But Edward studied hard from a book and did not give a thought to his clothes. He won the heart of the princess.

We had a costume for each one of the children, and the princess was dressed up nicely. We invited quite a few classes to come and see it and they said they enjoyed the play very much. It was fun to prepare for our play and it taught us a great deal.

Louise Ramos 07

ATHLETICS

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The boys at Burbank had a very good season at fall sports. The semester opened with volley ball. Each grade had a team and some very interesting games resulted. The 8th grade defeated the 9th grade in the final series of five games. Much interest was manifested in the inter-school contest and the boys played well. The 8th grade won its game with Willard and the other games were lost with close scores.

Ninth Grade Team

Joseph Chavez
Carl Geschke
Stanley Larson
Yoshimi Makino
Joseph Monti
Herman Nelson
Eugene Oliveira
Donald Smith
Robert Stone
Joseph Lateana (Capt.)

Eighth Grade Team

William Burger
Albert Beckert
Carrol Copland
Lee Watty
John Nelson
Frank Farber
Edwin Johnson
Elmer Norgren
Yasu Yasuo
William Baxter (Capt.)

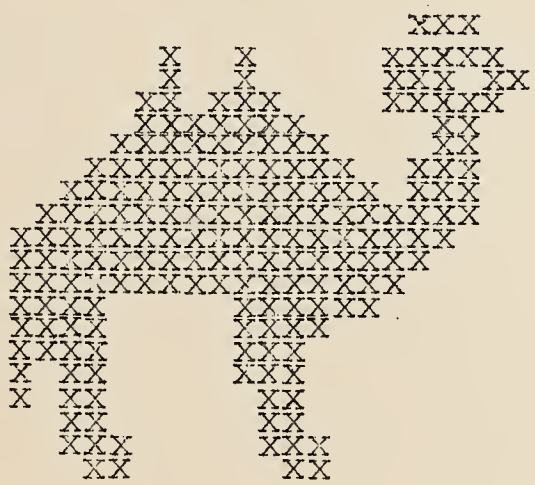
The pass football honors go to the 9th grade. The best punters being Joseph Asaro, Vernon Freeman, and Edward Meyers. The 9th grade boys are also the best passers.

Soccer has just started and each class feels sure that it will be the winner. Very strong teams have been organized and the games will be close.

The boys are anxious to get started on basket ball and hope to have two good teams. Many boys have already decided to go out for the teams.

The pentathlon is an all year round event. The records are being taken at the school and final averages made so it is hard to say how we stand.

William Baxter H8



GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of the term the inter-class volley ball games were organized. The high ninth team was the champion, winning all the five games which it played.

The members of the team were:

Katherine Asaro
Signe Berthelsen
Jean Brechin
June Castillo (capt.)
Beatrice Hiteman
Marjorie Johnson
Norma Olsen
Madeleine Rambke
Viola Tampinen

The following girls received numerals: Jean Brechin, Marjorie Johnson and Norma Olsen. Stars were awared to Katherine Asaro, Signe Berthelsen, Beatrice Hiteman, Madeleine Rambke, Viola Tampinen and June Castillo as they had won their numerals the previous semester.

Following the inter-class games the inter-school volley ball games were organized. Only the eighth and ninth grades were allowed to compete.

Members of the eighth grade team were:

Signe Berthelsen	Glora Russell
Norma Lateana	Aili Saari
Lina Frutzza	Evelyn Shelby
Evangeline Raymond	Florentine Turpin

Members of the ninth grade team were:

Katherine Asaro	Beatrice Hiteman
Jean Brechin	Saima Poyry
June Castillo (capt.)	Madeleine Rambke
Julia Dierks	Rosina Carlina

Mary Oliveira

The eighth grade team won the game with Willard. The ninth grade team also won the game with Willard. The games played with the other schools were lost.

Particular interest was manifested in the Pentathlon some very high scores being made in the different events. At least two-thirds of the girls were perfect in the volley ball serve. In the pull-up the two girls who made the highest scores were: Ethel Payne and Jenny Cagno.

Before the term is over the standing broad jump, and the football pass will be done.

Some of the girls devoted a part of their time practicing gynamisum stunts. The cleverest of these girls performed some of their most intricate stunts at the Girls' Jinks.

Inter-class soccer games completed the term's work. This was as popular a sport as volley ball.

June Castillo H9

SCHOOL NOTES

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President--Ruth Iversen

Vice-President--Aili Leino

Secretary-Treasurer--Marjorie Johnson

H9', H9"	Joseph Lateana	L8"'	Della Bernadou
L9'	George Socker	H7'	Philomena Giordano
L9"	Helen Dillon	H7"	Collette Chapman
L9"'	William Nagy	H7"'	Thomas Christiana
H8'	Frances Kenney	L7'	Frances Ramm
H8"	William Baxter	L7"	Ernest Parmiani
L8'	Henry Oltmann	L7"'	Hannah Hemphill
L8"	Frieda Crist	O7""	Louise Ramos

O7""' Andrew Young

THE NINTH GRADE ENJOY THE

SELECTION OF YELL LEADERS

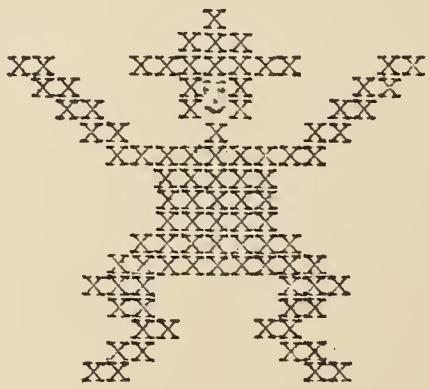
When the school opened this term we did not have any yell leader, as Robert Swennson, our former yell leader, had graduated the term before.

When the Thursday assembly period arrived, Mr. Preston made an announcement that all the boys who wanted to try out for yell leader were to come to the platform. None appeared so he called forward from the front row four of the smallest boys of the school. With arms outstretched, muscles drawn tight, hearts throbbin ready to burst, they gave a shout which, I believe, the Berkeley hills echo yet: "B-u-r-b-a-n-k." Their hands were flying in the air as if they were going to lose them. The assembly's applause gave their face a light of joy. The boys were not a bit bashful. They succeeded in making the school laugh but that did not discourage them, for they went right at the Burbank yell again and did the best they could. Each tried to do better than the one before him. After several attempts two of the boys gave up and it was about one month lateral before we could decide which of the other two boys was best.

Finally, we elected August Sairenen for our yell leader and Melvin Leuckfeld for assistent yell leader and I am sure the whole school is satisfied with the election.

These boys now can get upon the stage and direct yells without fear of making mistakes or fear of the audience.

The Ninth Grade



MR. PRESTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

September seventeen was the birthday of our principal, James T. Preston, and the faculty surprised him with a simple but pretty luncheon party in his honor.

While Mr. Preston was in conference at the Superintendent's office, the museum was beautifully decorated with baskets of ferns and gorgeous dahlias. The L9 cooking classes prepared and spread the birthday luncheon. The monogrammed place cards made by Miss Webber's L7"' and L8' drawing classes added much to the charm of the setting.

When all was in readiness, Mr. Preston was summoned to meet a visitor, who proved to be Mrs. Preston. Mr. Wolfenden, on behalf of the faculty, expressed the greetings of the day, and called upon the faculty to join in singing, "Welcome to This Happy Birthday Party", a tribute to our Burbank School song, composed by our principal.

A large birthday cake, without candles, (we wonder why?) was cut and ice cream served with it. Then a program of songs, and gay nonsense rhymes followed.

The call to duty rang, and "Auld Lang Syne" closed this memorable birthday party.

Evelyn Shelby L8

THE ARION TRIO

The Arion Trio which is composed of Miss Joyce Halloway Barthelson, Miss Josephine Holub and Miss Margaret Avery, gave us a concert on September 18, 1924. The foundation for their music was laid in the Oakland Technical High School where they played in the school orchestra. When they graduated they decided to play professionally and have appeared before the Orpheus Club and other musical associations and are considered very fine artists.

As many Burbank students have made their own radio sets and others have bought theirs, we were very much interested in hearing and seeing the members of this Trio, because we had often heard them over KGO, the General Electric Broadcasting Station.

The members of the Trio were gracious enought to say they were pleased to play for us. It is seldom that the student body has been given such a treat.

Crystal Smith L9

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE OFFICE

Last term the office was too small. During the summer vacation an entirely new office was built. Mr. Preston has a partitioned office for himself; so has Mrs. Wilkes. The secretary has a corner also for herself. The new office looks very attractive. The inside trimmings are of a light gray color. In the inner office there is a large book case.

The new office has very good ventilation and is much more convenient than the other office. The word, Office, is printed above the outside, so that visitors may easily find it.

Carl Holback L9

MAGAZINE FUND DANCE

A dance was given by the student body Friday, September 19, 1924, to raise money for the magazine fund.

The A. K. U. C. furnished the music. Various committees were chosen from the Girls' Association to sell punch. The dance was a successful event, $60.00 being cleared.

The school subscribes for fourteen magazines, which are used in connection with the English, history, art, music, and science classes.

Rose Cowan L8

THE MAYOR ADDRESSES THE STUDENT BODY

On September 25 at the invitation of the H8" civics Class, Mayor Stringham addressed the student body on the subject of good citizenship.

He explained the necessity of all Americans being good citizens. In this country the government is run by the people themselves. He critized some people who disobey laws. A real citizen would obey all the laws.

In his talk, Mayor Stringham told us of his own school days. His education had been so thorough that he was able to recite very rapidly the conjugation of the verb "Be" which he had learned over thirty years ago.

The mayor is well liked by all Burbank students and they are always glad to see him.

Victor Brandt H8

ELLA LOVEN L8, WINS MR. MAY'S PRIZE

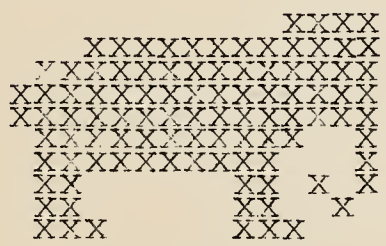
In the latter part of the spring semester, our genial old friend, Mr. E. A. May, of the grand Army of the Republic, offered a prize of five dollars for the best essay on the subject of, "The Greatest Americans."

The essay of Ella Loven L8, was judged to be the best of all those submitted by the Burbank pupils.

At the meeting of the student body on October 2, Ella read her composition and Mr. May presented her with a five dollar greenback.

Ella thanked Mr. May and, in order that he might share her happiness, gave him a pretty little bouquet of many colored flowers.

Regina Railo L8



CLOTHING

Girls! Do you know how to make your clothes look better than before? Do you know how to dress if you are a thin girl, or a fat girl? Do you know that you can make yourself look as you wish to? Ten years ago people had an excuse for not being well dressed, but now we have clothing courses to teach us how to appear at our best.

Do you want to learn how to design a dress so you won't look like a beanpole or a tub? A thin girl needs horizontal lines in her dress; she also needs fluffy ruffles or fullness and a round neck, while a fat girl does not look well in fluffy dresses and she needs a square or pointed neck. You want a dress to enhance color of your eyes and hair. You should not wear a party dress to school. You should not put lace on a woolen dress because lace must be laundered. Do you recognize good cloth when you see it? Can you estimate the amount needed for your dress? You should know how the different materials are made and if they are cotton or wool.

All these things you learn in our clothing course; and last but not least, you learn how to make garments, garments that fit you, your figure, and your coloring perfectly.

Adele Rengel R8

OUR SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

What could we do without our school orchestra? The woodwind, the string and the brass are all represented.

There are the sweet-toned violins, the noisy snare drums, the big base drum, the moaning saxaphones, and the squeaking clarinets.

Our orchestra is always willing to play during assembly periods and sometimes for our dances.

Burbank Junior High School can well be proud to have such an orchestra.

Carl R. Geschke H9

OUR HAND BALL COURT

The ninth grade civics class of this term selected for the class project, the building of a hand ball court. They thought that the Burbank students who brought lunches needed something to do during the noon hours besides sitting and talking or walking to the "Avenue." The boys and girls of the class are being assisted in this project by the other classes in school and by the members of the faculty. In order to do the work the class was divided into several committees. It is hoped that the court will be completed by the close of the present school year.

Eino Salo L9

OUR ASSEMBLY SINGING

Perhaps the reason we find the student assembly periods so enjoyable is that they afford opportunities when we can all sing together the songs we have learned in the various classes. We have sufficient number of soprano and alto singers among the younger boys and girls, coupled with the deep bass tones of the older boys, that when the different tones vibrate there is a sense of harmony.

There are some songs we like to sing better than others. These are old folk songs and patriotic songs. When we sing these favorite selections the auditorium resounds with sweet melody.

Franklin Nielson H8

THE TRAFFIC SQUAD

This year all the boys that wished to be in the traffic squad met in the assembly hall. There they arranged themselves in shifts. There are three boys in a shift, a boy to stand in the middle to give signals, one on the east side and one on the west side of the block.

I think the traffic squads are benefiting Burbank School. The children should be obedient to the traffic laws and not take a long time to cross the street, because the men that work in town have to get lunch just as well as we do and should not be delayed.

The traffic squad have yellow hats. They can go to the show two nights a week in return for what they do for the school.

Arthur Songey L9

THE SCIENCE CLUB

The purpose of the Science Club is to create an interest in natural science. Each term a definite piece of work is planned and carried out.

This club was organized last spring with a membership of twenty-five. It was decided to hold meetings on the first and third Monday of each month. Qualifications for membership are excellent work in class room science. A member may be dropped for failure in scholarship or bad citizenship. Ninth year pupils are honorary members. Last spring we had a very interesting evening-meeting. Mr. Koch of the Galileo High School San Francisco spoke on "International Natural History Clubs."

This term eleven members went to Golden Gate Park to study the mounted animals and butterflies in the Academy of Sciences. In the aquarium we saw beautiful fish from the Hawaiian Islands. The seals in the ponds excited great interest. Some excellent snapshots of animals were obtained. All voted a well spent day.

The problem for special study this term is "What Attracts Insects to Flowers." The members keep account of their observations and bring them to the meetings.

Dorothy Johnson H8

THE NEW ART COURSE

The art department is offering a new course to the pupils of the ninth year. It treats of lettering as applied to advertisements. Its purpose is to develop beauty of line, spacing, and color harmony in advertisements and posters.

Many things are essential to a good poster. It must appeal to the emotions, must have a suitable design, beautiful coloring and tone values, well-formed letters, and above all, must be simple and direct. A well-made poster is as interesting as a textile design. It attracts and demands the attention of the passer-by, and creates in him a desire to buy or obtain that which is offered for sale. The appeal of the poster is sincere.

Miss Webber, the art instructor, says, "The purpose of the course is not to bring out the mechanical skill of a pupil but the creative skill."

This course is one of most beneficial and interesting of all art courses. It does away with the letters without feeling, drawn by a ruler. A letter drawn freehand is bound to have some feeling and it is this feeling that adds beauty to a poster.

Vivien Williamson L9

THE GIRLS' JINKS

On October 23 the Girls' Association held an open house meeting. Although the boys were very curious as to the program and would have liked to have been our guests, they were not admitted to the auditorium. But of course we were very glad to give Mr. Preston a welcome.

First there was a short program of interpretive dancing by some of the L7 and L8 grades. Following this were some tumbling tricks by the H7" and H8" girls. Then we sang some bond songs, each class singing its favorite song and attempting to outsing all the other classes. Eight girls tried out for the girls' yell leader and all did so well that it was hard to decide which one was the best. Dancing concluded the entertainment.

This was the first general meeting the Girls' Association held this term. We hope to make this a semi-annual affair.

Mary Oliveira L9

THE SWIMMING CLUB

The Swimming Club is an honor club. Only the girls who have clear records in all subjects are allowed to belong. It is under the direction of Miss Morse, our gymnasium teacher. Every Friday afternoon she takes the members of the club to the Y. W. C. A. in Oakland for instruction.

This term the club has a membership of twenty-six. Ten of these girls had never tried to swim before and all of these have at least overcome their fear of the water. The other girls have improved their strokes and perfected their form of diving.

Next term a swimming meet is to be held. The contest will be in diving and swimming with different strokes.

Dorothy Condo L8

THE WORK OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross representatives, were chosen at the beginning of the semester. They are Marjorie Johnson and Leon Stacy. Every school in Berkeley has a representative, and the meetings are held at the Berkeley High School, under the able leadership of Miss McLean.

To receive membership to this organization one must do the social service work required, and at the same time will be rewarded by the Junior Red Cross Magazine.

The work of this organization is exceedingly interesting and through it gifts are sent to persons needing temporary relief. Holiday greetings are sent to invalid soldiers, and sailors, children and old folks in hospitals and homes. At the present time the organization has just completed two hundred boxes of toys, which are to be sent to the Island of Guam, as Christmas tokens.

Correspondence is carried on with the children of other countries, and in this way we are brought in closer contact with the foreign lands.

The Burbank School has received several letters of appreciation of its sincere work, from various officers of this organization.

Marjorie Johnson H9

A PRACTICAL COOKING COURSE

The L9 cooking course is a very practicable one. Not only do the girls learn the underlying principles of the cooking of carbohydrates, proteins, fats, etc., but they learn the cost of foods and the planning and serving of luncheons and dinners.

It is this class which prepares faculty luncheons each day. The girls learn to cook economically, as the cost of the teachers' luncheon per person is not allowed to exceed nineteen cents. The teachers are served about three dishes each day. Generally there is a meat dish, a hot bread, and a salad. These menus are so carefully planned by the pupils under the direction of Mrs. Derry, the cooking teacher, that they are always well balanced. It is to the advantage of every girl to take the course.

Dorothy Hansen L9

A NEW SHOP COURSE

Owing to the desire of the students for a course in elementary auto repair, Mr. Frick, our shop instructor, decided to offer such a course this term. He was given a cut-down chassis by the Berkeley Ford agency, and he bought at a small cost an old 1917 Ford touring car, which was badly in need of repairs. These cars have been taken apart by the members of the class and each part carefully studied, and all broken parts replaced.

The boys have become rather clever mechanics. Mr. Williams brought his car into the shop, and it was taken apart, and repaired so well that it is now running in good shape.

William Regallie H7

THE TYPING ROOM

Before vacation the typing room was very dark, as the only light that entered was reflected from the street and came through the skylight overhead. It was as cold looking as the basement of the school. The typewriters were of an old model and the covers for them were black and were partly ripped.

After vacation when we went into the typing room,

Mrs. Tomsen told us to look around and see if we could notice anything new.

One boy said, "I know--Mrs. Tomsen has a new dress."

However, upon looking further, we found that the entire room was transformed.

First of all, there were new style typewriters, with brightly colored covers, and the same touch of color had been used in many places in the room. There were new curtains, lockers, and gayly colored flower bowls. Even the walls had been painted a delicate ivory.

Now, the typewriting room is as pleasant as a day in June.

Grover C. Rosentreter H9

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club was first organized in the fall of 1922 with about twenty-five members. At that time it was under the guidance of Miss Robinson. It met once a week at advisory period. At these meetings the members brought in for discussion the pictures which they had taken during the week. Sometimes Mr. McDermont, the science teacher, would give demonstrations on how to use a camera. It was during this term that the club furnished four snapshots of school activities for the Wizard.

In 1923 it was decided that the club would continue its work under the guidance of Mr. McDermont. Its membership was then limited to ten. Admission to the club was obtained by a pupil presenting three school pictures which he himself had taken.

With the proceeds of a candy sale which the club gave in the fall, an album was purchased in which were mounted the school pictures taken by the club. The club also worked out a filing system for the negatives so that prints may be had at any time.

Last term the student body donated from its funds some money for a 3a kodak for the use of the club. With the use of this we are able to obtain better results.

This term the club took many pictures of beauty spots in Berkeley and one of these pictures was accepted by the Wizard staff. It is to be hoped that in the future we will have the equipment necessary to do more work for our school magazine.

Henry Oltmann L8

JOKES

BROKEN BUT UNINJURED

Miss Martin (seeing Jack break her favorite vase): Oh Jack, what have you done?
J. Pakola: That's all right. My finger isn't cut.

HADN'T READ THE DIGEST

Miss Albee: Richard use a sentence containing Argonne Forest
R. Sheehy: My parents are gone to the forest.

QUITE AN ACCOMPLISHMENT

Miss Gilbert (to H9' music class): Close your books and turn to page 32.

A REMINDER

M. Bennet: These traffic whistles remind me of gym.
L. Antio: Jim who?
M. Bennet: Gymnasium.

WE KNOW

Why was Carl Holback's composition on "Mr. Breston's Office" so full of detail?

ARE THE L7^{3}'s LITTLE FAIRIES

Mr. McLermont: You L7^{3}'s get into your folders and get to work.

BUSY

Mr. Frick: Don't you have anything during the 6th period?
Mr. Carlson: Yes, an interesting time.

WOULD LIKE TO CLEAR THE OFFICE

Mr. Serpas (at the phone): May I get outside please?
Secretary (overhearing): Certainly, right out through that doorway.

EXPERT ADVICE

L7"': What is a report card?
H9': A hint as to whether you'll be promoted or demoted.

BETTER FOLLOW SUIT

H. Oltman (after listening to Miss Webber explain perspective drawing): Gee, Miss Webber must have swallowed a dictionary.

MAY IT ACT AS A BOOMERANG

H7" Monitor: Has anyone found a purse? It is one that rolls over and over.
E. Ramos: It must have rolled too far this time.

HENRY IS OBSERVANT

Joe (in L8' history class): I couldn't find anything in the "Liquor Question."
Miss Houston: Why the newspapers are filled with it.
H. Oltman: So are the people.

MISUNDERSTANDING

E. Hakkinen: Did NcKinley die while in office?
A. Saari: No, he was shot when he was out walking.

DOES HE USE WEBSTER?

Miss Truman (in L7" history class): What does the word anecdote mean?
C. Clark: A female goat.

FAMOUS AT LAST

Mrs.Skimmings: For whom was America named?
R. Thomas: Amerigo Frunzillo.

ONE QUESTION HE COULD ANSWER

Miss Wylie (in L8" history class): Who was Calhoun?
H. Becker: Truant officer.

RATHER APPROPRIATE

Miss Gilbert (to L8" music class): Now class when you get to the end of Annie Laurie please die down.

WASTED EFFORT

Miss Martin (to L9' algebra class): Lawrence, how many problems did you miss?
L. Laufenberg: Thirty.

DUMB AS USUAL

Miss Webber (to L9' drawing class): Is there anyone who does not understand the drawing?
H. Oltman: I don't!
Miss Webber: What part is it that you do not understand?
H. Oltman: All the parts.

ANOTHER FOOLISH QUESTION

L. Neveu: My boat makes fifteen knots per hour.
J. Samuels: Who unties them?

VENGEANCE

Mr. R. Wright (in addressing the assembly): In New Zealand some of the girls are called lemons. Have you any lemons here?
Boys (delightedly): Oh yes, lots of them.
Mr. Wright: Some of the boys are called melons. Are there any of them here?
Girls (revengefully): Most of them!

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Mr. Carlson (in L9"' advisory classroom): What do you want, Victor?
V. Brandt: Nothing!
Mr. Carlson: Well you won't find it in here.
V. Brandt: Oh, I thought I would.

GUESSING AGAIN

Miss Houston (in L8"' history class): What were the last two states to come into the union?
S. Schmidt: New Mexico must be one of them for it sounds like a new state.

RATHER UNCOMPLIMENTARY

C. Holback: What's the matter with Jack's hand?
R. Sheehy: He scratched his hand and ran a sliver into his finger.

FORCE OF HABIT

J. Pakola: Why does Herman study with his hands on his head?
G. Rosentreter: He is used to having his hands on ivory (piano keys).

UPHILL WORK IF SHE WENT TO GRIZZLY

M. Rambke: My report was taken from the "Lookout" (meaning "Outlook").

OBLIGING

Mr. Preston: What is the phone number of the city hall?
Secretary (hurriedly): Just a minute and I'll phone them and ask.

A DREAM

Last night I dreamed the queerest dream,
I thought that it was light,
That I was in my room at school,
And stood up to recite.

The funniest thing of it was this,
I spake a perfect streak,
I answered some questions that
I could not answer last week.

I wish I could while I'm asleep,
Examinations take,
I know I'd do much better,
Than when I am awake.

Mary Costa H7

B

WIZARD

Published semi-annually by the students

of the Burbank Junior High School

Berkeley - California

June - 1925

Volume ~~11~~ 10 Number 1

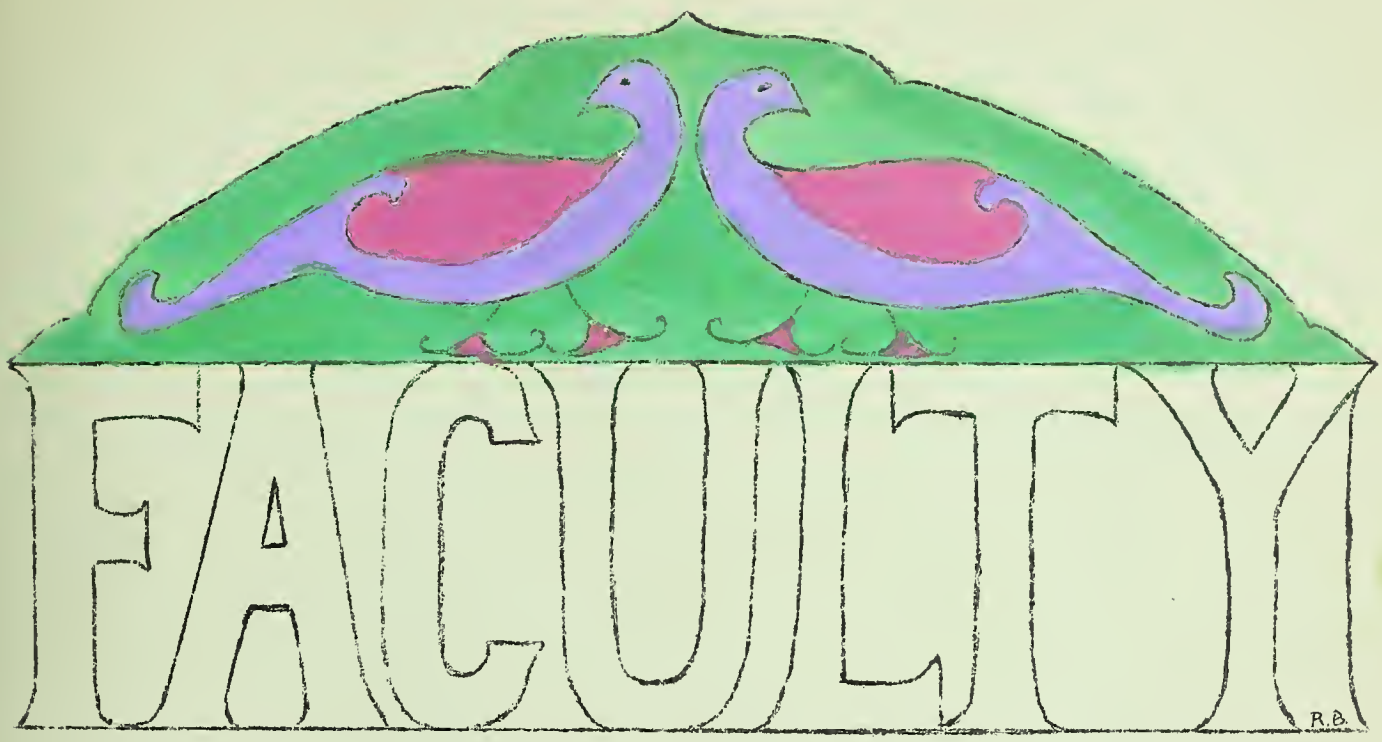
This spring Edition of the 1925 Wizard

is dedicated to

M. Angie Webster

who stood for all the noblest ideals of life, integrity, justice and love of the beautiful. She was faithful and true to her home, her friends, and her work. She had sweetness of character and a charming personality which made her very dear to all.

She set standards that we all hope to reach. She has left behind her a memory which has endeared her to all with whom she came in contact.



James T. Preston	Principal
Francis C. Albee	English
Franklin Bagnall	English, Dramatics
Carrie L. Bennett	Civics, History
Mary E. Cameron	Arithmetic, Science
Grover C. Carlsen	Physical Education
Sadie E. Derry	Foods
Katherine Fisk	Clothing
John J. Frick	Manual Arts
Lucile Friedman	Shorthand, Arithmetic, Science
P. Adele Gilbert	Vocal Music
Martin Hobbs	Brass, Band
Ruth Houston	English, History
Alexander Ingram	Woodwind
Eila Smith	Secretary
Dora L. Martin	Algebra, History, Latin
Albert McDermont	General Science
Edith Morse	Physical Education
Lucy M. Robinson	Opportunity, English
Belle Ross	Piano
Victor Schott	Strings, Orchestra
Jean E. Skimmings	Arithmetic, English, History
Carrie L. Smith	English, Arith., Hist., Science
Mary M. Tomsen	Typewriting
Emily V. Truman	Arithmetic, English, History
Mabel P. Webber	Art
M. Angie Webster	Arithmetic, English, Drawing
Emma S. Wilkes	Counselor, Arithmetic, English
Earl Williams	Mechanical Drawing, Manual Arts
A. M. Wolfenden	Commercial Arithmetic, Bookkeeping

GRADUATES

Bolton, Gladys
Brignolo, Mary
Carlson, Constance
Copley, Edward
Cowan, Marie
Davis, Samuel
Dax, George
Dillon, Helen
Dinelli, Frank
Forsell, Enerd
Frazee, Margeret
Fuller, May
Hansen, Dorothy
Kness, Edna
Krogue, Josephine
Larson, Stanley
Lateana, Norma
Laufenburg, Lawrence
Leino, Lily
Maher, Frances
Makino, Yoshimi
Matson, Myrtle
Meyers, Edward
Mork, Walter
Naggy, William
Oliveira, Mary
Peat, Lester
Pellanda, Josephine
Peterson, Lucile
Pitts, Florence
Poyry, Saima
Raymond, Evangeline
Rosales, Virginia
Rosenquist, Harold
Roth, Hazel
Salo, Eino
Scarsi, Andrew
Schuster, Lucile
Siri, Angelo
Smith, Crystal
Smith, Donald
Socker, George
Songey, Arthur
Stacy, Allen
Stacy, Leon
Vinn, Edward
Wehrmann, Mildred
Williamson, Vivien
Ysunza, Isabel

WIZARD STAFF

Editor----------Vivien Williamson

Business Manager----------Stanley Larson

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

H9'	Enerd Forsell	Florence Lloyd	L8"
H9"	Norma Lateana	Thomas Christiana	L8"'
L9'	Vara Guy	Rita Dondo	H7'
L9"	Lee Watty	Rhea Read	H7"
L9"'	Majorie Loveland	Elvert Alexander	H7"'
H8'	Annie Saari	Evelyn LaMont	L7'
H8"	Mary Gaiato	Eileen Adams	L7"
H8"'	Willard Balcom	Henry Arcieri	L7"'
L8'	Ida May Guy	Gladys Cuneo	07""

FACULTY COUNCIL

Ruth Houston
Mary M. Tomsen
Frances C. Albee
Mabel P. Webber
M. Angie Webster

THE ADVANCEMENT OF OUR SCHOOL

This term on March 18, we celebrated the seventy-sixth birthday of Luther Burbank and the ninth anniversary of our school.

The name Burbank was selected by the pupils of the old Franklin School. They moved to the new school on March 26, 1916, but the formal opening was not held until March 29. The Mayor of Berkeley, Mr. Irving, and Professor Herms, representing Mr. Burbank, were present. On this occasion the enlarged picture of Mr. Burbank was presented to the school by the ninth grade. Mr. Burbank's gifts are his picture, his autograph that hangs in the corridor, his photograph which hangs on the stage, and the crimson walnut tree which was planted at the east end of the building and has since grown into a large tree.

When the first issue of the school paper was ready the name "Wizard" was chosen, a name in keeping with Mr. Burbank's name, the "Plant Wizard."

Had you happened along San Pablo Avenue the week previous to March 26, you would have thought that human ants were traveling, so busily did the pupils travel to and fro from the Franklin School to their new home carrying all sorts of equipment.

Since 1916 this band of busy children has increased from 233 to 498. Our home has now eighteen class rooms, a gymnasium, a shop, 52' x 100', a museum, a band room, and the science laboratories.

We still have as our aim the goal set for us by the Burbank pupils of 1916, and the high ideals of Mr. Burbank. Let us strive for success.

Leon Stacy H9

THE WAY TO LIVE

"Live in the present, prepare for the future," is a quotation of Mr. Burbank. How true it is! Take each day as it comes, with its pleasures and its disappointments. There is so much to do each day that if we do that work well, we will have no time to worry for "what is dead and gone," as the saying goes. We cannot undo what has been done by worrying. We

have plenty of work ahead of us. To prepare for the future is not to worry about what is sure to happen or not to happen.

Try to make this world better and more beautiful for our own generation and the next generation. Mr. Burbank has spent his life doing these very things. When he was young he looked ahead to the times when he could benefit the world. He kept his goal ever in mind, and now he has reached it.

How many more people would reach the desired goal if they were patient and earnest in their endeavor. Let us have an aim in life and attain it by living each day as it comes, and adding our bit toward the betterment of our world.

Vivien Williamson H9

CHEWING GUM

One bad habit that nearly all the children have is--chewing gum. Let us make Burbank School the best school in Berkeley by stopping that bad habit. It is impolite to chew gum before all the children in your class. The others can't study when you keep on chewing and chewing all day long. We don't want to hear the teacher say, "Willie, put your gum in the waste basket."

When the teacher talks to some children they take the gum out of their mouths and stick it on the desks. That is a very bad thing to do because other children have to use the same desks and they might lay their books on the gum or sit on it and then ruin their things.

When you chew gum in public, people only look at you and think how vulgar it looks. If you buy gum and then have to throw it away when you get to school you are only wasting money. Put your money in the bank and when you get to be men and women you will have something to look forward to. Let us all try to remember for our own good.

Ruth Becker H7

SUCCESS

We all crave success. It has been thus since the beginning of the world. Some people spend their time longing for it and are disappointed, some plunge for it and fail, some strive for it intelligently and they alone succeed.

It is the little things in life that lead to success. Some people are like the fox. They stand at the foot of the tree and reach for the highest branch on which they see the grapes gleaming. When they find they can't grasp them the first time, they sigh impatiently and become disappointed.

Those who really succeed are those who start at the foot of the tree and gradually climb higher and higher until they reach the grapes. They alone attain success.

Evelyn Shelby H8

WIZARD SUBSCRIPTIONS

It was necessary this term to raise the price of the Wizard from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents in order that the entire expense of producing the magazine might be raised without having to ask the aid of the student body association. As a result of the higher price the number of subscriptions was only 250 which is a decided decrease from the number sold last term.

Never-the-less there were three classes, the H9', H9" and L9' which subscribed 100%. The percentage of subscriptions in the H8' and H7' was also very high. The Wizard editor presented gifts to the editors of honor classes and of the H8' and H7' classes. These gifts were donated by the domestic arts department and were very attractive examples of the girls' handiwork.

It is to be hoped that next term a more definite and earnest effort will be manifested by the student body in order to attain our 100% school subscription goal. The Wizard is a 100% student Body.

Stanley Larson H9

SPRINGTIME

Over the hillside that is so green,
There the first beautiful flowers are seen;
And there the little birdies sing,
So very early in the spring.

The beautiful trees with leaves so green
Form castles for the fairies and their queen.
The grass and flowers so bright and gay,
Bring happiness to all from day to day.

Nancy Piazza H8

THE SONG OF SPRING

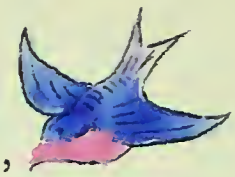
The brook was as shiny as a polished mirror, and tiny ripples, ran hurriedly along, for it was now spring, and the ice had melted away.

Along the brink where the fresh green grass was growing, the wildflowers began to raise their heads to greet the warm bright sun. The birds overhead sang as if to drive all the gloom and misery out of the world.

Under the water, plainly could be seen the fish darting here and there among the rocks. Soon the family of frogs, hopped upon the large rock in the middle of the brook and they began to croak, until the whole world seemed to be singing. Even the croaking of frogs is musicial on a spring morning, for the song of the animals, insects, and all the other tiny creatures, is known only as the song of spring.

Pauline Trefz H8

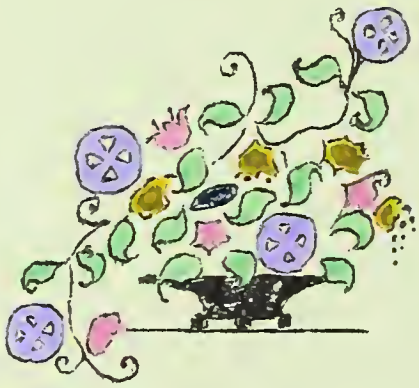
SPRING TIME



A happy blue bird is flying on high,
And a deep azure blue is over the sky,
There are all signs of spring so dear,
And the April showers are over for another year.

Brooks go swiftly and murmer along
Singing a soft and low sweet song.
Bees gather honey and are all the while humming
Because they know that spring is coming.

Edith Carlson H7



SPRING

Spring, spring, spring,
Sing, O sing, O sing,
The birds are singing, the bells are ringing,
Spring, O beautiful spring.

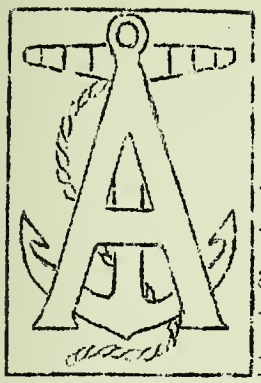
Spring, spring, spring,
Sing, O sing, O sing,
The bees are humming,
The brooks are running,
Spring, O beautiful spring.

Spring, spring, spring,
Sing, O sing, O sing,
The horses are prancing,
The children are dancing,
Spring, O beautiful spring.

Spring, spring, spring,
Sing, O sing, O sing,
The flowers are bloomy,
Nobody is gloomy,
Spring, O beautiful spring.

Charlotte Ellis H7

A SUMMER BROOK



A brook flowed gently through the cool shade of elm trees that grew in the meadow. It seemed to be humming a tune of its own as it babbled along. The brook had no worries through the whole summer long. It watched the little children who came to wade there and splash in its refreshing water. It saw the farmer's boy come down with his new fishing rod and a can full of worms which he was to use as bait. It watched the trout go after the bait but it could not warn them of the danger that awaited them. The summer brook was content with life, for he had something to amuse him the whole summer long.

Virginia Borba L9

SUMMER

Summer! Oh sweet summer dear,
The meadows are full of your light,
And the golden buttercup had a tear,
Of crystal dew, in her cup so bright.

Our proud beauty, the rose,
Lifts her beautiful face
To the sun as she grows
By the gate at our place.

My pet bird, the dove,
Softly coos to his mate,
Coos to her of his love,
As they sit on the gate.

While I myself just sing
Many songs about flowers
You are better than spring,
With its flowery bowers.

Aldara Cruz H8

THE DUCHESS DELOVELIGHTS

The Duchess DeLovelights was a very grand personage. Modest and retiring she spent most of her time

delving into the mysteries of ponderous volumes of knowledge. Her eyes were large and black and her hair, which was black as a raven's wing, was fastened high on her head. She wore a beautiful white dress of satin, which clung to her slender, graceful, figure like petals to a rose.

At present she was in a pleasant nook by the river where flowers bloomed in rare profusion. But none could compare to the duchess. By her side a handsome young gentleman sat who looked at the beautiful lady with adoring eyes.

"Lizzie, the dishes must be washed sometime," a voice broke into the scene. Elizabeth arose with an angry look in her light blue eyes. Her ash blond hair was in a very sad state it was true. Surveying herself in the long mirro. Elizabeth's day dream vanished. For the Duchess DeLovelight's slender, graceful form, black hair and eyes had disappeared. In her place was the riotous maid of fourteen years. Poor Duchess DeLovelights!

Evelyn Shelby H8

A CLEVER QUAIL

One day some boys and I were walking in the hills when all of a sudden there was a flutter of wings and a quail flew in front of us and pretended it was crippled. We ran after it, but it just stayed about a foot in front of us. After we had chased it quite a way it started to fly. We then went back to where we first found it and found that there were some young birds just hatched. They were brownish gray with stripes. We went away and left them. When we reached home, my father told me that the mother bird had just pretended she was crippled to lure us away from her young.

We returned about a week later and found that the small birds had grown up and had very thick feathers. When we went near the young, the mother would give a call and they would disappear, having received her warning that danger was near.

Irving Freshwaters L9

THE Y. M. C. A. CAMP

The "Y" camp last summer was very enjoyable, and full of enthusiasm, as we numbered about one hundred twenty-five boys.

Our first excitement was during our trip to camp. We encountered boat, train, and bus rides. The most exciting to me was our bus transportation. The busses were overcrowded with boys who were full of "pep" and anxious to gain ground. The journey was long and mountainous, but, nevertheless, we never subsided from joking each other. We seemed to be climbing hill after hill and the turns were so numerous that it seemed as if there was a continual winding passage. The journey was full of thrill from the very beginning.

The last of our joy-riding was on a motor-boat on which were boarded boys who enjoyed every minute of the venturesome lake-ride as the waves washed upon the deck. Our trip was too soon ended and everybody cried: "There it is, the site of our camp."

We were already partially acquainted but the next step was to organize the tent-grouping, which was hastily done. It was very cold but the atmosphere was refreshing. After a half-downed supper everyone sought for shelter because of the cold, chilly winds. All the boys seemed to be provided for but it was discovered near dusk that the group of boys I was with was without shelter. There was a hasty rush to throw up another tent, to conceal us from the violent gale of wind. It took a couple of hours to get the tent up and then we made a hurried retreat.

The next morning we were hesitant in waking, but commands were otherwise. That day and the days to follow were full of stirring events, but the mess call was our fondest recollection. The camp was a genuine success.

Franklin Nielson L9

ROBIN REDBREAST

Pretty Robin Redbreastt
Won't you hide your little nest,
For your little ones that fear
When they know a boy is near?

Mary Alvarado L7

THE RAIN

The other day it rained so hard,
I had to stay at home.
I sat down on the window seat,
And read a story book.
It was about a little girl,
Who was so much like me.

I read and read, it seemed all day,
As I sat on that window seat,
Then in the tree, in my front yard,
A little birdie I did see.
The rain had stopped! The sun was out!
He was singing a song to me!

Mabel Barker L8

RAIN OR SUNSHINE?

Splish! splash! went the rain on the new-grown grass. The grass bent its head sulkily as it took its dainty spring washing, just as a naughty boy does when in the bath.

The yellow daffodil, unlike the grass, held its head up for the rain to enter its soul. The blue violet, modest and shy in its bower of leaves, caught just a few of the passing drops. The poppy held out its golden cup for a drink of the pure water.

The rain ceased and the sun peeped out to dry its dear little friends. The flowers were undecided as to which they liked best, the rain or the sun.

Regina Railo H8

RAIN FALLING SLOW

The rain falls, now fast, now slow;
The clouds are moving very low.
The air is heavy;
No wind does blow,
Umbrellas parading to and fro.
People looking for shelter go
And the rain falls, now fast, now slow.

Edith Rover L8

NIGHT IN THE FOREST

Night in a forest is very different from night elsewhere. What this difference is I can't explain. It is a subtle something which always seems just to elude my grasp. Night comes suddenly in the forest and before one is prepared for it.

Darkness comes first, descending with a soft blanket blackness. Then silence falls; the birds, the animals and even the trees are quiet as though waiting for something yet to come. The intense stillness compels one to hold his breath for fear of breaking the spell which seems to hold the forest enchanted. One sees, above a far-away peak, a faint light, growing brighter and brighter, even as one watches, until finally the slim crescent that is the moon appears from behind the peak and floods the world with silvery light.

Afar off in the distance one hears the long-drawn-out wail of a coyote, seeking his mate, and nearer, the soft hoot of an owl as he starts on his long journey for food. The hush of the forest is broken and myriads of sounds are heard everywhere.

A star appears in the sky, and then another and another until the arched heavens seem a blazing mass of diamonds. As I lie near my dying campfire gazing at the stars above me, a sense of peace steals over me and I feel that the one who loves me is keeping watch over me.

Florence Woodstock L9

THE LONE PINE

In the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near Nevada City, Nevada County, there was a large sugar pine, growing on a peak of red soil. This peak was about the size of a three story house, and because of its height, raised the tree above the other trees of the forest.

In the distance was Lake Champion, making a very pretty picture for tourists and photographers. In many of the homes and stores of Nevada City was a picture of "The Lone Pine" with the lake in the distance.

One day there was a strong wind, and because of its height, the pine was blown down. There it lies to this day, stretching the full lenght of the red peak, rotting in the sun.

Howard Becker H8

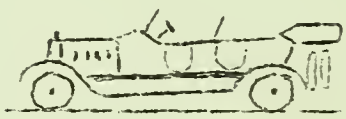
MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT DRIVING AN AUTOMOBILE

One day a family friend drove up in his Ford and left it standing outside while he paid us a visit. I climbed into the car, thinking I would sit there awhile and then get out, but the temptation to experience the operation of the numerous handles and knobs was too great and, before I knew it, the machine started going.

I turned the first corner to find another car coming towards me. The street seemed to my excited vision as narrow as a foot path and I wondered how two such large objects could safely pass in such a narrow space. With a whiz the other car passed me, and my heart resumed its regular beat again. I turned another corner, and then another and found myself approaching home and saw my mother and the owner of the car looking for it. I called and the owner jumped onto the running board and shut off the power and so brought my trip to a close.

It was lucky for me as I might still be running around in circles, for though I had started the car, I had not the least idea how to stop it.

Rose Naismith H8



MARY'S GARDEN

It was a warm spring day. In the south corner of Mary's garden the yellow and white daffodils, nodding their heads, told of the tedious winter under the snow. In the opposite corner the vines ran a race to see who would reach first the summit of the gray wall to gaze upon the busy world. Hidden by green bushes, a gurgling brook made its way in and out of drowsing violets and pansies. Next came the lilies who seemed to say that they owned the whole garden and none of their companions were as beautiful as they.

The last rays of the sun shone in the west and soon the bright moon came out to lull the garden to rest.

Regina Railo H8

PIE AND PICKLES

eally, I knew better than to eat pie and pickles at the same time, but who could have resisted them as they lay in tempting array on the kitchen table? A whole jar of sour pickles and a half of a cream pie! I was so hungry I could have eaten anything just then, and to find both pickles and pie --well, I just couldn't resist their call. I first ate a pickle and then decided that I would rather eat pie. I changed my mind again and ate pickles until finally the pie was gone and a part of the pickles. Then with a favorite book under my arm I went to the hammock on the back porch where I promptly fell asleep.

An hour later I awoke to find myself sprawling on the porch floor under the hammock and as sick as it is possible for a normally healthy girl to get in such a short time. I saw around me nothing but pies and no odor assailed my nostrils but that of pickles. Pies! Pies! Pies! They floated through the air and lay on the ground, with everywhere that sickening pickle smell until I felt as if I were part pie and part pickle.

I began to feel better in a short time and the pies disappeared; except one which seemed to hang in the air just above my head, though the pickle odor lingered. Rising to my feet, I saw, through the kitchen window, the jar containing the pickles I had not eaten lying on its side on the table, the juice slowly trickling over the edge to the floor, giving forth that permeating odor of which I spoke.

Florence Woodstock L9

PUPPY'S VISIT TO THE BEEHIVE

Once when we lived back in Pittsburgh we had a farm outside the city districts. At the same time in the city I owned a little dog called Ginger. He enjoyed going to the farm as much as I did because there he could run and jump about.

One spring morning when we were spending our week end at the farm grandpa, Ginger, and I went to look at the beehives. Grandpa knew how to get the honey so he carefully got me some. Ginger looked

with great interest at grandpa getting the honey. He had his head cocked to one side as if to see better. I gave him a piece of the honey. My, but it tasted good! He wagged his tail for some more, but grandpa told me not to give the dog too much so I didn't, but turned around and began to watch grandpa working.

Soon we began to hear terrible whines and barks. Turning around we saw Ginger with his nose full of honey and his back full of bees. He began to run towards us, and seeing this we began running too. But lucky for us a lake was not very far away. We all ran in and dived and swam till the bees were gone.

On the way home, every time grandpa and I turned around and looked at Ginger we laughed. He followed us with his tail between his legs and his back full of bumps. Ginger never did crave so much for honey again.

Ressu Hyrske H7

TALE WITH A LONG NAME AND A MORAL THAT IS EVIDENT

We were gathered in a basement,
  The day was sweltering hot;
And Loppie's face was radiant,
  As he gathered in the pot;
When from the street there came a roar,
  We hid the dice from sight.
There came a pounding at the door;
  "The cops," said Jack. "The deuce," said I.
"Tis but your little brother Guy,"
  And I was right.

We were gathered in the basement,
  A few weeks later on,
In craps and rum the time we spent
  Oh, how we carried on
When came some noises from the street,
  We started up a song.
We heard a shuffling of feet
  "The cops," said Jack; "The deuce," said I.
"Tis but your little brother Guy."
  But, I was wrong.

Moral: Never take for granted that anything will happen as it happened before.

Enerd Forsell H9

A WOODLAND SCENE

ittle sunbeams danced along a forest path. The shadows of the trees stretched everywhere. Off the path in an open space lay a long thick log. Moss grew all over its sides. Flowers peeped from beneath it. On top of the log it was hollow; filled with water from the recent rain. The tiny dewdrops on the grass and trees looked like tiny silver bells. The wind was sighing softly, while the flowers and trees swayed in rhythm. Looking up to the tree tops, squirrels went to and fro gathering nuts for the winter store. In the distance somewhere an owl hooted, as though someone had disturbed him as he slept.

Saima Koski L9

THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

No one can picture with paint the beauty of the Scottish Highlands as well as Sir Walter Scott paints them with words.

The Highlands--a rocky broken country with steep precipices and yawning chasms infringed with colorful wildflowers, grass and trees!

One can almost see the rugged mountain side softened by the rays of light, as the sun is setting.

As the sun recedes behind the horizon a soft evening breeze arises and moves slowly over the grass that borders the edge of a small lake. The water is bathed in a soft gold color as the dying sun casts its beams on its smooth surface.

William Lawrence L9

POOR DOLLY

Once a little dolly
Left up in the tree
Cried out after Polly,
"Do come back for me."
Oh how scared was dolly
There the long night through,
All forgot by Polly
In the dark and dew.

Aileen Lavigne L7

THE CHASE

Over the highlands of Scotland could be heard the barking of dogs. These dogs were of a very fierce breed. They were used for hunting deer and other large animals. There were about ten of them in the pack.

The deer lying in the thicket heard them and bounded up. He listened awhile and then with a graceful spring shot over the heather. He was a magnificent buck and his antlers were very large.

Around the stone ledge came the dogs, and following hard on their heels, was the hunter. When he saw the deer his face lighted up because he had never seen such a large buck. The deer led them around the lake and through miles of thickets. At last he came to a high cliff. The hunter thought the deer would stop here but it did not. It turned suddenly to one side and bounded into a valley full of thorns and bushes. Neither man nor dogs could follow here so the hunter turned sadly away because he had not been able to shoot such a beautiful deer.

Albert Blundell L9

A RAINY DAY

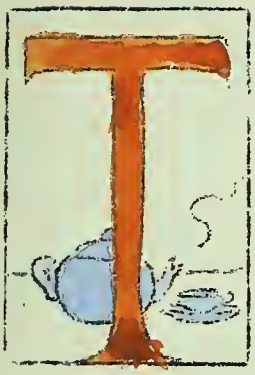
It was a very hot and sultry day, just the sort of a day that very frequently brings on thunder storms. I was sitting by the window peacefully reading when a blinding flash of lightning lit up the sky. It was rapidly followed by a loud clap of thunder that reverberated through the hills. This so startled me that I jumped up and the book, which I was reading, dropped to the floor with a loud clatter.

Soon the rain was coming down in torrents and the gutters were filled and overflowing. Meanwhile the flashes of lightning chased themselves across the sky.

Presently the sky became clear and the sun shone again. It was a pleasant day once more.

Crystal Smith H9

A VISIT FROM A TRAMP



Tramps were many in the country where I lived and I was not surprised one early June morning to see one coming down the road toward our home.

There was a small creek nearby and very often tramps called there for a drink, or for water to cook their "mulligan." As a usual thing when a tramp came up to the creek, he did not come up to the house, for I possessed a dog, that, though not at all ferocious or vicious, looked so.

This tramp, however, walked up the short path to the porch where I had been reading, and, with a grand air, swept his hat to the ground as he bowed. He was about thirty years old, sunburned until I hardly knew whether he was Indian or white man, and he walked with a free swinging stride. His voice was soft and pleasant to hear as he asked if he might not do some work about the place for a meal. He was not a beggar he said, and was willing to earn whatever he received.

I knew of nothing that could be done, but I offered him some dinner (as is the custom of the people of our ranch country), but he said if he ate he must tell me a story and in this way earn his dinner.

He told me of his life in the deserts of Arizona, of the sea, and of Alaska, of the times he had narrowly escaped death, of people and places he had seen. He told me this in one continous story and in such a way that I sat spellbound by the mystery, the adventure, and the wonder of it. I seemed to feel and see with him everything as he must have seen and felt, so realistically he told it.

He talked for nearly an hour and when he had finally eaten and left, I, treasuring his story and wishing to keep it, tried to write it, but try as I might, I could not write it as he told it.

He had a wanderer's heart and a poet's tongue and I know that my poor dinner was as nothing given for what I received.

Florence Woodstock L9

A HUNGRY DOG

One morning as I was going to school I saw a dog walking lazily but proudly along the street. He was

about eighteen inches high and had a grey-black back and yellow legs. His mischievious brown eyes were staring at me, so I thought I would go over and pet him. But I soon changed my mind as he wrinkled his small nose and showed his sharp needle-like teeth; so I just watched him.

Soon I saw a bird fluttering in his mouth. Suddenly it popped out and flew up into the sky. He looked after the bird mornfully and his tail stopped wagging. I felt sorry for him because I knew he must be hungry. Finally, he came towards me and let me pet him. I then took him home and fed him and after he had eaten all he wanted he went away.

Constance Kirby H8

ROVER'S MEETING WITH HIMSELF

It was Saturday morning and Rover, a pup of three months, had nothing to do. After wandering about aimlessly for an hour, he turned his footsteps toward home again, thinking to curl up in the hay loft and go to sleep.

On his way home he had to pass a pawn shop where various articles were displayed. Mr. Jones, the keeper, had placed a beautiful mirror outside to attract customers and Rover, passing, saw it. After sniffing around disdainfully, Rover looked squarely at it. His astonishment knew no bounds for here was a dog staring unwinkingly at him.

All the dogs had been "licked" by Rover, so he was astonished to see this dog actually staring at him. Rover barked. Now when Rover barked, this was fair warning for all dogs to "lookout." This strange dog seemed to bark also. Rover made a dash for him and went right through the mirror.

Mr. Jones, the keeper, was so angry that he threw one of his best brass candlesticks at him. For once Rover acknowledged himself defeated. With his tail curled between his legs and yelping pitifully he ran for home and safety.

Rose Cowan H8

SPRING

When cold Jack Frost finishes biting your nose and toes, Mother Nature unfolds a new creature to the world, called Spring and she paints the hills and the fields green. She dots them with different colored flowers, such as the orange or golden poppy, the blue lupine, the yellow buttercup, and various other colored flowers.

The sun rises early and the birds build their nests and lay their eggs. They chirp and bathe in the little pools of water and hunt nice fat, juicy worms and eat the tender twigs and green grass.

The fruit trees blossom and bear their tiny fruit which increases in size as spring fades into summer, and all the little seeds are sprouting.

Hazel Calais L9

RAINY DAY GOSSIP

The rain came down over hills and vales. The tiny blades of grass and flowers were crushed to the ground, while the strongest endeavored with great difficulty to hold their heads up. Every gust of wind shook the rain drops from their cozy little beds in the beds in the leaves of the trees.

Mistress Fishingworm was hurrying along to her home down by the river bank when she bumped into Mr. Wiggleworm. He too seemed to be in a hurry. "Good morning," said Mistress Fishingworm, "this is a nice pleasant morning for us."

Mr. Wiggleworm answered that it was, although he had scarcely escaped death a short time ago.

"Why my dear sir," the lady returned in a shocked voice, "pray how did that happen?"

"A large heavy shoe almost fell on me," exclaimed the worried Mr. Wiggleworm.

"Oh, careless people make me tired," said Mistrees Fishingworm. "We must organize a club to punish them severely."

The reply was never uttered, for a large heavy shoe, fell on the two, crushing them to death. They had gossiped too long.

Pauline Trefz H8

ODE TO THE PILLOW

You talk of your books and your jugs of wine,
Your girls and your dazzling shows;
You follow the finger of the sign
Which shows where the right crowd goes.
But when real bliss comes,
And when real pain goes,
Is when in the pillow,
You bring your nose.
You may say what you wish of the morning shower,
Or the plunge in the cooling sea,
Or a walk with a girl through a shady bower,
With a long talk 'neath a tree.
But say what you will,
The fun, sweet and mellow;
Is best when you bury--
Your head in a pillow.

Enerd Forsell H9

THE PEDDLER

Walking up and down the road was a very small but stout man. He carried a large suitcase in each hand. Every time he met a person he stopped to display his goods, never becoming down-hearted when he did not make a sale.

His wares consisted of at least fifty different types. There were combs, brushes, soap, and almost everything. He was very generous, for everyone who would take time to look at his goods was given a choice of one brush out of the three he displayed. His goods were tempting and very good looking. There were not many who refused to accept the gift. He did not sell from his suitcase but merrily displayed his wares and took orders. Of course, he would not carry enough supplies with him. You may see him in your neighborhood once a month.

Walter Hill L9

THE WILD FLOWERS OF PLUMAS COUNTY

It is certainly wonderful to have the opportunity to live in the mountains for one year.

After the snows melt away the little flower called spring beauty comes out. It is a very pale pink flower that blooms in clusters among the rocks. When they have nearly gone the redbells appear, a very

pretty flower that reminds you of the church bells ringing when the winds sway it back and forth. It grows on a long stalk and has a pointed leaf and a flower like a bell and it is a very bright red. When the redbells have nearly bloomed themselves away, the wild larkspur comes out. It is very much like the tame one, except the leaf is very different. It is round and curly on the edges. When they have finished blooming, the dogwood starts to burst into blossom, a large white flower with a yellow center, and it grows in a tree. When the white blossoms turn to little green balls, the lilac appears, very much on the order of the tame lilac as far as the flower goes, but the leaf is very feathery. If the pollen gets on your body it will cause an itching of the skin. It blooms in three colors, lavender, pink, and white. About the time that the lilac goes to seed the tiger lily springs up among the ferns in the shady part of the creek. It is a very pretty red lily with yellow spots on it, and long slender leaves. Then the tiny lily of the valley shows its blossoms. Its flower looks like a snap dragon but smells like the lily of the valley and the leaf is just like it. Then the most beautiful flower on earth opens its large white cup and inside it is yellow with purple streaks up every petal. It is called mountain lily.

Hazel Calais L9

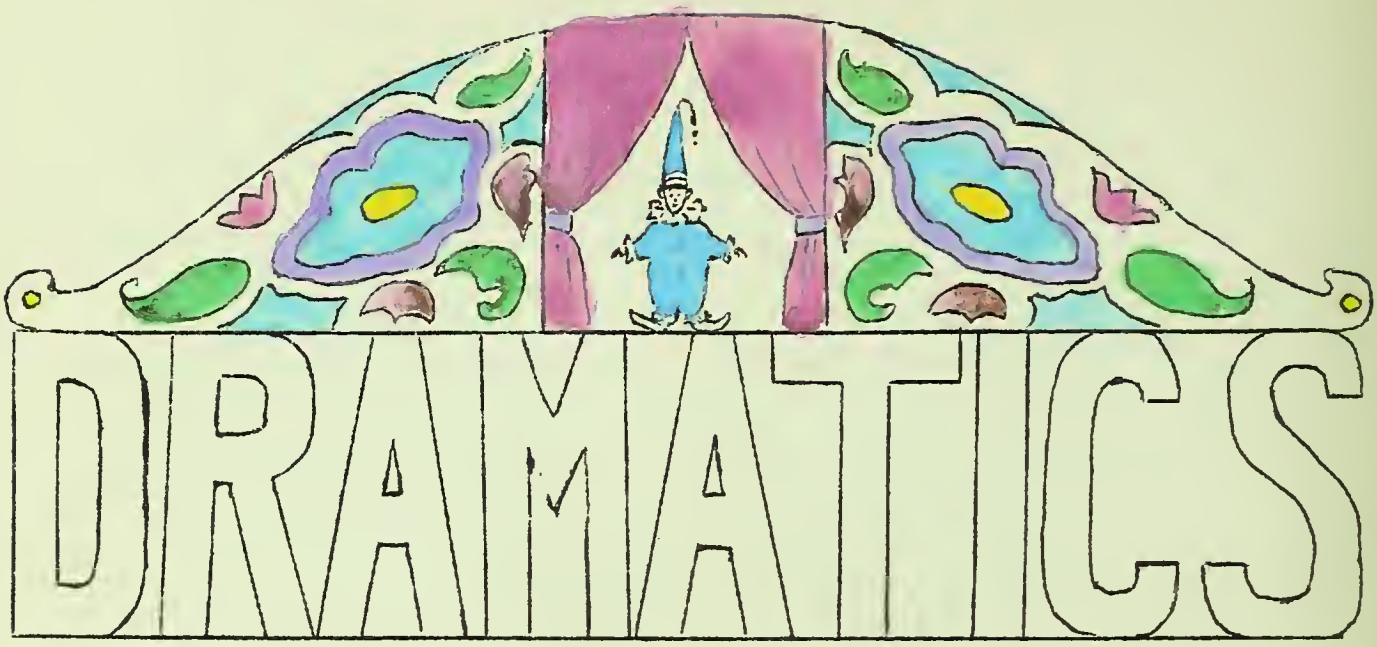
SPRINGTIME

Do you hear the birds sing
At the beginning of the spring
When the grass is pretty and green
And blue bells here and there are seen?

The grasshopper sings among the flowers,
Which are refreshed by April showers.
The oak trees are growing from acorn cups
Among the flowering butter cups.

Every one is happy in the spring
When all the birds begin to sing,
When the wild flowers are all in bloom
Now I hope there is no one in gloom.

Eva Kiefer H8



THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

On April 1, the L7' Class gave a play, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." There were two scenes.

The first scene was in the school house. Ichabod Crane was instructing the children in psalmody. The children were not paying any attention, but were throwing spit balls at each other. Soon a negro boy brought a note to the teacher inviting him to a party at the home of Katrina Van Tassel.

The second scene was in the home of Baltus Van Tassel. The old farmer was welcoming Katrina's friends. The young people danced the Virginia Reel. Brom Bones left early. Soon the young people went to the barn to play a game of "Puss in the Corner." Ichabod Crane stayed to propose to Katrina but she did not accept him. At the close of the scene, news was received of Ichabod's fearful meeting with the headless horseman. The poor schoolmaster had been so frightened that he fled from the country.

Anna Moen L7

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In celebration of Thomas Jefferson's birthday the L7" history class entertained the student body Thursday, April 16, with a historical drama entitled "The Declaration of Independence."

The play depicted the warning of the minutemen by Paul Revere when the British were about to leave Boston to attack Lexington and Concord, the meeting

of Congress at Philadelphia in which Jefferson presented his Declaration of Independence and finally a street scene in front of the State House where a crowd eagerly awaited and finally heard the news of the signing of the Declaration.

Dorothy Meally L7

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

Friday night April 24, the H8' class presented one of Francis Hodgson Burnett's plays entitled "The Little Princess." It is a play of three acts.

The scene of the first act is laid in the drawing room of Miss Minchin's fashionable girls' seminary. Sara, the rich little daughter of Capt. Crewe, is giving a birthday party. While the party is in progress, news is received that Capt. Crewe has died penniless, for all his money had been invested through a friend in a worthless diamond mine.

The scene of the second act is laid in the garret of the same school. The rich little girl is now a drudge, hungry and cold. The police dog of a rich neighbor, Mr. Carrisford, comes up into the garret. One of Sara's former friends brings her a basket of food. The banquet is interrupted by the sudden arrival of Miss Minchin. Sara goes to bed broken-hearted. The lascars of the rich neighbor come and bring food and furniture and make the garret more attractive.

The third act takes place in the home of Mr. Carrisford. Sara returns the police dog and she learns that Mr. Carrisford is the friend who had invested her father's money. The mine had not turned out a failure after all. Sara is again a rich little girl.

CAST

Sara Crewe (The Little Princess)----------Eula Burnham
Lottie----------Amelia Krebs
Jessie----------Eliada Iverson
Lavina----------Evelyn Schmidt
Lillian----------Eleanor Johnson

Miss Minchin----------Evelyn Shelby
Miss Amelia----------Marie White
Becky----------Pauline Trefz
Blanche----------Eva Kiefer
Mrs. Carmichael----------Florentine Turpin
Janet----------Rose Cowan
Nora----------Ella Loven
Mazie----------Regina Railo
Donald----------Wilbert Maderos
Ermengrade----------Irene Wilson
Mr. Carrisford----------Henry Oltmann
Ram Dass----------Martin Kenney
Mr. Carmichael----------Edward Hakkinen
Mr. Barrow----------August Sairanen
Mr. Guest----------Stanley Wulfendinger
Maid Servant----------Elizabeth Kultala
Man Servant----------Walter Brown
Pupils at Miss Minchin's School----------Aldara Cruz,
Ramona Kuhre, Nancy Piazza, Marie Pimental,
Geraldine Pascoe, Annie Saari, Vera Williamson
Lascars----------Joseph Bernardo,
Robert Heydegger, Allen Kroll, Milton Larson

"THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL"

After the H8" class studied the "Vision of Sir Launfal," they wrote the dialogue for a play based on the theme of the poem and presented the play.

The first act was laid in the castle of Sir Launfal and introduced his mother, his younger brother, and two faithful servants. This scene showed Sir Launfal's selfish attitude toward his younger brother. In this act it was very evident that love of fame had driven him to go in search of the Holy Grail. His only fear was that he would die and his younger brother would succeed to his estates.

Another scene pictured in allegory Love of Wealth and Ambition, struggling to hold him in their power. Temper was also present to make Sir Launfal more and more anxious to return to his castle and seek no further.

Later when Sir Launfal discovered that the Holy Grail might be found in his own castle, the music from Wagner's "Tannhouser" showed the splendid change brought over him.

Everyone in the class worked on at least one character, so each pupil had a share in the play. The girls made all the costumes in their Domestic Arts class.

Linnea Johnson
Constance Kirby

THE H9' PLAYS

This year on May 29, the H9' class gave three one act plays. The first, "My Lady's Lace," had four characters:

Moeder Kaatje, the lace maker----------Crystal Smith
Mynheer Cornelis, the father----------Samuel Davis
Antje, the daughter----------Vivien Williamson
Jonkheer Ian Van der Bom, the suitor-----Donald Smith

The scene is laid in Moeder Kaatje's garden. Antje comes to Moeder Kaatje sobbing, and tells her that Mynheer Cornelis desires to marry her to Jonkheer Van der Bom whom she does not like. While they are talking Mynheer Cornelis comes and says that the Jonkheer is coming to buy lace for Antje. Antje makes her father promise to let her put the Jonkheer to the test and in turn promises to marry the man if he proves true. Antje dresses as Kaatje's daughter and sells the lace to the Jonkheer. The Jonkheer is

finally discovered to be a fortune seeker and all ends happily.

"A Sunny Morning" had four characters:

Dona Laura----------Lily Leino
Petra, her maid----------Gladys Bolton
Don Gonzalo----------Leon Stacy
Juanito, his servant----------George Socker

The scene is laid in a retired part of a park in Madrid, Spain. Dona Laura, a handsome old lady of seventy, meets by chance in the park, Don Gonzalo, a gentleman of the same age. In disscussing their own romance of years gone by, they each discover the other's identity but each believes that the other does not know. The conversation had started with a quarrel, but ends in the old gentleman promising to come again on the morrow.

The third play, "The Romancers" had five main characters and several others:

Percinet, a lover----------Edward Vinn
Straforel, a bravo----------Allen Stacy
Bergamin, father of Percinet------Lawrence Laufenberg
Pasquinot, father of Sylvette----------Stanley Larson
Sylvette, daughter of Pasquinot---------Dorothy Hansen

The scene is laid in adjoining corners of the parks belonging to Bergamin and Pasquinot. Percinet and Sylvette are two romantic children. The fathers are friends but pretend to be enemies in order to afford a background for a romantic love affair. When the fathers are found in each other's arms, delighted at the success of the plan, they pretend to fight. There is an attempt at an abduction of Sylvette by hired kidnappers. Percinet overcomes Straforel, the chief swordsman, and is given Sylvette's hand. The whole is a delightful comedy.

All of the members of the class had a part. The important position of stage manager was given to Yoshimi Makino, who has a great deal of executive ability. The announcers were Evangeline Raymond, Lucile Schuster and Lucile Peterson, each of whom gave a brief resume of one of the plays.

Crystal Smith H9

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

At the beginning of this spring term, inter-class and inter-school basket ball teams were organized. All the inter-school games were lost, but the Burbank girls were complimented on their good team work and clean sportsmanship. The H9" class was the winner of the inter-class games. The lineup was as follows:

FORWARDS

Saima Poyry (Captain)
May Fuller
Norma Lateana
Hazel Roth

CENTERS

Connie Carlson
Mildred Wehrmann
Myrtle Matson

GUARDS

Mary Oliveira
Marie Cowan
Virginia Rosales
Josephine Krogue

In the inter-school track meet, 52½ of the 83 points made by Burbank were won by the girls. The following girls won their B's or stars for taking first, second, third or fourth place in the track events.

Relay----------Dorothy Johnson, Ramona Eakins, Wave O'Keefe, Lorraine Brownell, Vivien McCollom, Ruth Becker, Josephine Pellanda, Marie Cowan, Lorena Kirby, Amelia Krebs.

Standing Broad Jump--Eva Kiefer, Elva Sherman, Vivien Williamson, Irma Querio, Mary Oliveira.

Dash----------Effie Anderson, Lucille Loustalet, Rhea Read, Gladys Bolton.

Baseball Throw--------Lillie Lofaso, Rita Dondo, Estella White, Glora Russell, Alpha Nelson, Julia Dierks.

Jump and Reach--------Adele Rengel, Evelyn Shelby, Ester Flaming.

Basket Ball Throw----Mabel Barker, Katherine Bottone.

Only two of the decathlon events have been completed at this writing. In both the 50 yard dash and the jump and reach, the Burbank girls took first place according to the records of the four Berkeley junior high schools.

After the track meet, inter-class baseball teams were organized and much enthusiasm was manifested in this sport. Some of the preliminary games were played in the regular gymnasium period. The winners of these games played games after school to determine the championship.

A few of the girls proved themselves to be the equal of the boys in their baseball ability. Glora Russell was considered the best pitcher of all the girls in the school.

Numerals were awarded the members of the winning teams at the last student body meeting.

Marie Cowan H9

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Early in the season three basket ball teams were organized: The 105, the 115, and the unlimited. The unlimited team won the inter-school championship winning every game that was played.

J. Nelson	J. Bettencourt	L. Watty	E. Norgren
H. Nelson	R. Gerkin	W. Nagy	S. Larson

The 115 lb. team had also a successful season, winning two games out of the three that they played.

A. Stacy	C. Copeland	E. Myers
L. Stacy	C. Lindstrom	D. Smith

In the inter-school baseball series, we were not so fortunate. We lost four games and won only two of the six games played. The two games won were made possible by the exceptionally good playing of Robert Fuhrman, Lee Watty, and John Bettencourt. Robert Fuhrman is considered the best shortstop in the junior high school league.

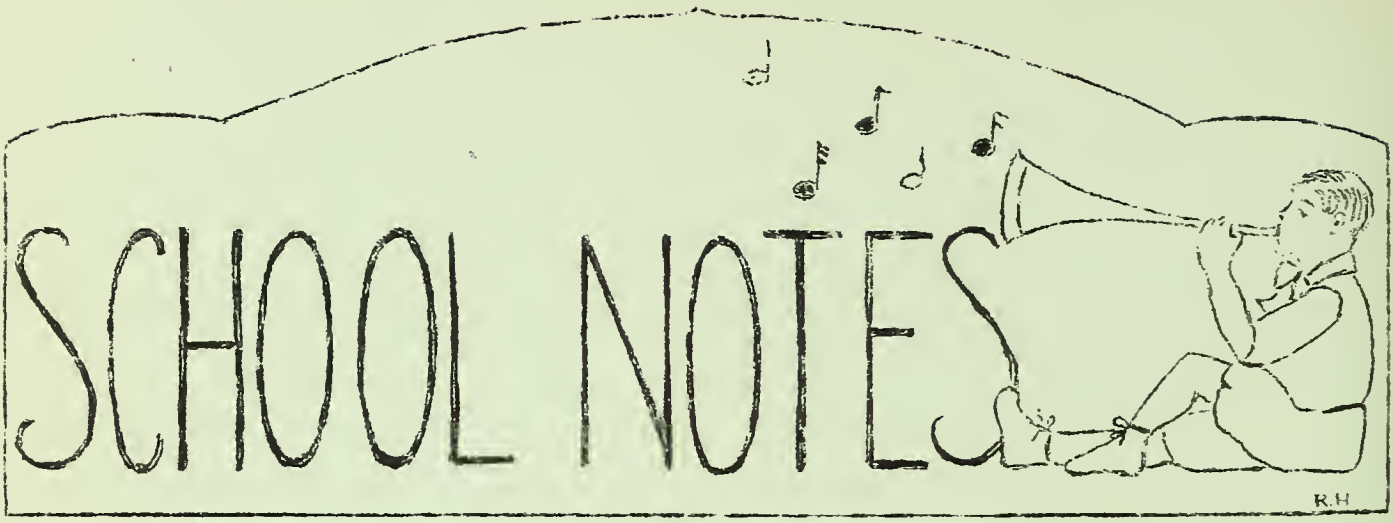
The members of the base ball team were:

Lee Watty	Catcher
E. Myers	Third Base
W. Brown	Second Base
C. Copeland	Second Base
H. Rosenquist	First Base
R. Fuhrman	Shortstop
E. Johnson	Left Field
J. Bettencourt	Center Field
J. Mattioda	Right Field
J. Martin	Pitcher
S. Larson	Pitcher
G. Socker	Pitcher

In the track meet, which was held on May 8, the following boys scored points for Burbank:

H. LaFranchi	S. Rubino
W. Wooten	F. Roat
R. Thomas	C. Mroczko
W. Curley	G. Rambke
M. McLaughlin	R. Hughes
R. Sheehy	J. Nelson

Edward Vinn H9



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President--Leon Stacy

Vice-President--Mary Oliveira

Secretary-Treasure--Eino Salo

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

H9'	Allen Stacy	L8"	Robert Sainsot
H9"	Hazel Roth	L8"'	Teddy Rapport
L9'	Dorothy Johnson	H7'	Edith Carlson
L9"	Julia Fontana	H7"	William Chrisman
L9"'	Leo Neveu	H7"'	Jack Mattioda
H8'	Florentine Turpin	L7'	Josephine Mello
H8"	Constance Kirby	L7"	Juanita Ritzman
H8"'	Violet Olsen	L7"'	Marvin McLaughlin
L8'	William Hydie	07""	John Roach

07""' Raymond Walters

FACULTY ADVISERS

Edith Morse

Grover Carlsen

THE ART SCHOLARSHIP

For the last three semesters an Art contest has been held in the Burbank Junior High School. Two art school scholarships, for Saturday morning classes at the California School of Arts and Crafts, are awarded to the two students making the best representative and creative drawings, and whose scholarship and attitude toward their other work shows that they are able to carry the extra work.

The contest is open to the entire student body. A certain day each term, those desiring to compete for the scholarship go to the drawing room and select any one of a number of flower studies arranged by Miss Webber, the art teacher, and make a drawing using any medium they like; such as pencil, pen and ink, water color or crayola. After the representative drawing of the flower, a creature or original design is made from that flower. This work is done without any assistance, whatsoever, from the drawing teacher.

Each student is given a number, which he places on his drawing. A slip of paper with his name and number is kept by Miss Webber. No names are placed on the drawings. The drawings are then sent to the California School of Arts and Crafts, Berkeley, where a committee, composed of faculty members of that school, make the decisions.

The money for the scholarships is raised by the student body by giving a dance, a play, or a candy sale.

Last term I was fortunate in winning a scholarship, so I will tell you a little about the Art School work. I was given a choice of free hand, charcoal, water color, and wash drawing. I thought wash drawing was the most interesting, so that is what I have been taking. First the study is drawn in pencil, then black and gray washes are used. In all there are six shades, black, dark grey, medium grey, light grey, paper color and white.

Every Saturday a new study is begun. The study usually consists of three articles. Work is carried on from nine to twelve, with fifteen minutes recess at half past ten. During the morning the teacher critizes the work once or more, if needed.

This Course will help me in the future for I am interested in commercial Art Work.

Norma Lateana H9

THE ARION TRIO

Again this year the Arion Trio delighted the student body with a concert of popular and semipopular numbers. Each member of the Trio is a talented musician. Their work shows the result of earnest study and effort.

After the Trio had played several numbers together, Miss Joyce Barthelson played a piano solo and Miss Josephine Holub played a violin solo.

The three members of the Trio were pupils at the Technical High School and members of the orchestra while there. After leaving the high school they formed the well known Arion Trio, which has played for many radios.

Regina Railo H8

FEEDING THE FAMILY

This term the L9' and L9" cooking class made food charts for people of all ages and for the sick and the diseased. The study of the food combinations is like the old definition of arithmetic, "Both a science and an art."

As a science, it is a study of digestion and the food elements necessary for proper nutrition. A meal composed merely of carbonhydrate material has no body building quality although it furnishes energy. A meal entirely of protein overtaxes the system because only about 10 to 15% can be assimilated. A meal composed of fat alone offers a staggering proposition to the ordinary appetite. Such a meal might have some advantage in the Arctic climate. One great help in the daily task of housewife is the standardization of the meals to be served at different times in the day. This is determined according to each person's food requirements.

As an art, a balanced meal does not necessarily mean an artistic one. The human being exhibits two psychological tendencies in his diet--one, to stand by the old favorites, the other to demand variety from day to day. All housewives do not have the natural gift for making good food combinations, and may

have little opportunity to study the achievements of others. A good rule is to avoid serving a food that gives its pronounced characters to a dish twice in the same meal, even in different form.

The girls of the cooking class have learned to solve many of these food problems by means of the food charts which they have worked out this term.

Marie Kinney L9

COMMUNITY CHEST DRIVE

Mr. Larey Edy, business manager of the Berkeley Community Chest, addressed the student body at its first meeting this semester. He told of the organizations of the Community Chest and of the different associations which receive funds from it.

He spoke of the good work these different charity organizations were carrying on in Berkeley. Many poor families would be absolutely destitute without their help and care.

Mr. Edy urged the students to carry home to their parents the necessity of all citizens contributing liberally in this spring drive.

Mr. Edy is a very forceful and earnest speaker and the Community Chest means more to the students of Burbank after having heard his address.

Nancy Piazza H8

THRIFT PROGRAM

Thrift week was observed at Burbank by an interesting program at the student body meeting January 22, 1925.

A student from the L9" class gave a talk on "Home Economy," one from the H7' gave a report on "Life Insurance," and another one from the L7' class read a paper on "Home Ownership."

Two playlets were presented. The play given by the H8" showed the folly of not saving when one is prosperous. The second play which was given by the L9" class proved that it is better to invest your money wisely, although the interest is small, than take chances on unknown investments.

Vara Guy L9

THE PARENTS' PROGRAM

In order to explain to the parents of the Burbank pupils the work of the different departments of the school a program was presented on the evening of February 6. There were nine three minute speeches given, representing the academic, commercial, music, cooking, sewing, art, shop, science, and the physical education departments.

One of the most interesting numbers was a violin solo played by Edward Vinn from the high nine class. This was his first appearance on a Burbank program and, when he leaves this school, we shall greatly miss his musical talent.

After the program a dance was given. The music was furnisned by Nelson's Orchestra.

Norma Lateana H9

THE LINCOLN DAY PROGRAM

On February 12 the Burbank pupils gathered in the assembly hall in honor of Abraham Lincoln, the Civil War President who freed the slaves. Comrade May, accompanied by four veterans of the Civil War, was present.

The school sang some of the old favorite war songs and recited the "Gettysburg Address." Enerd Forsell gave "A Sketch of the Life of Lincoln," Mary Bustillos delivered Robert Ingersoll's oration, "Abraham Lincoln," Etta Millan recited "Captain! My Captain!" by Walt Whitman and Beatrice Des Jarlais told the story of "The Writing of the Gettysburg Address" from Shipman Andrew's story "The Perfect Tribute." Mr. Preston made a few remarks concerning Lincoln's life. Our guests, the veterans of the Civil War, led the school in some requested songs and told us of Lincoln's bravery and kindness.

Beatrice Des Jarlais H7

BURBANK

FRANK SIEGRIST'S VISIT

On Monday morning February 16, 1925, Mr. Frank Siegrist, a member of Paul Whiteman's Orchestra, visited Burbank and renewed his acquaintance with his former friends and teachers. He had just returned from an extended tour throughout the United States. In New York he had played before the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Preston introduced Mr. Siegrist to the student body as one of our alumni who has won success, for he is considered by Mr. Victor Herbert to be the finest cornetist in America. His musical career began when he was a member of the Franklin School Orchestra which was at that time, as it is now, under the able direction of Mrs. Cianciarulo.

Before Mr. Siegrist began to play, he explained the difference between the cornet and the trumpet. Then he played several selections upon his trumpet in such soft clear tones that our students and friends were thrilled.

As a compliment to Mrs. Cianciarulo, Mr. Siegrist requested her to accompany him as he played an old favorite, Santa Lucia.

Our student body is glad to have had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Siegrist play and trust that he will visit Burbank again.

Henry Oltmann H8

THE WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY PROGRAM

On February 19, the L8 grade gave a program in celebration of Washington's birthday. A play was given to make the study of his life more interesting and dramatic. In order to portray the period, a colonial setting was used. There was an old-fashioned fire place, at the side of which was a spinning wheel.

A tableau was also presented, "First in War." It showed George Washington crossing the Delaware. It illustrated his courage and bravery as a general. The second was "First in Peace" and the third "George Washington as a Citizen," showed him to be loyal and patriotic. Next there was a pantomime, "First in the Hearts of His Countrymen." This showed George Washington had love and respect for his countrymen as a president. Lastly, there was a short play called "Washington's Message."

Louise Mroczko H8

THE ARBOR DAY PROGRAM

The Arbor Day celebration this term emphasized the seventy-sixth birthday of Luther Burbank and the ninth anniversary of our school.

The principal purpose of the program was to give the pupils a feeling of springtime and to this end a flower play was given by the pupils of the L7' class. Spring was ushered in by a song, "Welcome Sweet Spring Time." At the close of the song, children dressed as flowers accompanied by bees and butterflies filled the stage. From afar the whistling of birds could be heard. Mother Nature was appealed to by the flowers to help them make seed. She decided to give them petals so the birds and butterflies would help the wind scatter pollen. While the bees and butterflies danced to the song of the birds, Mother Nature waved her wand and provided beautiful petals for all the flowers.

A child representing Luther Burbank watched the work of the insects and decided to improve the flowers and to benefit the world by the use of his camels' hair brush.

A lovely song "Butterfly" from "The Beggar Student" was then sung by the insects, birds and flowers.

Three five minute talks on the subjects of "The First Arbor Day" and "What Do We Plant" was given by members of the L7' class. This closed the program.

Evelyn La Mont L7

THE GIRLS' JINKS

On Thursday, March 26, the girls held their second annual Jinks. The program was presented by members of various classes and by a reader from the University of California, Miss Alice Britton, who read several selections delightfully.

Some folk dances were given by groups of girls in costume. The most amusing part of the entertainment were the songs which the H9 class sang.

A very impressive part of the Jinks was to see the greater number of the girls in middies. It is now the aim of the Girls' Association to see that all girls wear middies to the assemblies on Thursday. All girls wearing middies were invited to the dance after the program.

Virginia Borba L9

THE BOY'S JINKS

On March 26, the boys held their first Jinks. It was under the supervision of Mr. Carlsen, the boys' gymnasium instructor.

Everything went off like clockwork, not counting the slips that a few boys made. Several of the stunts proved to be eye-openers to the doubting audience. Toward the end of the Jinks, two boys tied towels over their eyes, put on boxing gloves and went to it. This event proved very ludicrous and brought down the gallery.

On the whole the Jinks proved very successful and it probably will become an annual affair.

William Lawrence L9

OUR CADET TEACHERS

About three years ago the custom arose of allowing graduate students of the Department of Education of the University of California to act as cadet teachers in the different departments of Burbank. These cadet teachers by practice and observation, prepare themselves for future educational work.

This term we had six cadet teachers. Miss Gladys Marx and Miss Fanny Thompson assisted Mrs. Tomsen in the typewriting classes, Miss Virginia Royles taught the L7" history class under the direction of Mrs. Smith, Miss Mabel White instructed part of Miss Houston's H7" history class, Miss Irma Monnie assisted Miss Webber in drawing, and Miss Susan Gibson helped Mr. Wolfenden in his L9" bookkeeping class. All these teachers were supervised by Mr. Rudolph Linquist, a member of the faculty of the University of California.

Miss Bertha Truman finished out the term of Miss Angie Webster, our beloved teacher who died this spring. Miss Truman's work has been very successful and she made many friends among the members of the faculty and the student body.

Gladys Bolton H9

SAD BUT TRUE

Miss Gilbert (to L9 music class): What song shall we sing at the entertainment for Friday night?

C. Johnson: They all know "There's No Place Like Home."

Miss Gilbert: The parents know it but I'm sure the children don't.

GO BACK IN HISTORY

Mrs. Bennett (to H8" history class): Ross, please point out the New England States on the map.

R. Alessandro: I can't. This is the map of the United States.

NOT MUCH CONFIDENCE

L7' girl (coming in from the cooking class): Oh, I made junket to-day.

L7' boy: Uh! You mean junk.

HE HAD THE SHOES

Miss Robinson: George, Mr. Carlsen reports that part of your gymnasium suit is lacking. Which part is it?

G. Rambke: Oh, only my uppers and lowers.

IF HE ONLY HAD A TASTE!

W. Maderos (admiring the bakery window): What kind of a cake do you suppose the cocoanut cake is?

RATHER DESTRUCTIVE

Miss Houston (in H8' English Class): Please give me the page of your English lesson.
P. Trefz: I can't very well.

THINKS "DIXIE" A DIRGE

Miss Gilbert (in L9 music class): Does anyone know what is meant by "scratch your gravel in Dixie"?
J. Nelson: It means dig yourself a grave in Dixie.

HE UNDERSTANDS

Miss Morse (at the telephone): Outside, please!
H. Oltman (retreating hastily overcome with embarrassment): Pardon me!

A NEW GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK

W. Nagy (extract from oral report in H9" English): He had to look for himself.

NOT MUSICAL

Miss Gilbert (explaining musical terms): If one "f" means forte, what do two "f's" mean?
K. Amondsen: Eighty, of course.

NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND

Mr. McDermont (in H8' science): Who has found a dry cell?
E. Burnham: All prisons nowadays have dry cells.

OUGHT TO BE NECESSARY

Mrs. Bagnall: Where is Beatrice Benner today?
J. Dierks: She went to the doctor with her ear.
Mrs. Bagnall: She couldn't go without it very well, could she?

NEEDS TO STUDY MOUNTAIN ARCHITECTURE

Mrs. Skimmings (in H8"' ci ics class): Here is a picture of the East Bay water shed.
S. Schmidt: I can see some water but where is the shed?

MUSICALLY INCLINED

Miss Houston (discussing the active and passive voices): Now, Wilbert, what are the two voices?
W. Maderos (sleepily): Soprano and alto.

A NEW SPECIE

S. Tomsello (giving a history report): Mohammed was forced to flee and the flee was called the Hegira.

A DISASTROUS ACCIDENT

E. Burnham: I swallowed a carpet tack when I was a little girl.
H. Oltman: No wonder you are so little. That tack must be holding you down yet.

A LIAR TOO

Miss Gilbert: What is a musical instrument that looks like a harp?
V. Williamson: A lyre.

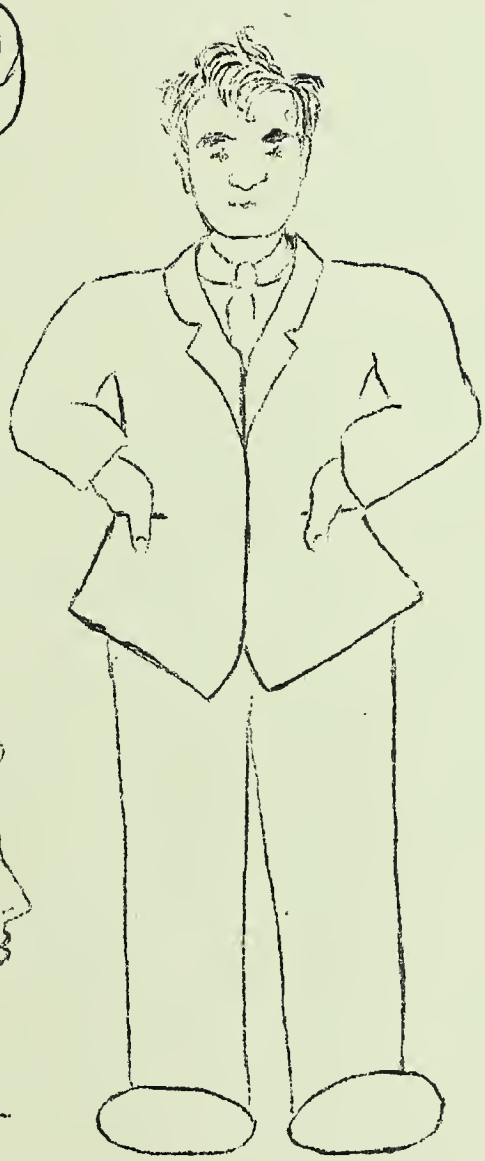
NEW TRAINING DEVICE

L. Anderson: Say Ilie, how can you run so fast?
I. Salo: I've got runners in both of my stockings.

LOGICAL

Mr. McDermont: Louise, what apparatus is in the upper lockers?
L. Mroczko: All that is not in the lower lockers.

As Others See Us



END

Faculty Autographs

James T. Preston
P. Adele Gilbert
Earl H. Williams
Emily V. Freeman
Mary E. Cameron
Emma S. Wilkes
Mary M. Jones
Edith Morse
Ruth Houston

Albert L. McDermont Mabel P. Webber
Lucy M. Robinson
Carrie L. Smith
A. M. Woolfenden
Mae E. Dery
Carrie L. Bennett
Lucile Freeman
Frances C. Blue
John J. Frick
Dora L. Martin
Jane E. Simmings
Franklin Bagnall
Grace G. Carlisle

B

Wizard

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Dedication

This issue of the "Wizard" is dedicated to the progress of California. This year California celebrated her Diamond Jubilee. For seventy-five years progress has been one of the main factors of California. From the very beginning she has contributed her full share of money, art, brains, and commerce to the development of the United States.

Faculty

JAMES T. PRESTON	PRINCIPAL
FRANCIS C. ALBEE	ENGLISH
FRANKLIN BAGNALL	ENGLISH, DRAMATICS
CARRIE L. BENNETT	CIVICS, HISTORY
MARY E. CAMERON	ARITHMETIC, SCIENCE
GROVER C. CARLSEN	PHYSICAL EDUCATION
SADIE S. DERRY	HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE
KATHERINE FISK	HOUSEHOLD ART
JOHN J. FRICK	MANUAL ARTS
LUCILE FRIEDMAN	SHORTHAND, ARITHMETIC, SCIENCE
P. ADELE GILBERT	VOCAL MUSIC
VIRMA GLOVER	ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC, HISTORY
MARTIN HOBBS	BRASS, BAND
RUTH HOUSTON	ENGLISH, HISTORY
DORA L. MARTIN	ALGEBRA, HISTORY, LATIN
ALBERT McDERMONT	GENERAL SCIENCE
EDITH MORSE	PHYSICAL EDUCATION
JOHN MINZYK	WOODWIND
VIRGINIA ROYLES	ENGLISH, OPPORTUNITY
MARGARET SANFORD	PIANO
VICTOR SCHOTT	STRINGS, ORCHESTRA
JEAN E. SKIMMINGS	ARITHMETIC, ENGLISH, HISTORY
CARRIE L. SMITH	ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC,HISTORY, SCIENCE
EILA SMITH	SECRETARY
MARY M. TOMSEN	TYPEWRITING
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MABEL P. WEBBER	ART
EMMA S. WILKES	VOCATIONAL COUNSELOR, ARITHMETIC
EARL WILLIAMS	MECHANICAL DRAWING, MANUAL ARTS
A. M. WOLFENDEN	BOOKKEEPING

Graduates

Anderson, Lillian
Barnes, James
Bettencourt, Carl
Bettencourt, John
Borba, Virginia
Bottone, Katherine
Burger, William
Calais, Hazel
Curley, William
Dax, George
Dierks, Julia
Frazee, Margaret
Freihofer, Joseph
Fuhrman, Robert
Garevich, Marian
Guy, Vara
Harbarth, Doretta
Hayashida, Yasuo
Himberg, Marie
Johnson, Dorothy
Johnson, Edwin
Kenney, Frances
Kinney, Marie
Koski, Saima
Lambert, Harry
Lawrence, William
Loustalet, Lucille
Loveland, Marjorie
Lyttinen, Tuna
Mork, Walter
Nelson, Elmer
Nelson, John
Nicholds, Clarence
Nielson, Franklin
Rengel, Adele
Rosenquist, Harold
Ruis, Tauno
Salo, Eino
Salo, Ilie
Schmidt, Leonard
Sheehy, Richard
Sho, Quam Mai
Tampinen, Irene
Thomas, Robert
Tyler, Joseph
Watty, Lee
Whetzler, Naomi
Wickman, Oscar
William, Irja

Editorial

WIZARD STAFF

EDITOR.....MARIE KINNEY

BUSINESS MANAGER.....CARL BETTENCOURT

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

H9′	Adele Rengel	L 8″′	William McGee
H9″	Lee Watty	H7′	Tauno Jarvis
L 9′	Regina Railo	H7″	Helen Marsicano
L 9″	Pauline Trefz	H7″′	Evelyon Price
L 9″′	Dorothy Condo	L7′	Martha Carlson
H8	Ida May Guy	L7″	Nina Riccomagno
H8″	Anita Elss	L7″′	Alfred Eastell
H8″′	Della Bernadou	O7″″	Gladys Cuneo
L 8′	Bruno Johanson	O7″″′	Abondio Andriana
L 8″	Henry La Franchi		

Faculty Council

Ruth Houston — Mary M. Tomsen

Frances C. Albee — Mabel P. Webber

THE SCHOOL BELLS

Who ever thought of the influence the school bells have on the students? The first bell in the morning has the most influence. The students go straggling to their classes. Then just about two minutes before the second bell rings a scurrying is heard in the hall and some student gets to the door just in time.

In the middle of the day two bells are heard very often. Then one hears the sound of many rushing monitors, all hurrying to receive the message from the office. After a few moments of quiet, you hear them rushing back to their classes to spread the news.

The luncheon bell is welcomed by many hungry boys and girls, all hurrying. Some are in a hurry to get home to eat, so they can get back to school in time. Others of these hungry boys and girls hurry out into the yard to get a bench. About five minutes afterwards everything is quiet and everyone is enjoying luncheon.

The most welcome and enjoyable bell for most students is the bell that says to all those students who have been good throughout the day, "School is over for today." Then is heard the feet of happy students going home with their books in their hands.

DOROTHY JOHNSON, H9.

BE LOYAL TO OUR TEAM

When some visiting team comes to Burbank to play one of our teams, it is our duty to be on the benches in the gymnasium and cheer our team along. Whether we are losing or winning it is our duty to support our team. I think that our yell leader ought to be present at more games than he is. When we go away to another school to play, the rooters should be present. Some of us say, "What's the use of going? We will only lose." That is the wrong spirit. The right spirit should be, "Let's go and help our team win."

JAMES BARNES, H9.

OUR ELECTRIC CLOCK

This term our clocks have been a source of great annoyance to all of us. We hurried to school, thinking that we would be late, and the clocks said that it was not yet eight. Often when we walked in a leisurely manner because we thought we had plenty of time, the second bell had rung, making us tardy. In our classrooms the bells rang sometimes before the period should have been over and sometimes didn't ring until we should have been in another class. Once in a while they didn't ring at all, which was pleasing or displeasing, according to the subject we were studying or reciting.

It is sincerely hoped that next term the clocks and bells will be punctual.

MARIE KINNEY, H9.

WAS YOUR CLASS LOYAL?

Because it was necessary to print the Wizard this term, the staff was compelled to raise the price of the magazine from 35 cents to 50 cents.

In order to arouse enthusiasm and thereby increase the sale of the magazine, the staff presented a program before the sudent body. Various classes pictured the different sections of the Wizard. Of particular interest was the jokes section; three boys of the L7' class appeared on the stage dressed as clowns, did several very clever tumbling tricks and then cracked a few jokes. The dramatic section was very picturesque; all the plays given the previous semester were represented. The sport section was presented by several boys and girls dressed in their gymnasium suits. They performed some stunts and then played a few seconds of volley ball and baseball.

The business manager regrets that only $100 was raised by subscription; this means that not half the students are supporting their school magazine. The Wizard deserves 100 per cent school subscription.

CARL BETTENCOURT, H9.

RESPECT WEEK

Why is it that children and even grownups would rather be "bad" than good? In the community of our school we have just such people. It seems as if the pupils are old enough to respect and obey the teachers and principal. What a peaceful assembly we would have if everyone could remember to be quiet and to stop talking when other people are talking, and to listen respectfully to what the people on the stage are telling us.

Let us have a "respect week," and see if it is more fun than a "non-respect week."

DOROTHY EXON, L9.

Literary

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

I lived in that part of Berkeley which is sometimes called the "Mud Flats." When but seven years of age I was sent to visit my Aunt and Uncle, and my three cousins. I as a rule am very quiet until I get well acquainted. All of my cousins were very lady-like and I found them hard to please.

One Sunday the four of us went to the park to play in the sand, but soon changed our minds when we found out we could go in wading. Finally, I decided it was not going to be much fun standing in one place all the time, so I walked across the pool daringly. All of a sudden, my feet slipped from under me and I splashed into the water. I was like a drowned rat and felt very much embarrassed because I had to walk back to the house in this disgraceful condition. When I reached home I was told I would have to put on one of my aunt's dresses. Very much to my dislike I wore the dress. The result was I was teased and poked fun at and called "Old Mother Witch" all day.

One day my aunt went shopping with a lady friend. Before going she made sure to remind me not to start any up-roar in the quiet apartment. Of course, her own children in her mind were always well-behaved children. As soon as she left they decided to make candy and, of course, I agreed but did not like the idea of being chief cook and dish washer. My oldest cousin dictated to me while I performed the duty of candy making. Unexpectedly my aunt came home and found every one of the children eating candy but me, and so I did not get the blame I expected.

The very next day, to my great delight, my mother came for me. Immediately when I got home I went into the backyard to see if every thing was as I had left it. I then took off my dress and put on my overalls and went about building a dog house.

CONSTANCE KIRBY, L9.

TROUT FISHING

One summer afternoon last June, we were standing on the banks of the Yula River, way up in the mountains. Here and there in the stream we could see the trout jumping up, playing in the sunlight. The water was racing down to the main section of the river and the little pieces of driftwood were like big ships in a storm.

We had been standing there quite a while when, like a shot out of a gun, the reel started to unwind and the only thing that showed we had a strike was a torpedo-like object running the full length of the line. Then we started to take in the slack line. The fish came along peacefully for a while and then it ran again. This happened quite a few times. We had a big strike and then the trout seemed to have lost all its life. But we were very cautious and brought it in gradually. As we thought, it was just resting for another battle yet to come, and, as soon as we got it within 10 feet of us, there was a great leap up into the air and it came down and started off so suddenly that our line was almost broken. The fight was long and hard, but finally we brought it right up to us. This trout couldn't be beaten for looks, for it was a fourteen-inch mountain trout, and had red spots up and down the sides. We thought we had it, but within the next second it made a great leap and broke loose. So we went home with our fish story, very much disgusted.

WILLIAM BAXTER, L9.

THE STAR

There's a bright star high up in the sky,
And I wonder and wonder as days go by
What makes that star brighter than all the rest,
And for some reason I like it best.

It never grows dim through the hours of night,
But shines and shines so clear and bright.
And I thought as I looked at the star last eve,
That star is the north star, I do believe.

ALICE WOODS, L7.

THE MOON

Out on the lovely meadows of heaven
The pale moon climbs to her throne,
While around her, the stars glisten,
And silence reigns peacefully alone.

Her clear mellowness gleams brightly
Through the corner of my pane,
But oft is shadowed slightly
By the darkening clouds of rain.

Her slow ascent in the heavens,
Casts shadows long, and wary,
And slowly, and patiently, the earth darkens
As longer the moon seeks to tarry.

But 'ere long the moon disappears,
With the first rosy rays of the dawn,
And soon bright daylight appears,
And night and the moon are gone.

EDITH CARLSON, L8.

TO MY CALIFORNIA HOME

The hours may be long
The day's all wrong,
But now I'm on my way
Back to that land;
A welcome hand
Awaits me there, I pray.
I'll hope and yearn
And live and learn
Never again to roam.
I'll stay out west
And there I'll rest
In my California home.

RICHARD SHEEHY, H9.

WINTER

Flakes of pure white,
Are falling day and night,
Covering the ground with snow;
Winter has come, we know.

Sleigh bells are ringing;
Children are singing,
For winter is here
And, Christmas is near.

MARTHA CARLSON, L7.

AN OLD COUNTRY STORE

The old screen door was swinging on its rusty hinges, the fly catcher rolls hanging from the ceiling were covered with flies, and all over there was the feeling of quaintness in the little country store. The shelves were filled with a few rows of canned goods, their labels yellow with age. Here and there could be seen old boxes peeping up behind the cans to show that they were there. Any customer coming in would wonder where on earth the storekeeper was, until coming to the counter they would see him, feet on a box, chair leaning against the wall, and his head thrown forward on his chest. The little, stout storekeeper would be taking his nap.

LORRAINE HALLETT, L9.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA

I often wonder about the depths of the sea. The fish, crabs, lobsters, shrimp, starfish, oysters, clams, and other sea animals are a great mystery to me.

But the greatest mysteries of the sea to me are: how the fish swims so gracefully, how the lobster swims backwards, how the crab walks sideways, why the clams are buried in the ground, and oysters cling to the rocks. If only one could visit the sea bottom for a day and roam through it, looking at its buried treasures, then one might know!

The sea has wonderful gardens of seaweeds, mosses, beautiful shells, of sponges and coral. The colors of this beautiful garden no artist can paint. How does this garden get its colors?

What has become of the ships and treasure chests of the pirates of yesterday? Have these become playthings of the fish and sea animals?

ROBERT THOMAS, L9.

RED CREST

Red Crest was a splendid bird (there was no denying that) but he was without doubt my downfall, as I dramatically claimed in after years. Perhaps the beauty of this personage was the reason for his domineering manner. But yet it might have been his resentment toward me.

Once he had been a monarch and ruled the humble barnyard folk with an iron will and now he was nothing but a pet rooster. On a visit to my grandfather's farm I had taken a violent liking to him. With tears streaming down my face I refused to be separated from "the pretty snow-bird", for Red Crest was pure white. Grandma, at last in desperation, made me a present of him, not over-sorry for her loss, for he quite vexed her gentle nature. It was with joy in my heart that I left for home with my precious burden

To my horror I soon found that Red Crest disliked me as much as I liked him. I thought that, perhaps, he envied my pretty clothes and was tired of his white suit but I found out later that this was not all true. So one day I decided to make Red Crest happy. I took him under my arm and went to my room. Very soon, however, my mother heard a great deal of noise and confusion, intermixed with the dreadful squawking of a bird of some kind. She ran straight for my room and threw open the door. There she found the white bedspread and me bespattered with green paint while Red Crest wore a polka dot suit. She was very angry, indeed.

The following week we left for Los Angeles but not before the lately murdered rooster, Red Crest, was served up in grand style.

EVELYN SHELBY, L9.

TO A BUTTERFLY

Where are you going my butterfly?
Up into every where, Oh! so high.
Where did you get the wings so yellow?
Really, you were once a wormlike fellow!

MARJORIE LOVELAND, H9.

A HIKE TO THE BIG C

Before ten o'clock on Saturday morning we were ready for our hike. Our lunches were placed in a knapsack which we took turns in carrying. Our chaperon was a large police dog.

We were a wee-bit tired when we reached Shattuck Avenue and stopped for an ice cream cone. But the sunny air was too alluring to resist and we soon were hiking again.

The walk through the University of California grounds was almost indescribable. The birds twittered to the time of a tiny creek that rippled and danced in the leaves. Our chaperon lost her dignity and challenged us to race with her. This we did and reached the Greek Theater with breathless haste.

After a walk around the theater we decided to go on. The walk to the big C was up a steep, narrow path. The fallen leaves from the eucalypti trees sparkled and glittered in the sunlight. Everything showed that summer had come.

Shortly after twelve o'clock, we reached our destination. No hiking party ever welcomed the big yellow C as heartily as we. We ate our lunch and examined the initials carved in the C. After doing that we wandered on until we came to some haystacks. We played around in them until one of the party sprained her ankle. This dampened our spirits until she found she could walk with a little help. We walked until we came to another creek. Here we gathered wild flowers and played until four o'clock.

We then started slowly home. Everything on the way home interested us and it was six o'clock when we arrived home, with bunches of dead flowers.

PAULINE TREFZ, L9.

WILD GEESE

Hear them flying through the sky,
  The bands of wild geese,
Flying ever, ever, northward;
  Their voice seems ne'er to cease.

See them flying in the rain,
  In their V shaped bands,
Flying, flying, ever onward,
  To their northward lands.

And then again somes to my ear,
  The honking of the geese.
Good luck, to you, my flying friends!
  To gain your northern peace.

HOWARD BECKER, H8.

THE STORM

Darkness! A bolt of thunder!
A light, sending thoughts asunder!
A dull gray coolness, a burst of cloud!
One hears Thor's hammer, Oh, so loud.
Silence—then a shower,
Bending, burdening each flower.

MARJORIE LOVELAND, H9.

MY BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS

When I was a small boy, as all other boys of my age, I believed in Santa Claus. About one month before Christmas, I would always be "as good as I could be." I would chop kindling, shovel coal, sweep the kitchen, dry the dishes, and mope the floor.

The night before Christmas I would gather some small pieces of wood and some paper. This I would put in a basket by the fireplace. Then I would place a box of matches nearby. I did this because my mother told me that Santa Claus would be cold and if I didn't get something ready for the fire he would not like me and therefore leave me no toys.

Christmas morning I would climb out of bed, dress quickly, and run to the fireplace. When I would see the toys and candy I would say, "Santa Claus gave me these presents because I helped him make a fire."

When I was seven years old, I found out my mistake. On Christmas Eve, as I had done the year before, I started to get the match for the fire but I accidently saw the toys high on the shelf in the pantry. When I told my mother she confessed that there was no Santa Claus.

LOUIS CASCIANI, H7.

MY WHALING TRIP TO THE NORTH

When I was about ten years old, during vacation time my uncle took me on a whaling trip up the coast of Canada. Our first stop was at Portland. When we left there a storm blew up. The big boat we were in was rocking and it didn't take me long to get seasick. When the storm was over I was very glad, for I knew we could begin the hunt.

Everyone on board soon became busy, some setting the guns and others starting the motor boats. When we sighted the whale, the waves were so high I thought they would swallow even our big boat, but they didn't. In spite of the waves, three motorboats were plunged after the whale. They circled until they got close enough, then they shot it with harpoons from the guns. After killing it, one of the men jumped on the back of the whale and put a red flag on its back, so we could find it in the morning.

The next morning we sighted another whale, a little smaller. We got that one, too. Then we towed them both to the wharf at Vancouver. The first one we caught weighed 2244 pounds. The second one we caught weighed 1998 pounds. They both amounted to about $1356, but the man at the head of the whaling trip made but $500 for himself.

When we arrived at San Francisco I was mighty glad the trip was over.

ARMAS AHO, H7.

A NEST IN OUR ROSE BUSH

There was a little bird that built its nest in our rose bush. She had blue wings and a little black spot on her breast. After she had been there for a long time she laid three speckled eggs. She was so proud of them that she would come and sit on the bush and sing and sing. Her singing sounded as though she were saying, "You won't harm my eggs, will you?" We did not harm her eggs.

After her eggs hatched she was proud of her three tiny baby birds. At first they were very ugly. After a few days they had feathers like their mother's. While they were learning to fly, our old cat was watching them very greedily. One day when the mother bird was away, the old cat killed two of the baby birds.

The mother bird was very sad when she returned. The next day she took the other little bird and flew away.

MARTHA BRANDON, L7.

A BEE

Saturday morning came. The first few streaks of sunshine were slipping in around the cracks of the blind in my bedroom.

I opened my eyes and the sun shining upon a hand mirror startled me so that I pounced out of bed with a hardly audible cry of glee. This was the morning I was to pick some wild flowers in the empty lot next to us.

Before I knew it I was donning a straw sun-hat.

Tripping down the stairs, which caused me a bruised ankle and a sore knee, I inhaled the fresh morning air. In doing so I swallowed a tiny bug.

Presently the flowers came in sight and a big bumble bee buzzed about my head. Which would I do, turn back or risk being stung by the audacious bee? Those poppies and butter-cups did look very fascinating, all waving their dainty fresh blossoms in the breeze. Still the bee buzzed on. Once he lit on my head, while I prayed he would soon fly away.

Ah! An idea of escape! I ran around a tree, but only to meet the buzzer on the other side.

With one glance back at the flowers my feet obeyed an impulse. I ran into my front yard with the bee following me. He did not leave me until a stately hollyhock loomed up before him; then he left me for her.

EULA BURNHAM, L9.

THE TUMBLE DOWN COTTAGE

Have you ever seen or heard of a haunted house? Well, my mother did. It was in a small town in California. As the cottage was very attractive and cozy she thought she'd buy it. When she told her plan to a friend, the friend grew pale and round-eyed.

The friend told her the most amazing story about the house. A queer old woman had lived there. One morning, the neighbors had found her dead. After that many people had tried to live in the cottage. They all moved out within a few days. They all told the same tale: the house was haunted. At nightfall queer noises were heard in the house. The sewing machine began to stitch, the fire started itself, chairs moved from one place to another as if moved by an invisible hand. Mother did not want to hear any more of the tale as it frightened her. She never found out if it really was haunted or not.

SAIMA KOSKI,H9.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

I watched a light house
  wink in the night;
His far quick glances
  were wee and white.
And bright was his peep
    at the inky ocean,
But how black his blink
  was
You have no notion.

ALICE J. LETTON, 07.

A PROSPECTOR

There was a prospector, old but gay,
Who never wearied, but whistled away.
His battered but faithful pack
His shirt was of a dirty gray,
Was that of a gunny sack;
And he had not shaved for many a day.

ROBERT THOMAS, H92.

THE SEAL

The warm and bright sun was reflected by the clear bluish-green waters of the sea. The waves fairly danced as they made their noon dash toward the distant and rocky shore. Suddenly as from nowhere, there came to the surface, the shiny and glossy head of a seal. His well-pointed nose was lifted high, and his head was carried majestically as he swam freely through the water. Then, with ease and poise, his head went under and with a slap of his huge, rather clumsy tail he disappeared into the green depths of the sea, from whence he had come.

LILLIAN ANDERSON, H9.

CLEAR LAKE AT SUNDOWN

At sundown as one looks out upon Clear Lake, he is impressed very much by the pale blue water, as clear as glass. It seemingly has no depth and its vastness no end. Shadows of a tree, a shrub, and a hilltop reflect upon its waters. The lake takes on the appearance of an artificial mirror, reflecting the light of the moon. The lake is very calm and very still as if it were attentive to the echoes of the region. It seems like a companion to one's loneliness.

FRANKLIN NIELSON, H9.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Like a giant, the lighthouse stood, silhouetted against the darkening horizon. Grim and silent, it stood, the guardian of ships at sea. Above it the dark clouds sailed swiftly by, bringing the sign of an approaching storm. Below it the waves dashed angrily against the massive structure of brick and steel. They dashed, then drew back, and dashed again with greater force. The sky grew darker, the waves dashed higher, the wind began to blow, but the lighthouse was heedless of it all.

ILIE SAL, H9.

MY PET PIGEON

My pet pigeon is a White King. When I go to feed him, he flies all around me, and perches on my shoulder. He is quite a large bird, with a reddish eye and a pretty fan-shaped pigeon tail. I have liked him ever since I was a small boy. I raised about one hundred pigeons last year, and sold them for a good price. But my pet pigeon will always remain with me until he dies.

JOHN McCARTHY, H7.

A 300-YEAR STRUGGLE

There is an ancient fir tree on the Rocky Mountain side of Glacier National Park, in Montana, which experts say has been struggling for its existence for three centuries.

In the winter time the huge snowdrifts from the mountain tops crush the tree to the earth, and the short summer season leaves the tree but little time to strive for its natural perpendicular form. The trunk of the three is twelve inches in diameter. The tree lies along the ground, but it grows nevertheless.

GEORGIA GACHIS, L8.

THE BUSY ROBIN

High on a branch in a pine tree bare
The robin looks down from her nest up there
Somehow, somewhere, you will see
A nest o'er head in every tree.

If every mortal would think, he'd know
How fast these tiny nests do grow,
And perhaps from some wee little nook
There are baby birds that peep and look.

LUCILE LOUSTALET, H9

THE FLOOD

When I was ten years old I lived on the banks of the Mississippi River. Often when summer came there would be many terrible floods. In the winter time the river was covered with ice and when summer came the June sun shone down and would melt the ice, often causing floods.

One day, on my eleventh birthday, I was walking along the bank of the Mississippi when I heard a loud crashing sound. I looked up and saw the water rushing down the river in torrents. I gave a startled cry and ran back.

"A flood! A flood!" I cried. I made a dash toward the town and ran as fast as I could to the people. I ran through the town from one house to another, crying: "A flood; run for your lives, a flood!"

Everyone ran out of their houses in time to see the torrents of water rushing down upon them.

By this time the whole town of people were fleeing for their lives. The water made a terrible crash as it came down upon the town and washed the buildings away, and destroyed everything.

The next day everyone was safe but our town was no more a town, but a river, for there was water everywhere.

FRANCES BATCHELDER, L8.

THE LIFE OF A MINER

In 1848 when Marshall discovered gold many people left their homes. It seemed as if they never stopped coming to California. Some came around Cape Horn, and others went by the way of the Panama Zone. The people came over land in wagons.

When going overland it was very dangerous, for the Indians would attack and either kill everybody or else take away wagons, provisions, guns, and horses and let the people starve. So it was hard on the people that came over the land in that manner.

The people that came around Cape Horn would sometimes get shipwrecked and never reach California. Those that came over safely started mining along the streams. Some people would have luck and hit a vein of gold, and others would not have any.

The miner's life was in his own hands, for many men would shoot another man just to get his gold. The people often did this and escaped punishment, but the citizens tried to enforce law. The miner wore a blue shirt and blue overalls, and always carried a gun.

Food was very high. Baking powder was eight dollars per pound, while in New York it was only four cents per pound. A pick or a shovel ranged from ten to forty dollars apiece. A barrel of flour cost about thirty to one hundred dollars. And all provisions were about the same. The cost of board shanties was fifteen dollars for the poorest room.

When the fever of "49" died down the miners started farming or settled in the towns. Soon the miners made San Francisco quite a good-sized town.

CLARKE BOWERS, H7.

A STORM

It was a cold and stormy night. The wind whistled through the trees. The lightning flashed across the sky.

In a large well-built house there stood three children looking through the window. "Will it ever stop raining?" asked one of the children.

Again the lightning flashed, but this time it seemed to be angry, for it struck the spreading oak with a heavy blow. With a crash the tree fell to the ground.

On rushed the water in the gutters. The old-fashioned shutters banged against the sides of the house. The thunder continued to roar and the day grew darker.

WILLIAM WOLF, L7.

Dramatics

THE POT OF BROTH

"The Pot of Broth," by the foremost Irish dramatist, Murray Butler Yates, was presented by the H9″ class on the evening of November 20.

This one-act play brings to our minds the Irish superstitions and customs. It deals with three characters, each having very different characteristics.

Sibby Coneely is very parsimonious and superstitious. John Coneely, her husband, is a very sensible and practical man and is very obedient. The beggarman is a flatterer, very cunning, and smart. Katherine Bottone took the part of Sibby Coneely; John Nelson, John Coneely; and the beggarman is impersonated by Richard Sheehy.

The scene opens in a kitchen with the beggarman trying to find food, but he is unable to do so. While he is there, he hears a chicken cackling and a woman screaming. He hears her say, "Catch it, John." John answers, "He's gone, Sibby." Then the beggarman has a puzzled expression upon his face. Soon after, John enters and, upon seeing the beggar, he gets the key to a chest containing food, and from the chest takes out a ham bone. While he is in the act of cutting a slice, Sibby enters and John drops the bone upon the chair. The play goes on to tell how the beggar finally gets his food. He gets it by pretending to have a magic stone which, when put into a pot of water, will cook any kind of food its owner desires. Sibby is so overcome by this miracle that she does not notice that the beggar has been in the act all the while of taking the food from her table and putting it into the pot. The play ends when the beggar gives the stone to Sibby.

The scene is laid in a kitchen of a typical Irish house. There is a hearth and upon it is an iron kettle. Near the hearth is a spinning wheel.

Before the play, in order to give the Irish mood, Ilie Salo, Marjorie Loveland, Virginia Borba, and Lucille Loustalet presented an Irish dance and the boys of the Ninth Grade Glee Club sang two Irish songs.

MARIE HIMBERG, H9.

THE COLUMBUS PLAY

One of the numbers on the magazine fund program was a one-act play entitled "Columbus." It was given by the L7‴ class. The pupils had been studying about Columbus in their history class, and gave this play in honor of the great discoverer.

The first act took place in the throne room of Queen Isabella. Columbus came before the queen and asked for ships with which to discover a new route to India. The request was granted after much discussion.

The second act reviewed the meeting of Columbus and his attendants, with the king and queen upon his return to Spain. Columbus told of his wonderful discoveries and was praised by the queen for the glory he had given to Spain.

THE CAST

ISABELLA ..... THERESA SISTERNA
COLUMBUS ..... ALFRED EASTELL

FERDINAND	WALTER HARRISON
FIRST COURTIER	GEORGE BELL
SECOND COURTIER	JOHN KING
THIRD COURTIER	GEORGE RAMBKE
GUARDS	ORVILLE DYE ANTONE DINELLI RAYMOND HIMBERG
FIRST PRIEST	SANFORD ANDERSON
SECOND PRIEST	JOHN ODELLO
ATTENDANTS	VERNER LINDER ROY SILVA
INDIANS	JOSEPH O'CONNELL MARIO FISSORE HARRY HEMPHILL
HERALD	DANTE RONCHETTI

ALFRED EASTELL, L7.

THE FOLLOWERS

On Friday, the 20th of November, the H9′ class presented a play by Harold Brighouse, entitled "Followers." This is a quaint old sketch of Cranford, in the year of 1859.

It is different from anything heretofore presented by any ninth grade because of the quaint atmosphere of the period. The prim maiden lady, played by Vara Guy, has an appeal all her own. Her courtly lover Colonel Redfern (William Lawrence), returns to Cranford after a lapse of 25 years, expecting to claim Miss Lucinda as his bride. How she refuses him once again and the way in which her heart softens to the love affairs of her young friend Helen Masters (Adele Rengel), and her irrepressible little maid Susan Crothers (Marie Kinney), is cleverly worked out by the author.

The young actors showed their versatility in being able to transport themselves from 1925 to the prim period of 1859. They played their parts well and enjoyed the production.

H9′ CLASS.

THE SPIRITS' REVEL

During the assembly period on October 29, the school was treated to a glimpse of the revels of some supernatural creatures in their annual "Spirits' Revels." The stage had been decorated with trees, autumn leaves, and corn stalks so as to tempt the spirits to come and to make them feel at home. Night and weird moonlight were cleverly simulated by lighting effects.

Two children, a boy and a girl, who were returning home late on Hallowe'en eve, were discovered by a black bat who took them, very much frightened, before the witch, attended by a wise owl and two black cats. She had just sent her messengers, the bats, in every direction to summon the fairies, brownies, the goblins and the ghosts to a midnight revel. Upon their arrival the children soon lost their fear in watching the dances, the queer gambols and mournful swayings. To show their appreciation of the entertainment given them, the girl recited "Little Orphan Annie" and the boy, "Seeing Things at Night." The spirits and strange creatures and even the spectral ghost, which was seen blinking and changing color through the corn stalks, seemed to enjoy these recitations.

Next the witch, by means of her magic crystal, prophesied wondrous things about many of the Burbank pupils.

As dawn approached, the witch bade all her friends, these fairies, dwarfs, goblins and ghosts, to give one more dance and then to disperse to their haunts until Hallowe'en of 1926.

H7 CLASS

Athletics

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The inter-class volleyball games this year brought success to the L8′ class. Its team work was excellent. The girls will be highly rewarded when they receive their prized numerals. The lineup was as follows:

Estella White (Capt.)	Grace Barthels	Rita Dondo
Ellen Matson	Georgia Gachis	Ethel Lundgren
Ramona Eakins	Edith Carlson	Anna Naismith

The inter-school volleyball games followed the inter-class games. Only the eighth and ninth grades participated in these games.

The members of the eighth grade team were:

Glora Russell (Capt.)	Katherine Frunzillo	Rita Dondo	Estella White
Georgia Gachis	Mabel Barker	Ramona Eakins	Edith Carlson

Members of the ninth grade team were:

Julia Dierks (Capt.)	Geraldine Pascoe	Lillian Anderson	Violet Olson
Annie Saari	Evelyn Shelby	Margaret Frazee	Florentine Turpin

The eighth grade team was victorious over Willard, the score being 30-11.

The ninth grade won from Willard also with a score of 30-13. All other games were lost. EVELYN SHELBY, L9.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The season's sports began with inter-school volleyball. The ninth grade had an excellent team. The first game was on our own court when we played Willard. We beat them after a hard game. The next game was with Edison on their court. We departed from there victorious also. The next game was not so good for us as Garfield defeated us. Burbank, Edison and Garfield had a triple tie for first place, Willard losing all of their games.

The eighth grade team, however, did not have as good a season. They lost every game.

The ninth grade line-up:

John Nelson (Capt.)	Willard Balcum	Yasuo Hayashidia
Edwin Johnson	Frank Farber	Richard Sheehy
Lee Watty	Wm. Baxter	Carrol Copeland
Wm. Burger	John Bettencourt	

We had a fine season of inter-class pass football. In the lower division there were six teams competing and in the upper division there were two. After many tie games and hard fought victories, the high eight boys emerged victorious. In the ninth grade the results are still in doubt as the two teams have fought a tie score every time they met. May the best team win. WM. BAXTER, 19.

THE INTERSCHOOL BASKETBALL

One of the last term's sports, interschool basketball, was not written up in the last issue of the Wizard because at the time the magazine was published all the games had not yet been played. But since our team won the championship some mention should be made of them this term. The boys fought hard and showed good sportsmanship. The players were as follows:

Ray Gerkin	Harold Nelson	Lee Watty	John Nelson
Stanley Larsen	John Bettencourt	William Nagy.	

BURBANK

School Notes

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

President—Lillian Anderson

Vice-President—Dorothy Johnson

Secretary-Treasurer—Saina Koski

CLASS CLASSIFICATION

H9′	Saima Koski	L 8″	Norma Merciari
H9″	Edwin Johnson	L 8″′	Fred Tanner
L 9′	Marie White	H7′	Elva Sherman
L 9″	Henry Oltmann	H7″	Millie Lofaso
L 9″′	William Baxter	H7″′	John Hunt
H8′	Rose Cabral	L 7′	Marjorie Thomas
H8″	Harold Nelson	L 7″	Vincent La Rocca
H8″′	Thomas Christiana	L 7‴	Mario Fissore
L 8′	Edwin Ballwanz	O7″″	Gladys Cuneo

O7″″′ Hugh Fee

Faculty Advisors:

Edith Morse Grover Carlsen

GIRLS' ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President—Ilie Salo

Vice-President—Hazel Calais

Secretary—Marie Himberg

Representatives:

H9′	Margaret Frazee	L 7″′	Jennie Cagno
H9″	Florence Merciari	H8′	Vivian McCollom
L 9′	Lorraine Hallett	H8″′	Lena Gaus
L 9″	Florentine Turpin	L 8″	Hazel Huckaby
L 9″′	Adeline Ambrose	H7′	Anna Sorenson
H8″	Velma Sabine	H7″′	Lupy Martinez
L 8″′	Lena Gaus	L 7″	Mary Lema
H7″	Juanita Ritzman	L 7″′	Grace Grasso
L 7′	Helen Wilkman		

Faculty Adviser

Edith Morse

PROFESSOR BOLTON'S ADDRESS

Dr. Herber E. Bolton, professor of American History and Director of the Bancroft Library, addressed the student body September 3. His subject was, "The Blue Shells." He explained that it was by the study of the blue shells that Father Kino realized that California was not an island.

Professor Bolton is a very interesting lecturer. His entire address held the interest of all the pupils. We were all glad to see him because we had heard that he had been the teacher of all the history teachers of the Burbank faculty. Strange to say, he was not nearly as old as we thought he would be.

MARY COSTA, H8.

MISS ROBINSON WINS FELLOWSHIP

Miss Lucy Robinson, the teacher of the O7"" class, was granted a fellowship to the School for Social Workers, in New York City. The Berkeley Board of Education granted her a leave of absence from Burbank Junior High School. Her fellow teachers gave her a luncheon and presented her with a traveling bag. She left San Francisco on August 8, on the steamer Manchuria. It is very interesting to know that she went on the same steamer as Miss California, who is now Miss America. After one year of study in New York, Miss Robinson will receive a degree and return to her home in Berkeley.

PAULINE TREFZ, L9.

THE L7 ENTERTAINMENT

On Thursday, September 10, 1925, the L7 class entertained the student body with songs, jigs, tumbling tricks, recitations, and piano and violin solos.

Some of the freshmen proved to be very talented and their efforts received much applause.

MARJORIE THOMAS, L7.

THE WORK OF THE EIGHTH GRADE CEMENT CLASS

At the beginning of the fall term the Eighth grade cement class, being very ambitious, determined upon a very full program. One piece of its work was the widening and improving of the old cement walk in front of the shop.

Another piece of its work was the construction of an open-air concrete shop, where bins were built to hold concrete materials.

The third piece of work was the continuation of the work started by the last term class of making attractive cement benches for the school grounds.

HAROLD NELSON, H8.

TEXTILES

The high nine girls have studied textiles this semester; how to recognize fabrics, and how to know whether they are getting their money's worth or not.

As a result of their work they have issued a bulletin explaining how to get acquainted with materials, why manufacturers substitute cotton for silk, cotton for wool, and cotton for linen, how they substitute them, and how the substitute can be told from the real silk and wool.

If you are interested in this bulletin you may procure one from the clothing department of this school.

IRJA WILLIAMS, H9.

THE NEW WALKWAY

This term the stairs were taken out in the hall of the building and a slide was built. A rubber mat was put over it to prevent slipping. At first some of the boys thought it was a runway and they began to run down it at full speed. But soon Mr. Preston caught them in the act and told them it was a walkway, not a runway.

LOUIS CUSCIANI, H7.

THE MAGAZINE FUND

Each year the student body of Burbank School subscribes to nineteen magazines, which are useful to the pupils in their studies. The girls in the sewing department could scarcely get along without the Delineator, McCall, and the Good Housekeeping. The history students are continually referring to the Literary Digest, World News, the Atlantic Monthly, and the Outlook. Just as satisfactory are the rest of the magazines to pupils of other interests.

Money is raised for the magazines each year by an entertainment and dance. This fall, the Parent-Teachers' Association helped the student body by having a whist party on the same evening. Over ninety dollars was turned into the student treasury.

DOROTHY SISTERNA, L7.

A WELCOME TO MISS ROYLES

Miss Virginia Royles, a graduate of the 1925 class of the University of California, who did her cadet teaching last term in Burbank, has taken Miss Lucy Robinson's place as teacher of the 07 class.

On September 14, during the advisory period, she was welcomed to Burbank School by a surprise party given by her class. The principal and several other members of the faculty were present. The classroom was decorated in gay orange and blue streamers. Lemonade, chocolate cake, sponge cake, raisin cake, assorted cookies and candies were served as refreshments. Josh gifts were distributed among the guests. Miss Royles was given a box of stationery.

The program consisted of a few dances, recitations, and songs given by members of the class.

REGINA RAILO, L9.

CONSTITUTION DAY PROGRAM

The purpose of the Constitution Day program, which was presented September 17, was the observance of the 138th anniversary of the signing of the constitution.

Bruno Johansen spoke on "The Need of a Constitution." Then the preamble was recited in unison by Edith Carlson, Rita Dondo, and Ruth Becker.

This was followed by the recital of the amendments and their dramatization. Much amusement was caused by the dramatization of the Sixteenth Amendment, which was presented by a group of people paying their income tax. We pitied the poor man with his large family and were glad that he did not have to pay as large an income tax as the rich man. This scene was given by the H8′ class.

In another tableau acted by the same class, we saw how the negro was freed and how he was given the right to vote as an American citizen.

The presentation of the amendments of the Constitution in such a vivid way made them much clearer to the students than any discussion could possibly have done.

RESSU RYRSKE, L8.

OLD IRONSIDES PROGRAM

Burbank pupils were glad to participate in the raising of funds for the restoration and preservation of Old Ironsides. A box was placed in the corridor by the principal's office where the pupils deposited their money.

On October 23, a program was given in the assembly hall. After the pupils had recited "Old Ironsides," Lieutenant Commander Tooze of the Twelfth Naval District, lectured on the history of the Navy, telling of some very interesting early encounters between British and American vessels.

After Lieutenant Commander Tooze's talk, Lillian Anderson, president of the student body, presented the money which the students had donated for the preservation of Old Ironsides to Mr. James Wheeler, secretary emeritus of the Berkeley Lodge of Elks.

RITA CROSA, L9.

THE RADIO PROGRAM

The radio program took place Tuesday evening, October 6, 1925, at the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley. About a hundred of the boys and girls from Burbank School participated. Their ready enthusiasm marked a hearty school spirit. The program was broadcasted from the K. R. E. station in the "Palm Room" of the hotel.

We arrived at the hotel shortly before eight o'clock. The orchestra began the program; then the Boys' Glee Club sang a few selections, which were followed by the Girls' Glee Club. Mr. Preston delivered a speech on the "Welfare of the School." Lorena Kirby, a talented member of our school, whistled two solos. Elmer Peralla played a solo on the cornet, and the band played several selections.

Mr. Kirby, who was in charge of the program, proved to be a very pleasant gentleman who was clearly delighted with his work. To our surprise he told us that the program would reach Kentucky.

A visit to the radio studio proved to be very interesting. The operators were very kind in explaining to us the method of sending programs. After this we returned to our assigned cars and left for home. Altogether the evening was a pronounced success.

THE L9" CLASS.

TEACHERS GAIN A POUND A WEEK

The teachers' lunch is the principal faculty topic. How restless those teachers are during the fifth period! Frequent glances are cast toward the clock. During the first period in the afternoon there are smiles of contentment. No wonder: pineapple salad for an appetizer, pigs-in-the-blanket for an entree, and creamy banana shortcake for dessert.

Who is responsible for this glorious feed? To the girls from the L9 classes and head cook, Mrs. Derry, goes the credit for the fluffy biscuits, the crisp salads, the wonderful shortcakes, and various dishes that make the teachers gain the pounds.

For proof that the girls are successful cooks, just cast a glance at our sleek, well-fed teachers.

ELIZABETH KULTALA, L9.

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross has been busy this term. Soon after school opened we decided to have a "tire day." Each student was to roll an old tire or inner-tube to school. Then the rubber was sold and the proceeds went to maintain a free bed in a hospital. The tires from all the schools were sold for $147.

The eighth grade made scrapbooks to send to the Del Valle and the Arroyo hospitals.

Material was collected to send to Europe for correspondence.

Jelly, made by the cooking classes, was sent to the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Livermore.

Christmas boxes were packed for the children of Guam. In some rooms money was collected and new toys were bought and packed. Burbank packed ten boxes.

Every room subscribed to the "Junior Red Cross News." We receive one copy of "High School Service." Red Cross buttons were given to those who joined the Junior Red Cross.

GUY VARA, H9.

MR. CHRISTY'S TALK

Thursday afternoon, October 15, Mr. Christy gave a talk to the student body concerning football. He said a player should hold a football away from the body before kicking it. The ball should be held directly in line with the foot. When going through the lines if the player should see he is going to be stopped he should toss the ball to another player and go ahead to "bust" a way through for the one who then had the ball.

The boys listened intently to the points. But the girls enjoyed the lecture, too.

JOHN McCOY, L7.

CLASS RINGS

The ninth grades decided to do something different this term and buy rings instead of class pins.

The students had their choice of gold or silver rings. The design of the ring is a shield on which the initials "B. J. H. S." and the year of graduation are engraved. On one side there is the emblem of wisdom, the owl. On the other side is a Roman lamp, symbolizing the light of knowledge, reason, and truth.

The rings are liked by the students because the design is unusual and rings can always be kept, while pins are easily lost.

H9′ CLASS.

OUR NURSING DEPARTMENT

Our school nurse is Miss Alice Burton, her assistant is Miss Catherine Arlington. These nurses check carefully every absentee to see if they may in some way help prevent sickness. Every year the nurses report progress in this respect.

This year the Berkeley School Board was fortunate in securing Dr. Kennedy as a part-time school physician. Dr. Kennedy worked in the Burbank School every third week this term, making an examination of all the pupils whose parents requested her to do so.

Miss Burton reports that our present high ninth grade is the first class to be graduated with whom she has worked for three full years. She feels that the dental and eye corrections have really benefited the class to such an extent that it is the best class physically to enter the high school from Burbank.

NINA RICCOMAGNO, L7.

THE BERKELEY HIGH GLEE CLUB

On October 22, the Berkeley High School Glee Club sang for us. There were about sixty boys in all. They sang some old favorite songs; among these were: "Kentucky Babe," "Diana, Blow Your Horn," "Rose Marie," and "Mandalay." They sang very well, and I am sure we greatly appreciated them. There were quite a few boys from Burbank School in the Glee Club, but we hope there will be more next time.

IRENE TAMPINEN, H9.

Jokes

NOT THAT MUCH OF AN IMAGINATION

Mrs. Wilkes (in L7′ arithmetic class): Richard, I have $2.50 in my pocket. You have $1.50 in your pocket. If I give you my $2.50, how much will you then have?

R. Ramsay: I'd just have your $2.50 because I haven't any $1.50 in my pocket.

NOT FAIR TO POKE FUN

L. Arretio (feeling faint): Am I a little pale?

C. Ellis: No, a little tub.

MORE THAN NOBLES SO AFFLICTED

Miss Martin: Describe the architecture of the age of the nobles.

V. Williams: They had bodies of wood with wide heads carved at the top.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS

Miss Friedman (in H8 science class): What is the purest kind of water?
H. Suennen: Holy water.

SUICIDE?

Mr. McDermant (L8 science class): Edith, what are you going to do now?
E. Carlson: Oh, I'm going to dye.

ABSENT-MINDED

Mrs. Bennett: Your next spelling word is local, l-o-c-a-l.

THE REGULAR EXCUSE

R. Hyrske: Hasn't Evelyn Shelby dreamy eyes?
E. Kankkonen: She was up too late last night.

SUPERFICIAL

Miss Houston: What makes Alaska valuable?
G. Russel: The icebergs.

SOME HEAVY WEIGHT

Mr. Wolfenden: If there is any more shooting of paperwads by the pupils of this class a committee will be appointed to sit upon the guilty ones.
E. Salo (whispering): Gee, I hope Oscar Wichman isn't appointed.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE ANYWAY

Miss Friedman (in H8" arithmetic class): Find the amount of the bill.
T. Scaparro: Must I find the total too?

THE SCALES ARE GROANING

Miss Webber: Are you still reducing, Miss Houston?
Miss Houston (reaching for a biscuit): Yes, reducing this plate of bread.

WE NEED FIRE CHIEF ROSE AGAIN

Miss Friedman: What chemical is used on the tips of a match?
E. Mork: Dynamite.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT OF ELMER?

E. White: Do you know anything about the Mayflower Compact?
R. Matson: No. Who lost it?

HOW COULD HE KNOW?

Miss Houston: What was the significance of Columbus' first voyage?
E. Bloom: Proved the world was round.
Miss Houston: Columbus didn't circumnavigate the world.
E. Bloom: No, but as far as he went it was round.

BETTER NOT GO!

L. Peat (giving a report on the Diamond Jubilee): There will be a program tomorrow at the explosive auditorium in San Francisco.

A SPEED DEMON

Walter Christy (lecturing before the student body): What would you do if the wind was coming against you when you went to kick the ball?
J. Carlevar: Step aside and wait until it got by.

BEE READING THE SCOPES' TRIAL REPORTS

Mr. Nevio (in L9" science): What is evolution?
F. Turpin: Monkey business.

NOT UNDER COVER

J. Miller: Here's your magazine.
Mr. Frick: This is only the cover. Where is the magazine?
J. Miller (blushing and very much excited): That's what's worrying me.

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